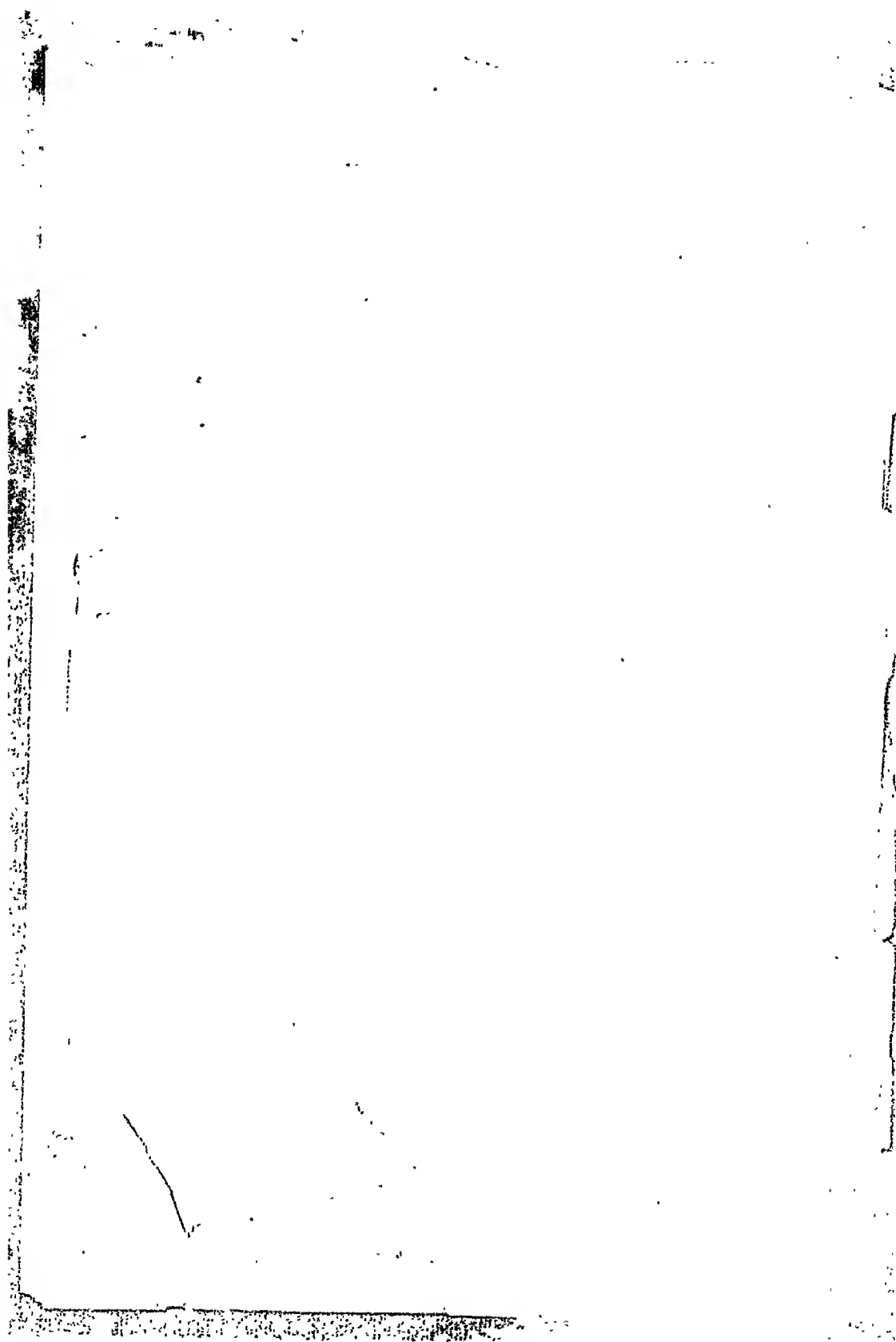




SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S  
HUNDRED BOOKS

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY  
OF  
HOMER



Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books

THE  
ILIAD . AND ODYSSEY  
OF  
HOMER

TRANSLATED BY  
ALEXANDER POPE

EDITED BY  
THE REV. H. F. CARY, A.M.,  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK  
BART., D.C.L., M.P.

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# INTRODUCTION

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., F.R.S., M.P., D.C.L., LL.D.

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So much has been written with reference to Homer and the Homeric poems by great authorities on Greek History and Literature that it may well seem presumptuous in me to say anything on the subject. There is, however, one point suggested by my study of the customs and ideas of savage races which seems, to me at least, of considerable importance, and as to which I should like to say a few words.

The conduct and life of Helen, as generally understood, certainly detract something from the character of the poem. She is generally considered as a frail, though fascinating, woman, who ran away from her home, and yet, although the cause of so much bloodshed and misery, escaped herself unpunished, was received back with affection and respect by Menelaus, and lived happily in 'peace with honour' as Queen of Sparta for the rest of her life. Here then we have apparently a bad lesson—vice uncondemned and

triumphant. Mure, for instance, speaks of Helen as an 'unprincipled votary of sensual enjoyment,' a 'frail woman,' 'an easy victim of the fascinating adventurer,' a mixed character indeed, which 'we are constrained to love and admire while we pity and condemn.'<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Gladstone tells us that 'her fall once incurred, she finds herself bound by the iron chain of circumstance, from which she can obtain no extrication. But to the world, beneath whose standard of morality she has sunk, she makes at least this reparation, that the sharp condemnation of herself is ever in her mouth, and that she does not seek to throw off the burden of her shame on her more guilty partner. Nay, more than this, her self-debasing and self-renouncing humility comes nearer, perhaps, than any other heathen example to the type of Christian penitence.'

Other writers have felt the same difficulty. Maclaurin, for instance, says: 'What is most astonishing of all is, that they (the Trojans) did not restore her upon the death of Paris, but married her to his brother Deiphobus. Here Chrysostom argues, and with great plausibility, that this is perfectly incredible, upon the supposition that Paris had possessed himself of her by a crime.'

Homer, however, manifests throughout his whole poem a high moral feeling, according to the standard of the times, and his references to Venus herself show how little likely he was to be led away and dazzled by mere beauty. If, moreover, we regard the narrative, not from our point of view, but from that of backward races, we shall see that the conduct of the Trojans, far from being 'incredible,' as Maclaurin says, was quite in accordance with customs and ideas prevalent at one time all over the world, that Helen was not necessarily to blame, excepting perhaps for want of caution, and that the Homeric poem, properly understood, is in no way inconsistent with the dictates of primitive morality, but that

<sup>1</sup> 'History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' vol. i.

we have in the story of Helen a case of marriage by capture,—a form of marriage recognised as valid in early society all over the world.

We have, moreover, a curious indication of the feeling of the times, in the fact mentioned by Diogenes Laertius, in his life of Thales, that the cup made by Vulcan as a wedding present for Pelops, having been taken by Paris when he carried off Helen, was thrown into the sea near Cos by her, as she said that it would become a cause of battle. To carry off a woman was capture; to take a cup was theft.

Ethnology teaches us that 'Marriage by Capture,' either as a stern reality, or as an important form, occurs or has occurred all over the world. Take, for instance, Hearne's account of the Hudson's Bay Indians, among whom he says 'it has ever been the custom for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached; and, of course, the strongest party always carries off the prize. A weak man, unless he be a good hunter, and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice. . . . This custom prevails throughout all their tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who are upon all occasions, from their childhood, trying their strength and skill in wrestling.'<sup>1</sup> In Australia a woman who is captured by a man of another clan *ipso facto* becomes his wife. The woman under such circumstances is not expected to carry resistance to an extreme. If she did she would assuredly be put to death; her home and husband would see her no more. She yields, therefore, to the inevitable, and is not regarded in any way blamable for doing so.

I merely give these cases by way of illustration. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with the evidence will find full particulars in McLennan's 'Primitive Marriage' and my 'Origin of Civilisation.' So fully indeed was capture recognised as a valid form of marriage that

<sup>1</sup> 'Voyage to the Northern Ocean,' p. 104.

we find it in many cases retained as a mere form. Even after the marriage has been amicably arranged, it is considered necessary that the bridegroom should make a pretence of carrying off the bride by force, and that she should make a mock resistance.

Clark<sup>1</sup> gives a romantic account of marriage among the Kalmucks. 'The girl,' he says, 'is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, and returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued; in this case, she will not suffer him to overtake her,' and we are assured that no Kalmuck girl was yet ever caught against her will.

In fact marriage by capture, either as a stern reality or as an important ceremony, prevails in Australia, among the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamskatka, among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and the Fijians; in the Philippines, in Tasmania, among the Kaffirs, Arabs, and Negroes. There are moreover traces of it throughout Europe. Now we must of course judge Helen by the customs of the time, and it seems to me that hers was clearly a case of capture.

Mr. Gladstone speaks of Helen's 'self-abasing penitence.' Her feeling, however, was rather, as it seems to me, one of natural regret for the misfortunes of which she was undoubtedly the cause. She always speaks of herself as Paris's wife. He himself so recognised her :

'Yet hath my wife, e'en now, with soothing words  
Urged me to join the battle.'

Hector again—himself a model of domestic virtue, though he regarded Paris with contempt, and reproached him in strong language—addresses him as married :—

<sup>1</sup> Clark's 'Travels,' vol. i. p. 332. -

'Thou wretched Paris, though in form so fair,  
Thou slave of woman, manhood's counterfeit !  
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or died at least  
Unwedded !'<sup>1</sup>

and speaks to Helen with kindness and affection ; as, for instance, in the sixth book he says :—

' Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not  
To sit or rest ; I cannot yield to thee,  
For burns e'en now my soul to aid our friends,  
Who feel my loss, and sorely need my arm.  
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,  
That he may find me still within the walls.'<sup>2</sup>

The aged Priam, even when grieving over the fatal war, is careful to assure Helen that he does not complain of her :—

'Not thee I blame,  
But to the Gods I owe this woful war.'<sup>3</sup>

When she was weeping over the body of Hector we are told that

'with her wept the crowd'—

they pitied, but did not upbraid her.

In the twenty-third book of the 'Odyssey,' when Penelope is defending her hesitation in receiving Ulysses, she says that if Helen had been as cautious, great misfortunes would have been averted. There are some doubts as to the exact words, but this seems to be the argument, and it certainly implies that Helen had been imprudent only. The virtuous Penelope would not have compared herself to Helen, if Helen had voluntarily deserted her home and husband. It seems, indeed, obvious that while the Trojans could not but recognise that Helen was the cause, they did not blame her as the guilty cause, of their misfortunes.

I dwell on these considerations because unless we realise the fact that marriage by capture was a recognised form of matrimony, involv-

<sup>1</sup> III. 43.

<sup>2</sup> VI. 419.

<sup>3</sup> III. 195.

ing, according to the ideas of the time, no disgrace, or discredit to the woman, it seems to me that we cannot understand the character of Helen, or properly appreciate the 'Iliad' itself.

On the other hand, if this view is correct the 'Iliad' is vindicated from an unmerited reproach, we can admire and sympathise the more with Helen, as she was guilty of no fault, and the great Greek epic is shown to be in one more point an interesting illustration of ancient customs and ideas.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE.

BY THE EDITOR

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ALEXANDER, the only child of Alexander Pope, by Editha, daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, was born in Lombard Street, London, on the twenty-first of May, 1688. His father, having amassed a fortune of about twenty-thousand pounds by his business as a linen-draper, retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest; and being a Roman Catholic, and therefore, as it is said, unwilling to trust the government with his money, spent the greater part of it before his death.

At the age of eight, Pope was placed under the care of a priest, in Hampshire, and instructed at once in the rudiments of Greek and Latin: from thence he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester; and afterwards to one in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner.

Being a weak and sickly child, he passed most of his time in reading, and in making verses, a propensity in which he was encouraged by his father. Ogilby's 'Homer' and Sandys's 'Ovid' were amongst his favourite books. His chief way of acquiring languages, as he himself said, was by means of translations. Of his earliest attempts at verse, the 'Ode on Solitude' only remains. He had the good sense to destroy the rest.



When near London, he went to the playhouses ; and in imitation of what he saw there, formed a drama out of the 'Iliad,' to be represented by his schoolfellows. At Will's Coffee-house he had a sight of Dryden, a yet greater curiosity to him than the actors.

At sixteen he wrote his 'Pastorals,' which were not printed till 1709, when they appeared in a poetical Miscellany. In that year his 'Essay on Criticism' was composed ; and two years after, the 'Rape of the Lock,' which was also published in a Miscellany, and at first consisted of only three hundred and fifty lines ; but being afterwards embellished with the machinery, was extended to more than double the length. The fancy and elegance of this work placed him at the head of all his poetical competitors.

In 1713 he completed 'Windsor Forest,' which had been begun at the age of sixteen ; and, relying on the high reputation he had obtained, put forth proposals for a subscription to an English version of the 'Iliad.' His imitations of Chaucer, and translations from the Latin poets, had already prepared him for this task ; yet his spirits were so much weighed down at the prospect of it, that he complained of his rest being broken by painful dreams, and wished somebody would hang him. In rather more than five years the formidable work was completed, and met with a success hitherto unexampled in this country, having brought him a profit somewhat exceeding five thousand pounds.

His next engagement was an edition of Shakspeare ; but he had no skill in verbal criticism, and failed accordingly. The part in which he acquitted himself best was the Preface.

He now undertook a translation of the 'Odyssey.' For this he called in the assistance of Broome and Fenton ; the former of whom contributed eight, and the latter four books. After finishing it in 1725, and reaping a second harvest of gain from Homer, he resolved thenceforward to desist from the labour of translating. But a habit, begun so early, and continued so long, was not entirely to be laid aside. The 'Imitations' he published from time to time of the Epistles and Satires.

of Horace, and of Donne, are copies not much less faithful to their originals, than his version of the two great epic poems of antiquity. All his other works, derived from his own invention, were now confined to moral or satirical subjects; the 'Essay on Man,' the 'Satires and Epistles,' and the 'Dunciad.' The last of these, consisting of three books, was published in 1728. About two years before his death he added a fourth, after having remodelled the whole, and injudiciously substituted the lively Cibber for the laborious Theobald as the hero. In 1740 he amused himself by editing a selection of Latin poems, by Italian writers, in two volumes.

The history of Pope's Works is nearly that of his life. When he had collected the subscriptions and other profits accruing from his Homer, he prevailed on his father to dispose of his estate at Binfield, and purchased a house at Twickenham, to which he removed with his parents. Here, with the exception of occasional visits to London, Oxford, Bath, and the houses of his friends, he continued to reside for the remainder of his days. Ill health always prevented him from travelling to other countries, for which the desire never left him. Some of his leisure hours at home were diverted by the care of ornamenting his house and gardens, and forming a grotto under the highway that intersected his grounds.

In November, 1717, his father died, at the age of seventy-five. In 1733 he lost his mother, whom, in her declining years, he had nursed with the most assiduous tenderness. After her death, at the age of ninety-three, his affections centred in Martha Blount, with whom, and her sister Teresa, his acquaintance had commenced in infancy; this friendship continued throughout his life. His attachment to another female, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, terminated more unfortunately; in rejection and scorn on one side, and in anger and revenge on the other. The part of Pope's character which we contemplate with most pain, is his sensitiveness to injury, either real or imagined; yet it is to this disposition that our language is indebted for the finest models of a

keen and polished satire. As he was violent in his animosities, so he was ardent and sincere in his affections. The friends in whose conversation he most delighted were, Gay, Swift, Parnell, Jervas the painter Arbuthnot, Alterbury, Harley, and St John. He was early introduced to the notice of the great, and continued to mix in their society, without any compromise of integrity or independence : with many of those yet more eminent for wit or literature, he was united by the closer bond of sympathy and mutual endearment. No English poet has ever risen from so humble a beginning, to so great personal distinction.

He died on the thirtieth of May, 1744, after suffering much from his complaints, yet with so little pain at last, that those about him could not distinguish the time at which he expired. On receiving the last sacraments from the priest, he said, ' There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.'

He appears to have been at no time free from some species of bodily weakness or malady, of which a head-ache was the constant symptom. In person he was diminutive and deformed : when a child, he had a pleasing and even beautiful countenance : in more advanced life the best feature was the eye, the lustre of which was remarkable. His bust, by Roubilliac, exhibits an extremely eager and sarcastic expression in the lips, strongly indicative of his character.

It may afford subject for reflection, that by a diligent cultivation of one natural talent, seldom much esteemed so long as the possessor of it is living, a puny misshapen and sickly being, unfit for any active employment of life, and rarely quitting the roof of his parents, became a stay to those parents in their old age, the restorer of their fortunes, the pride of their house ; courted by the powerful and wealthy ; the dread of his enemies ; and one of the chief ornaments of his age and country.

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER.



# THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

## PREFACE.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unvalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can at best but 'steal wisely;' for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute; as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is, therefore, more entertained with. And, perhaps, the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through a uniform and bounded walk of art; than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out

of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overruled and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable; everything moves, everything lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Ὅτ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥσπερ τι πυρὶ χέουσι πύρα  
ῥέοντα.

'They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.' It is, however, remarkable, that his fancy, which is everywhere vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetic fire, this 'vivida vis animi,' in a very few. Even in works where all these are imperfect or neglected,

this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but everywhere equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns everywhere clearly, and everywhere irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet through all the main constituent parts of his work; as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls 'the soul of poetry,' was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature; or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, 'the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy,' or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the 'anger of Achilles,' the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number

of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity: The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius; and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable.—If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce

them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed ! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in the following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to try it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity, for we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetie, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set. every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful, and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intemperate; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector, active

and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspired by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom, and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage, and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence, for one in the war depends still upon emotion, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner, they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike, even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but as it is in a superior degree, and we see nothing that distances the courage of Mintheus from that of Sigeusius, Clontheus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a party of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior, in this point, the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters; being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. 'Everything in it has manners' (as Aristotle expresses it), that is, everything is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally



just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer; all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If, in the next place, we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture. Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature, summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles; which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him; and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction; the first who taught that 'language of the gods' to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is, indeed, the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out 'living words': there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is 'impatient' to be on the wing, a weapon 'thirsts' to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry; not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention; since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *Κορυθαίολος*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *Νηροσίφυλλος*, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that also. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but search-

ed through its different dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic; which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas), will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language of poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intricate language to whatsoever grace it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the

Muses dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspiring vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work, and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that, we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it, each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the

tumult increases : Virgil, calmly daring like *Æneas*, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action ; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection ; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness ; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole ; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his 'speaking horses ;' and Virgil his 'myrtles distilling blood ;' where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similes have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded : it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to

him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes ; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier, 'that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.'\* Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world ; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre ; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines ? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages : in beholding monarchs without their guards ; princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world ; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more ; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish ; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes ; such as the

\* Preface to her *Homer*.

'far-darting Phœbus,' the 'blue-eyed Pallas,' the 'swift-footed Achilles,' &c., which some have censured as impertinent, and scilicet repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them; and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used; they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Heracles of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And, indeed, we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age, between the brazen and the iron one, of 'heroes distinct from other men; a divine race who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed.\*' Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other evils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whenever compares these two

poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis*; as that the hero is a wiser man, and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original, and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations. This is the conduct of Perrault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed; and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention: and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applause which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest en-

\* Hesiod, *Op. et Dies*, lib. vers. 255, &c.

chantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts, in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted everything. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches, which run luxuriant through a richness of nature, might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope

of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into *fustian* in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one; which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scripture and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine Spirit made use of no other words, but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and, as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a

translator, on the one hand, to give in to several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as, on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and, as I may say, oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered; a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as 'platoon, campaign, junto,' or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen), cannot be allowable; those only excepted without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of marks or moles by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight; those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition, as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as 'the cloud-compelling Jove,' &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocu-

tion; as the epithet *εὐνοσίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally 'leaf-shaking,' but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: 'the lofty mountain shakes his waving woods.' Others that admit of different significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἐκχέβδλος*, or 'far-shooting,' is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun; therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation, and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours; but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any; if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and

attainable by very few : I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image : however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it ; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines ; and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author ; insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer : and, perhaps, he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian ; a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise*, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance ; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast, of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general ; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for

its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences ; and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth ; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has un happily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil : his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers ; though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character : in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character ; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers ; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation ; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity ; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity ; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity : not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods ; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity : perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is, to study his author rather from his own text,



than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world ; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author ; and Bossu's admirable *Treatise of the Epic Poem* the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few ; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking ; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public ; from whose opinions I am prepared to learn ; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task ; who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr Rowe, and Dr Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me ; while

the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers ? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet : that his grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) so complete a praise :

‘Read Homer once, and you can read no more :  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem prose : but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the books you need.’

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me ; of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example : that such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer : and that the noble author of the tragedy of ‘*Heroic Love*,’ has continued his partiality to me, from my writing pastorals to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon ; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends ; to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence ; and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shown me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect



on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

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## BOOK I.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god; who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it; who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno: between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

---

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy  
reign

The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:  
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the  
will of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended  
power?

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,  
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the  
dead;

The king of men his reverend priest defied,  
*And for the king's offence the people died.*

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain  
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.  
Suppliant the venerable father stands;  
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:

By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,  
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.  
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace  
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.

'Ye kings and warriors! may your vows  
be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the  
ground.

May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,  
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
And give Chryseis to these arms again;  
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.'

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent  
declare,

The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
Not so Atreides: he, with kingly pride,  
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:

'Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile  
plaints,

Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king de-  
tains;

Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;  
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.

Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;  
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;  
 Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,  
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,  
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.  
 Hence then; to Argos shall the maid retire,  
 Far from her native soil and weeping sire.  
 The trembling priest along the shore return'd,  
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.  
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main;  
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,  
 The god who darts around the world his rays.  
 'O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,  
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,  
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,  
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:  
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,  
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen skin;  
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.'  
 Thus Chryses pray'd:—the favouring power attends,  
 And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.  
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;  
 Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.  
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
 On mules and dogs the infection first began;  
 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.  
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air  
 The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.  
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,  
 Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son

Convened to council all the Grecian train;  
 For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
 Achilles thus the king of men address'd:  
 'Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,  
 And measure back the seas we cross'd before?  
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,

'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
 But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,  
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;  
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove  
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.  
 So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,

And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.'

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied;

Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,

That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,  
 The past, the present, and the future knew:  
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage  
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

'Beloved of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know

Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?  
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word  
 Of sure protection, by thy power and sword:  
 For I would speak what wisdom would conceal,

And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.  
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,

Instruct a monarch where his error lies;  
 For though we deem the short-lived fury past,  
 'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.'

To whom Pelides:—'From thy inmost soul  
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.

E'en by that god I swear, who rules the day,  
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece  
convey,

And whose bless'd oracles thy lips declare;  
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,  
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;  
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,  
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred  
head.'

Encouraged thus, the blameless man re-  
plies:

'Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,  
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.  
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,  
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires  
increase,

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.  
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,  
The prie : may pardon, and the god may  
spare.'

The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy  
frown

The monarch started from his shining throne;  
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with  
ire,

And from his eye-balls flash'd the living  
fire:—

'Augur accurs! denouncing mischief still,  
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!  
Still must that tongue some wounding mes-  
sage bring,

And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?  
For this are Phoebus' oracles explored,  
'To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?  
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,  
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;  
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,  
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd  
gold?

A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every  
grace;

Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,  
When first her blooming beauties blest my  
arms.

Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail;  
Our cares are only for the public weal:  
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,  
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.

But since for common good I yield the fair,  
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;  
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.'

'Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies)  
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!  
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey  
should yield,

The due reward of many a well-fought field?  
The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,  
We share with justice, as with toil we gain;  
But to resume what'er thy avarice craves,  
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by  
slaves.

Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
The spoil of Ilion shall thy loss requite,  
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering  
powers

Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.'

Then thus the king: 'Shall I my prize  
reign

With tame content, and thou possess'd of  
thine?

Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,  
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.

At thy demand shall I restore the maid?

First let the just equivalent be paid;

Such as a king might ask; and let it be

A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.

Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
This hand shall seize some other captive  
dame.

The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign;

Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.

The man who suffers, loudly may complain;  
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.

But this when time requires.—It now remains	Some trivial present to my ships I bear; Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,	But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores, With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.	My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore: Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, And some deputed prince the charge attend:	What spoils, what conquests shall Atreides gain?
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil, Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;	To this the king: 'Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain, Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;	Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy. There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage, The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.'	And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:	Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care) To power superior none such hatred bear:
'O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride! Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd	Strife and debate thy restless soul employ, And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind! What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,	If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd;
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword? What cause have I to war at thy decree?	For know, vain man! thy valour is from God. Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away;
The distant Trojans never injured me: To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led:	Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway; I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed; Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,	Thy short-lived friendship and thy groundless hate.
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign, Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,	Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons:—but here
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race. Illither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,	'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
To avenge a private, not a public wrong: What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,	Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?	My bark shall waft her to her native land;
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve; Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?	But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,	Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?	Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes.
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,	Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
As thy own actions if compared to mine.	Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey, Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.	And hence, to all our host it shall be known, That kings are subject to the gods alone.'

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast;  
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;  
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:  
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
 Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;  
 'This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,  
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,  
 Minerva swift descended from above,  
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;  
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care)  
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair  
 Achilles seized; to him alone confest;  
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,  
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:  
 'Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,  
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear  
 From Atreus' son?—Then let those eyes that view  
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.'  
 'Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)  
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:  
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,  
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
 By awful Juno this command is given;  
 'The king and you are both the care of Heaven.  
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel;  
 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.  
 For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)  
 Thy injured honour has its fated hour,  
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.

'Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;  
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey.'  
 To her Pelides:—'With regardful ear  
 'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.'  
 He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;  
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.  
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,  
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.  
 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,  
 Which thus redoubling on Atreides broke:  
 'O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights  
 to dare,  
 Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;  
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die:  
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,  
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.  
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base!  
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;  
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,  
 Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.  
 Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,  
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
 Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;  
 This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,  
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs:  
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings)  
 By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again  
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.  
 When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread  
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,

Then shalt thou mourn the affront my madness gave,  
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save :  
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know  
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.  
He spoke ; and furious hurl'd against the ground

His sceptrestarr'd with golden studs around :  
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain  
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,  
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,  
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd ;  
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd :  
Two generations now had pass'd away,  
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;  
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,  
And now the example of the third remain'd.  
All view'd with awe the venerable man ;  
Who thus with mild benevolence began :—

'What shame, what woe is this to Greece!  
what joy

To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of  
Troy !

That adverse gods commit to stern debate  
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.  
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.

A godlike race of heroes once I knew,  
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !  
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,  
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;  
Theseus, endued with more than mortal  
might,

Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ?  
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,  
In early youth my hardy days I led ;  
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy  
breeds,

And smit with love of honourable deeds.  
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain  
boar,

Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters'  
gore,

And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore :  
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd ;  
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.  
If in my youth, even these esteem'd me wise ;  
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.  
Atreides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;  
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage  
gave ;

Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with  
pride ;

Let kings be just, and sovereign power pre-  
side.

Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,  
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;  
Him, awful majesty exalts above  
The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of  
Jove.

Let both unite with well-consenting mind,  
So shall authority with strength be join'd.  
Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;  
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.  
Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,  
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our  
host.'

This said, he ceased. The king of men  
replies :

'Thy years are awful, and thy words are  
wise.

But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,  
No laws can limit, no respect control.  
Before his pride must his superiors fall ;  
His word the law, and he the lord of all ?  
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey ?  
What king can bear a rival in his sway ?  
Grant that the gods his matchless force have  
given ;

Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven ?—

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles  
broke,

And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke :  
'Tyrant, I well deserved thy galling chain,  
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
Should I submit to each unjust decree :—  
Command thy vassals, but command not  
me.

Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd  
My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed ;  
And seize secure ; no more Achilles draws  
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.  
The gods command me to forgive the past :  
But let this first invasion be the last :  
For know, thy blood, when next thou darest  
invade,  
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking  
blade.'

At this they ceased : the stern debate ex-  
pired :

The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way  
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous  
oars

A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:  
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,  
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced :  
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,  
With pure lustrations, and with solemn  
prayers.

Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train  
Are elcansed ; and cast the ablutions in the  
main.

Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid ;  
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,  
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,  
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.  
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,  
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.

'Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),  
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize :  
Submit he must ; or if they will not part,  
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.'

The unwilling heralds aet their lord's com-  
mands ;

Pensive they walk along the barren sands :  
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,  
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.

At awful distance long they silent stand,  
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command ;  
Decent confusion ! This the godlike man  
Perceived, and thus with accent mild began :

'With leave and honour enter our abodes,  
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods !  
I know your message ; by constraint you  
came ;

Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.  
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring ;  
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,  
Witness to gods above, and men below !  
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,  
(That lawless tyrant whose commands you  
bear)

Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,  
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at  
every vein :

The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.'

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty  
brought ;

She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the  
strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;  
But sad, retiring to the sounding shore,  
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
That kindred deep from whence his mother  
sprung :

There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,  
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main :

'O parent goddess ! since in early bloom  
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom ;  
Sure to so short a race of glory born,  
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn :  
Honour and fame at least the thunderer  
owed ;

And ill he pays the promise of a god,  
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.'

Far from the deep recesses of the main,  
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,  
The goddess-mother heard. The waves di-  
vide ;

And like a mist she rose above the tide ;  
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.

'Why grieves my son ? Thy anguish let me  
share ;

Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'

He deeply sighing said : ' To tell my woe,  
Is but to mention what too well you know.

From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name,  
(Action's realm) our conquering army came,  
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,  
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's  
toils ;

But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize I was  
led,

By vote selected, to the general's bed.

The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain  
His beauteous daughter from the victor's  
chain ;

The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending  
down,

Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
Intreating all ; but chief implored for grace

The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :

The generous Greeks their joint consent de-  
clare,

The priest to reverence, and release the  
fair ;

Not so Atreides : he, with wonted pride,

The sire insulted, and his gifts denied :

The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)

To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the  
prayer :

A dreadful plague ensues ; the avenging  
darts

Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.

A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,  
And points the crime, and thence derives the  
woes :

Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline

To avert the vengeance, of the power divine ;

Then rising in his wrath, the monarch  
storm'd ;

Incensed he threaten'd, and his threats per-  
form'd ;

The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,  
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent ;

But now he seized Briseïs' heavenly charms,

And of my valour's prize defrauds my nrms,

Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train ;

And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.

But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend,

To high Olympus' shining court ascend,

Urge all the ties to former service owed,

And sue for vengeance to the thundering  
god.

Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,  
That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal  
host,

When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling  
Jove ;

When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,

Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of  
Heaven.

Then, call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,  
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name)

Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd  
along ;

Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong ;  
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he  
stands,

And brandish'd round him all his hundred  
hands ;

The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,  
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.

This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,  
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall ;

Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,  
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and  
main,

To heap the shores with copious death, and  
bring

The Greeks to know the curse of such a king ;



Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head  
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
And mourn in blood that e'er he durst dis-  
grace

The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.'

' Unhappy son ! (fair Thetis thus replies,  
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
Why have I borne thee with a mother's  
throes,

To fates averse, and nursed for future woes ?  
So short a space the light of heaven to view !  
So short a space ! and fill'd with sorrow too !  
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,  
And thou, from camps remote, the danger  
shun,

Which now, alas ! too nearly threatens my son  
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow  
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far  
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.  
The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,  
On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race ;  
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial  
rite,

Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.'

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves  
unclose ;

Then down the steep she plunged from  
whence she rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;  
Beneath the deck the destined victims stow'd ;  
The sails they furl'd, they lash the mast aside,  
And dropp'd their anchors, and the plinnace  
tied.

Next on the shore their hecatomb they land ;  
Chryseis last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;

Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said :

' Hail, reverend priest ! to Phœbus' awful  
dome

A suppliant I from great Atrides come :  
Unransom'd, here receive the spotless fair ;  
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;  
And may thy god who scatters darts around,  
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound.'

At this, the sire embrac'd the maid again,  
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.  
Then near the altar of the darting king,  
Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring ;  
With water purify their hands, and take  
The sacred offering of the salted cake ;  
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,  
And solemn voice, the priest directs his  
prayer :

' God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine ;  
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,  
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd mys !  
If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,  
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest ;  
Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,  
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.'

So Chryses pray'd. Apollo heard his  
prayer :

And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare ;  
Between their horns the salted barley threw,  
And, with their heads to heaven, the victims  
slew :

The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide ;  
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide :

On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from every part.

The priest himself before his altar stands,  
And burns the offering with his holy hands,  
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames  
aspire ;

The youth with instruments surround the fire :  
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails  
dress'd,

The assistants part, transfix, and roast the  
rest :

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare ;  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his  
share.

When now the rage of lunger was repress'd,  
With pure libations they conclude the feast ;  
The youths with wine the copious goblets  
crown'd,

And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls  
around ;

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
The peans lengthen'd till the sun descends :  
The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes pro-  
long ;

Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel  
lie,

Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :  
Then launch, and hoist the mast : indulgent  
gales,

Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ;  
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,  
The parted ocean foams and roars below :  
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,  
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.  
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,  
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)  
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding  
bay

The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat  
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate ;  
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd ;  
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :  
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter  
roll,

And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawn-  
ing light

The gods had summon'd to the Olympian  
height :

Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,  
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.

When, like the morning-mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the  
sea ;

And to the seats divine her flight address'd.  
There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The thunderer sat ; where old Olympus  
shrouds

His hundred heads in heaven, and props the  
clouds.

Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she  
plac'd

Beneath his beard, and one his knees em-  
braced.

'If e'er, O father of the gods ! (she said)  
My words could please thee, or my actions  
aid,

Some marks of honour on my son bestow,  
And pay in glory what in life you owe.

Fame is at least by heavenly promise due  
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.  
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise !  
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans  
rise ;

Till the proud king and all the Achaian race  
Shall heap with honours him they now dis-  
grace.'

Thus Thetis spoke ; but Jove in silence  
held

The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.  
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,  
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear  
request.

'O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant  
hear ;

Refuse, or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?  
Or oh ! declare, of all the powers above,  
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ?'

She said ; and, sighing, thus the god  
replies,

Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :  
'What hast thou ask'd ? ah, why should  
Jove engage

In foreign contests and domestic rage,  
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce  
alarms,

While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ?  
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
With jealous eyes thy close necessity survey ;

But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:  
Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
The nod that ratifies the will divine,  
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign :  
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy  
vows—'

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god :  
High heaven with trembling the dread signal  
took,

And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,  
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.  
The shining synod of the immortals wait  
The coming god, and from their thrones of  
state

Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,  
Before the majesty of heaven appear.  
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes  
the throne,

All, but the god's imperious queen alone :  
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
And all her passions kindled into flame.

' Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries)  
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies ?  
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,  
In vain the partner of imperial state.  
What favourite goddess then those cares  
divides,

Which Jove in prudence from his consort  
hides ?'

To this the thunderer : ' Seek not thou to  
find

The sacred counsels of almighty mind : -  
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,  
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.  
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt  
know ;

The first of gods above, and men below ;  
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts  
that roll

Deep in the close recesses of my soul.'

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies  
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,

And thus return'd—' Austere Saturnius, say,  
From whence this wrath, or who controls  
thy sway ?

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
And all thy counsels take the destined course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen  
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.

Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,  
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.

What fatal favour has the goddess won,  
To grace her fierce, inexorable son ?

Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the  
plain,

And glut his vengeance with my people slain.'

Then thus the god : ' Oh restless fate of  
pride,

That strives to learn what heaven resolves to  
hide ;

Vain is the search, presumptuous and ab-  
hor'd,

Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.

Let this suffice : the immutable decree

No force can shake : what is, that ought to be.  
Goddess, submit ; nor dare our will with-  
stand,

But dread the power of this avenging hand :

The united strength of all the gods above

In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove.'

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen  
reply ;

A reverent horror silenced all the sky.

The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw

His mother menaced, and the gods in awe ;

Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,

Thus interposed the architect divine :

' The wretched quarrels of the mortal state

Are far unworthy, gods ! of your debate :

Let men their days in senseless strife employ,

We, in eternal peace and constant joy.

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,

Nor break the sacred union of the sky ;

Lest, roused to rage, he shake the bless'd  
abodes,

Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the  
gods.

If you submit, the thunderer stands appeased;  
 The gracious power is willing to be pleased.  
 Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,  
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,  
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,  
 'Goddess, (he cried) be patient and obey.  
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,  
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
 What god so daring in your aid to move,  
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?  
 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
 Hurl'd headlong downward from the ethereal height;  
 Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;  
 Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:  
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;  
 The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast.'  
 He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,  
 Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received.  
 Then, to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn,  
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.  
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.  
 Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
 Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.  
 Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light:  
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:  
 Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,  
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence, and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, and upon the sea-shore; towards the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,  
 Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie;  
 The immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;  
 All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.  
 To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,  
 And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:  
 Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,  
 And thus commands the vision of the night.  
 'Fly hence, deluding dream! and light as air,  
 To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.  
 Bid him in arms draw forth the embattled train,  
 Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.

Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.'

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;  
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,  
Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age:  
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,  
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king.

'Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares  
oppress'd,  
O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,  
To whom its safety a whole people owes,  
To waste long nights in indolent repose.  
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I  
bear,

Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.  
In just array draw forth the embattled train,  
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;  
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy  
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.  
For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.  
Awake, but waking this advice approve,  
And trust the vision that descends from  
Jove.'

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,  
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.  
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind  
employ;

Elate in thought, he saks untaken Troy:  
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;  
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,  
What mighty toils to either host remain,  
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the  
slain!

Eager he rises, and in fancy hears  
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.  
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
Around him next the regal mantle threw,  
The embroider'd sandals on his feet were  
tied;

The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;  
And last, his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.

Now rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,  
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.

The king despatch'd his heralds with com-  
mands

To range the camp and summon all the  
bands:

The gathering hosts the monarch's word  
obey;

While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.

In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;  
There calls a senate of the peers around:

The assembly placed, the king of men ex-  
press'd

The counsels labouring in his artful breast.

'Friends and confederates! with attentive  
ear

Receive my words, and credit what you hear.

Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,

A dream divine appear'd before my sight;

Whose visionary form like Nestor came,

The same in habit, and in mien the same.

The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my  
head,

"And, dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son? (he  
said)

Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,

Directs in council, and in war presides,

To whom its safety a whole people owes,

To waste long nights in indolent repose.

Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I  
bear,

Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.

In just array draw forth the embattled train,

And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;

E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy

The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.  
This hear observant, and the gods obey !"  
The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.  
Now, valiant chiefs ! since heaven itself  
alarms,

Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.  
But first, with caution, try what yet they  
dare,

Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war.  
'To move the troops to measure back the  
main,

Be mine ; and yours the province to detain.'

He spoke, and sat : when Nestor, rising,  
said

(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd),  
'Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,  
Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine ;  
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host)  
Forbid it, heaven ! this warning should be  
lost !

'Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,  
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to  
arms.'

Thus spoke the sage : the kings without  
delay

Dissolve the council, and their chief obey :  
The sceptred rulers lead ; the following host,  
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the  
coast.

As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees  
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving  
bees,

Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding  
swarms,

With deeper murmurs and more hoarse  
alarms ;

Dusky they spread, a close-embodied crowd,  
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.  
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening  
train

Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades  
the plain :

Along the region runs a deafening sound ;  
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling  
ground.

Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,  
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.  
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud  
The monarch's will, suspend the listening  
crowd.

Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,  
And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,  
The king of kings his awful figure raised :  
High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed ;  
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,  
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes  
came :

To Pelops he the immortal gift resign'd ;  
The immortal gift great Pelops left behind,  
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus  
ends,

To rich Thyestes next the prize descends ;  
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,  
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king re-  
lined,

And artful thus pronounced the speech de-  
sign'd :

'Ye sons of Mars ; partake your leader's  
care,

Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war !  
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,  
And heavenly oracles believed in vain.  
A safe return was promised to our toils,  
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with  
spoils.

Now shameful flight alone can save the  
host,

Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.  
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all !

At whose command whole empires rise or  
fall :

He shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
And towns and armies humbles to the dust.  
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to  
wage,

Oh, lasting shame in every future age !

Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,  
Repulsed and baffled by a feeble foe.  
So small their number, that if wars were ceased,  
And Greece triumphant held a general feast,  
All rank'd by tens, whole decades when they dine  
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.  
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,  
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.  
Now 'nine long years of mighty Jove are run,  
Since first the labours of this war begun :  
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,  
And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.  
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall !  
Our weeping wives, our tender children call :  
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,  
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.  
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,  
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.  
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,  
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy.'

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve  
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.  
So roll the billows to the Icarian shore,  
From east and south when winds begin to roar,  
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep  
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.  
And as on corn when western gusts descend,  
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend ;  
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.  
The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet  
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet ;  
With long-resounding cries they urge the train  
To fit the ships, and launch into the main.

They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,  
The doubling clamours echo to the skies.  
E'en then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,  
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain ;  
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,  
And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid :  
' Shall then the Grecians fly ! Oh dire disgrace !  
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race ?  
Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adulterous spouse,  
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows ?  
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,  
Lie unrevenged on yon detested pain ?  
No ; let my Greeks, unmoved by vain alarms,  
Once more resplendent shine in brazen arms.  
Haste, goddess, haste ! the flying host detain,  
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.'

Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height  
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight.  
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,  
For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd :  
Oppress'd with generous grief the hero stood,  
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.  
' And is it thus, divine Laërtes' son !  
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)  
Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,

And fame eternal leave to Priam's race ?  
Shall beautiful Helen still remain unfreed,  
Still unrevenged, a thousand heroes bleed ?  
Haste, generous Ithacus ! prevent the shame,  
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.  
Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy.'

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,  
Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd :  
Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand  
Received the imperial sceptre of command.  
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,  
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train ;

Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved,  
 He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved.  
 'Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom bless'd,  
 By brave examples should confirm the rest.  
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;  
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears.  
 The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;  
 Not thus the king in secret council spoke.  
 Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,  
 Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.'  
 But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,  
 Him with reproof he check'd, or tamed with blows.  
 'Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;  
 Unknown alike in council and in field!  
 Ye gods, what dastards would our host command?  
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.  
 Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd  
 That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.  
 To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;  
 His are the laws, and him let all obey.'  
 With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled,  
 The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cool'd.  
 Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,  
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.  
 Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars,  
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:  
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,  
 The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.  
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,  
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.  
 Thersites only elamour'd in the throng,  
 Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:  
 Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,  
 In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:

With witty malice studious to defame;  
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim:  
 But chief he gloried with licentious style  
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.  
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim;  
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:  
 His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'er-spread,  
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.  
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,  
 And much he hated all, but most the best:  
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;  
 But royal scandal his delight supreme.  
 Long had he lived the scorn of every Greek,  
 Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
 Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,  
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.  
 'Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,  
 What moves the great Atreides to complain?  
 'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,  
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.  
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
 Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'er-flow.  
 Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,  
 What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?  
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers  
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,  
 And bring the race of royal bastards here,  
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?  
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies;  
 Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?  
 Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,  
 Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?



Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,  
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his  
lust.

Oh women of Achaia! men no more!  
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.  
We may be wanted on some busy day,  
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:  
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,  
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the  
brave:

And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.'

Fierce from his boat at this Ulysses springs,  
In generous vengeance of the king of kings,  
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:

'Peace, fictitious monster, born to vex the  
state,

With wrangling talents form'd for foul de-  
bate:

Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,  
And singly mark, asperse the sovereign reign.  
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our  
host,

The man who acts the beast, upbraids the  
most?

Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to  
bring,

Nor let those lips profane the name of king.  
For our return we trust the heavenly powers:

Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.  
But grant the host with wealth the general  
load,

Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?  
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be  
thine?

Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
And let these eyes behold my son no more;  
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
To strip these arms thou ill deservest to wear,  
Expel the council where our princes meet,  
And send thee scourged and howling through  
the fleet.'

He said, and cowering as the dastard  
bends,

The weighty sceptre on his back descends:  
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;  
The tears spring starting from his haggard  
eyes;

Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears,  
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears;  
While to his neighbour each express'd his  
thought:

'Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses  
wrought!

What fruits his conduct and his courage  
yield!

Great in the council, glorious in the field,  
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,  
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.  
Such just examples on offenders shown,  
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.'

'Twas thus the general voice the hero  
prais'd,

Who, rising, high the imperial sceptre  
rais'd:

The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend,  
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.

The expecting crowds in still attention hung,  
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.

Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,  
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:

'Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian  
race

With shame deserting, heap with vile dis-  
grace.

Not such at Argos was their generous vow;  
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now;  
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,  
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes  
lie.

Behold them weeping for their native shore!  
What could their wives or helpless children  
more?

What heart but melts to leave the tender  
train,

And, one short month, endure the wintry  
main?

Few leagues removed, we wish our peaceful seat,  
 When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:  
 Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,  
 The tedious length of nine revolving years.  
 Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;  
 But vanquish'd! baffled! oh, eternal shame!  
 Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,  
 And try the faith of Chalcas and of heaven.  
 What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,  
 And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.  
 Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised  
 Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed:  
 'Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around,  
 The altars heaved; and from the crumbling ground  
 A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;  
 From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.  
 Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,  
 And curl'd around in many a winding fold:  
 The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;  
 Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;  
 Herself the ninth: the serpent, as he hung,  
 Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;  
 While hovering near, with miserable moan,  
 The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.  
 The mother last, as round the nest she flew,  
 Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew:  
 Nor long survived; to marble turn'd, he stands  
 A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.  
 Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare  
 Trust in his omen, and support the war.  
 For while around we gazed with wondering eyes,  
 And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,

Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried,  
 "Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.  
 This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,  
 Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.  
 As many birds as by the snake were slain,  
 So many years the toils of Greece remain;  
 But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:"  
 Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.  
 Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,  
 Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.  
 He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,  
 The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.  
 Then Nestor thus—"These vain debates forbear,  
 Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.  
 Where now are all your high resolves at last?  
 Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?  
 Vow'd with libations and with victims then,  
 Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!  
 While useless words consume the unactive hours,  
 No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.  
 Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;  
 We march to war, if thou direct the way.  
 But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,  
 The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,  
 To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,  
 And view with envy our successful wars.  
 On that great day, when first the martial train,  
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main,  
 Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent,  
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament.  
 Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife,  
 Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,  
 Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,  
 And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.

Before that day, if any Greek invite  
 His country's troops to base inglorious flight,  
 Stand forth that Greek ! and hoist his sail to  
     fly,  
 And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.  
 But now, O monarch ! all thy chiefs advise :  
 Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.  
 Among those counsels, let not mine be vain ;  
 In tribes and nations to divide thy train :  
 His separate troops let every leader call,  
 Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
 What chief, or soldier, of the numerous  
     band,  
 Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,  
 When thus distinct they war, shall soon be  
     known,  
 And what the cause of Ilium not o'erthrown ;  
 If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,  
 If gods above prevent, or men below.'  
 To him the king : ' How much thy years  
     excel  
 In arts of counsel, and in speaking well !  
 O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree  
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee ;  
 Such wisdom soon should Priam's force de-  
     stroy,  
 And soon should fall the haughty towers of  
     Troy !  
 But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates  
 In fierce contention and in vain debates ;  
 Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,  
 By me provoked ; a captive maid the cause :  
 If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall  
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance  
     fall !  
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast ;  
 And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.  
 His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,  
 And every Grecian fix his brazen shield,  
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,  
 And all for combat fit the rattling car.  
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend ;  
 No rest, no respite, till the shades descend ;  
 Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all :  
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall ;

Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast,  
 With the huge shield each brawny arm de-  
     press'd,  
 Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,  
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow.  
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,  
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day ;  
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial  
     power,  
 The birds shall mangle, and the dogs de-  
     vour.'  
 The monarch spoke ; and straight a mur-  
     mur rose,  
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,  
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous  
     roar,  
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.  
 Straight to the tents the troops dispersing  
     bend,  
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend ;  
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray  
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.  
 A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and  
     fed,  
 To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led :  
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers ;  
 And Nestor first, as most advanced in years.  
 Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,  
 Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon ;  
 Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed ;  
 And Menelaus came, unbid, the last.  
 The chiefs surround the destined beast, and  
     take  
 The sacred offering of the salted cake :  
 When thus the king prefers his solemn  
     prayer ;  
 ' O thou ! whose thunder rends the clouded  
     air,  
 Who in the heaven of heavens hast fix'd thy  
     throne,  
 Supreme of gods ! unbounded, and alone !  
 Hear ! and before the burning sun descends,  
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,  
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,  
 Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,

In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,  
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord !'

Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing prayer  
Great Jove refused, and toss'd in empty air :  
The god averse, while yet the fumes arose,  
Prepared new toils, and doubled woes on woes.

Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,  
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.  
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,  
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.

On these, in double cauls involved with art,  
The choicest morsels lie from every part.  
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,

While the fat victims feed the sacred fire.  
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,

The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest ;

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,  
The generous Nestor thus the prince address'd :

' Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,

And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms ;

Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,

And lead to war when heaven directs the way.'

He said ; the monarch issued his commands ;

Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.

The chiefs enclose their king ; the hosts divide,

In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.

High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies ;  
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:  
The dreadful *ægis*, Jove's immortal shield,  
Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field :

Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,  
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,  
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,  
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,  
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above ;  
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,  
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies :

So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,  
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.  
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,

Or milk-white swans in *Asius'* watery plains,  
That o'er the windings of *Cayster's* springs  
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,

Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,  
Now light with noise ; with noise the field resounds.

Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,

The legions crowd *Scamander's* flowery side ;  
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,

And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.

Along the river's level meads they stand,  
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,

Or leaves the trees ; or thick as insects play,  
The wandering nation of a summer's day ;

That, drawn by milky steams, at evening  
hours,  
In gather'd swarms surround the rural  
bowers ;

From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun.  
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons  
stood

In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.  
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins  
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.  
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd-

swain  
Collects his flocks from thousands on the  
plain.

The king of kings, majestically tall,  
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them  
all :

Like some proud bull, that round the pastures  
leads

His subject herds, the monarch of the meads.  
Great as the gods, the exalted chief was  
seen,

His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his  
mien ;

Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,  
And dawning conquest play'd around his  
head.

Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,  
All-knowing goddesses ! immortal nine !  
Since earth's wide regions, heaven's un-

measured height,  
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your  
sight,

(We, wretched mortals ! lost in doubts be-  
low,

But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)  
O say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,  
Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction  
came ?

To count them all, demands a thousand  
tongues,

A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.

Daughters of Jove, assist ! inspired by you .

The mighty labour dauntless I pursue ;

What crowded armies, from what climes they  
bring,

Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs  
I sing.

#### THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,  
Penelios, Leitus, Prothoenor, led :

With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,  
Equal in arms, and equal in command.

These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,  
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,  
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,  
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain :

Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,  
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell ;  
Hecleon and Hylê, which the springs o'erflow ;  
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low ;

Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,  
Or Thespia sacred to the god of day :

Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves ;  
Copæ, and Thisbê, famed for silver doves ;  
For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine ;

Platea green, and Nysa the divine ;  
And they whom Thebê's well-built walls en-  
close,

Where Mydê, Eutresis, Coronê rose ;  
And Arnê rich, with purple harvests crown'd ;  
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.

Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys  
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming  
scas.

To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,  
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.  
Two valiant brothers rule the undaunted  
throng,

Iâlmen and Ascalaphus the strong :

Sons of Astyoche, the heavenly fair,

Whose virgin charms subdued the god of  
war :

(In Aetor's court as she retired to rest,

The strength of Mars the blushing maid  
compress'd)

Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,  
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair ;  
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war :  
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads  
His silver current through the flowery meads ;  
From Panopœa, Chrysa the divine,  
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,  
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,  
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.  
These, ranged in order on the floating tide,  
Close, on the left, the bold Boeotians' side.

Fierce Ajax led the Lœrian squadrons on,  
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son ;  
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright ;  
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.  
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,  
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos  
send ;

Opus, Calliarus, and Scurphé's bands ;  
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia  
stands,  
And where Boâgrius floats the lowly lands,  
Or in fair Turphé's sylvan seats reside :  
In forty vessels cut the yielding tide.

Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,  
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars :  
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their  
way

From Chaleis' walls, and strong Eretria ;  
The Isteian fields for generous vines re-  
nown'd,

The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground ;  
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the  
plain.

And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring  
main.

Down their broad shoulders falls a length of  
hair ;

Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air ;  
But with protended spears in fighting fields  
Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen  
shields.

Twice twenty ships transport the warlike  
bands,

Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, com-  
mands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,  
Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain.  
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus  
sway'd,

That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,  
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,  
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.  
Him Pallas placed amidst her wealthy fane  
Adored with sacrifice and oxen slain ;  
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,  
And all the tribes resound the goddess'  
praise.)

No chief like thee, Menestheus ! Greece  
could yield,

To marshal armies in the dusty field,  
The extended wings of battle to display,  
Or close the embodied host in firm array.  
Nestor alone, improved by length of days,  
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,  
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands ;  
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their  
course,

And with the great Athenians join their force.  
Next move to war the generous Argive  
train,

From high Troezenè, and Maseta's plain,  
And fair Æglia circled by the main :  
Whom strong Tyrintinè's lofty walls sur-  
round,

And Epidaurè with viny harvests crown'd :  
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show  
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.

These by the brave Euryalus were led,  
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed ;  
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway :  
In fourscore barks they plough the watery  
way.

The proud Mycenè arms her martial  
powers,

Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,  
Fair Aræthyræa, Orniæ's fruitful plain,  
And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign ;  
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,  
And where Pellênè yields her fleecy store,

Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,  
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky. -  
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,  
A hundred vessels in long order stand,  
And crowded nations wait his dread command.

High on the deck the king of men appears,  
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears ;  
Proud of his host, unrival'd in his reign,  
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms

The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms :  
Pharès and Brysia's valiant troops, and those  
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose ;  
Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd,  
Amyclæ, Laïs, Augia's happy ground,  
And those whom Cetylos' low walls contain,  
And Helos, on the margin of the main :  
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,  
In sixty ships with Menelæus draws :  
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,  
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes ;  
While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears  
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,  
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host :  
From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land ;  
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand ;  
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,  
And Thryon's walls Alphæus' streams enclose :  
And Dorion, famed for Thamyras' disgrace,  
Superior once of all the tuneful race,  
Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove  
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove !  
Too daring bard ! whose unsuccessful pride  
The immortal Muses in their art defied.  
The avenging Muses of the light of day  
Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away ;

No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,  
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,  
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood ;

From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,  
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs.  
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove ;

And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove ;  
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclined,  
And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,  
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site ;  
In sixty sail the Arcadian bands unite.  
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,  
(Anceus' son) the mighty squadron led.  
Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,  
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear,

The first to battle on the appointed plain,  
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join ;

Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,  
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose

The Olenian rock ; and where Alisium flows ;  
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came :  
The strength and glory of the Epean name.  
In separate squadrons these their train divide,

Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.

One was Amphinachus, and Thalpius one ;  
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son ;)   
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line ;  
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas  
From the blest islands of the Echinades,  
In forty vessels under Megeas move,  
Begot by Phyleus, the beloved of Jove :  
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,  
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.

Ulysses follow'd through the watery road,  
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.

With those whom Cephalenia's isle enclosed,

Or till their fields along the coast opposed ;  
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,

<p>Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,  Croeylia rocky, and Zæcynthus green.  These in twelve galleys with vermilion  prores,  Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian  shores.  Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant  son,  From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,  And rough Pylênè, and the Olenian steep,  And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.  He led the warriors from the Ætolian shore,  For now the sons of Ceneus were no more !  The glories of the mighty race were fled !  Ceneus himself, and Meleager dead !  To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,  His forty vessels follow through the main.  Next, eighty barks the Cretan king com-  mands,  Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands ;  And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes  arise,  Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,  Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs ;  Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.  These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy  care,  And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.  Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,  Led nine swift vessels through the foamy  seas ;  From Rhodes, with everlasting sunshine  bright,  Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.  His captive mother fierce Alcides bore  From Ephyr's walls and Selle's winding  shore,  Where mighty towns in ruins spread the  plain,  And saw their blooming warriors early slain.  The hero, when to manly years he grew,  Alcides' uncle, old Lieymnius, slew ;  For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,  And shun the vengeance of the Herculean  race,</p>	<p>A fleet he built, and with a numerous train  Of willing exiles wander'd o'er the main ;  Where, many seas and many sufferings past,  On happy Rhodes the chief arrived at last :  There in three tribes divides his native band,  And rules them peaceful in a foreign land ;  Increased and prosper'd in their new abodes  By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods ;  With joy they saw the growing empire rise,  And showers of wealth descending from the  skies.  Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan  shore,  Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,  Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming  grace,  The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race ;  Pelides only match'd his early charms ;  But few his troops, and small his strength in  arms.  Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,  Of those Calydonæ's sea-girt isles contain ;  With them the youth of Nisyros repair,  Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair ;  Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway,  Till great Alcides made the realms obey ;  These Antiplus and bold Phidippus bring,  Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king.  Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos'  powers,  From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers :  From Phthia's spacious vales ; and Hella,  bless'd  With female beauty far beyond the rest.  Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,  The Aclnians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;  Thessalians all, though various in their  name ;  The same their nation, and their chief the  same.  But now inglorious, stretch'd along the  shore,  They hear the brazen voice of war no more ;  No more the foe they face in dire array :  Close in his fleet the angry leader lay ;</p>
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Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,  
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus  
borne,

Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'er-  
threw,

And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.

There mourn'd Achilles, plunged in depth of  
care,

But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and  
war.

To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,

Itona, famous for her fleecey breed,

And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful  
greens,

The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes.  
Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowerets  
crown'd,

And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd  
ground.

These own'd, as chief, Protesilas the brave,

Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave :

The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan  
shore,

And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian  
gore ;

There lies, far distant from his native plain ;

Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,

And his sad consort beats her breast in  
vain.

His troops in forty ships Podarcès led,

Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;

Nor he unworthy to command the host ;

Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader  
lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,

Where hills encircle Bæbe's lowly lake,

Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters  
fall,

Or proud Iöleus lifts her airy wall,

In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,

With bold Eumelus, whom Alecstè bore :

All Pelias' race Alecstè far outshined,

The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methonè, or Thaumacia yields,  
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,

With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art  
From the tough bow directs the feather'd  
dart.

Seven were his ships ; each vessel fifty row,

Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.

But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,

A poisonous hydra gave the burning wound ;

There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,

Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish  
in vain.

His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,

Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

The Æchalian race, in those high towers  
contain'd

Where once Eurytus in proud triumph  
reign'd,

Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,

Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears,

In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,

Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.

To these his skill their parent-god imparts,

Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands

In forty barks Eurypylus commands,

Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,

And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,

And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,

Gyrtonè's warriors ; and where Orthè lies,

And Oleösön's chalky cliffs arise.

Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,

The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,

[That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy  
head,

To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)

With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway

Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came

From Cyphus, Guncus was their leader's  
name.

With these the Enians join'd, and those who  
freeze

Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees ;

Or where the pleasing Titaesius glides,

And into Pencus rolls his easy tides ;

Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,  
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,  
Sacred and awful ! from the dark abodes  
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of  
gods !

Last, under Prothous the Magnesians  
stood,

(Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's  
blood ;)

Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny  
boughs,

Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy  
brows ;

Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus  
stray'd :

(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty  
shade :)

In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main ;  
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian  
train.

Say next, O Muse ! of all Achaia breeds,  
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest  
steeds ?

Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,  
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race ;  
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,  
And train'd by him who bears the silver  
bow.

Fierce in the fight their nostrils breathed a  
flame,  
Their height, their colour, and their age the  
same ;

O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,  
And break the ranks, and thunder through  
the war.

Ajax in arms the first renown acquired,  
While stern Achilles in his wrath retired :  
(His was the strength that mortal might ex-  
ceeds,

And his the unrival'd race of heavenly steeds :)  
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more ;  
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,  
In empty air their sportive javelins throw,  
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow :

Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots  
stand ;

The immortal coursers graze along the  
strand ;

But the brave chiefs the inglorious life de-  
plored,

And, wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their  
lord.

Now, like a deluge, covering all around,  
The shining armies sweep along the ground ;  
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,  
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.  
Earth groan'd beneath them ; as when angry  
Jove

Hurls down the forky lightning from above,  
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,

And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,  
Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning  
load,

Still feels the fury of the avenging god.

But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,  
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid  
air ;

In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,  
The old consulting, and the youths around.  
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,  
Who from Æetes' tomb observed the foes,  
High on the mound ; from whence in pro-  
spect lay

The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.  
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring  
The unwelcome message to the Phrygian  
king :

' Cease to consult, the time for action calls ;  
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls !  
Assembled armies oft have I beheld ;  
But ne'er till now such numbers charged a  
field :

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,  
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.  
Thou, godlike Hector ! all thy force employ,  
Assemble all the united bands of Troy ;  
In just array let every leader call  
The foreign troops : this day demands them  
all.'

The voice divine the mighty chief alarms ;  
The council breaks, the warriors rush to  
arms.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,  
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,  
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trem-  
bling ground :

The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Amidst the plain, in sight of Ilion, stands  
A rising mount, the work of human hands ;  
(This, for Myrinne's tomb the immortals  
know,

Though call'd Batea in the world below ;)  
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,  
The auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,  
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plummy  
crest :

In throngs around his native bards repair,  
And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,  
Anchises' son, by Venus' stolen embrace,  
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove ;  
(A mortal mixing with the queen of love ;)  
Archilochus and Acamas divide

The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,  
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,  
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,  
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood ;  
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,  
Graced with the presents of his shafts and  
bow.

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,  
High Tereë's sunmits, and Pityea's bowers ;  
From these the congregated troops obey  
Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway ;  
Old Merops' sons ; whom, skill'd in fates to  
come,

The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their  
doom :

Fate urged them on ! the sire forewarn'd in  
vain,

They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the  
plain.

From Prætiæ's stream, Pereotæ's pasture  
lands

And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring  
strands,

From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,  
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host :

High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,  
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,  
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground :

In equal arms their brother leaders shine,  
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyroos lead their hosts,  
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ;  
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus  
roars,

And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding  
shores.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,  
Sprung from Træzenian Cælis, loved by Jove.

Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,  
Skill'd in the flight their crooked bows to  
bend ;

From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,  
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,  
Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring  
rills,

And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,  
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,  
Where Erythius' rising cliffs are seen,  
Thy groves of box, Cytorus ! ever green,  
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,  
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky,  
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks  
of flowers,

Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.'

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian  
band,

Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,  
From those far regions where the sun refines  
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian  
train,

And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain ;

For stern Achilles lopp'd his saered head,  
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar  
dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite  
The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms  
reside,

Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,  
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake,  
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.

There, from the fields where wild Mæander  
flows,

High Myealè, and Latmos' shady brows,  
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,  
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous  
tongues.

Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,  
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,  
Who trick'd with gold, and glittering on his  
car,

Rode like a woman to the field of war.

Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,

The river swept him to the briny main :

There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior  
lies,

The valiant victor seized the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,

Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;

The warlike bands that distant Lyeia yields,

Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

### BOOK III.

#### ARGUMENT.

##### THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaüs and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues : wherein

Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leader's care each martial  
band

Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.  
With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,

Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war :  
So when inclement winters vex the plain

With piercing frosts, or thick-descending  
rain,

To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,

With noise, and order, through the midway  
sky ;

To pigmy nations wounds and death they  
" bring,

And all the war descends upon the wing.

But silent, breathing rage, resolved and  
skill'd

By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,

Swift march the Greeks : the rapid dust  
around

Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus  
sheds

A night of vapours round the mountain heads,  
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,

To thieves more grateful than the midnight  
shade ;

While scarce the swains their feeding flocks  
survey,

Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day :

So wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian  
train,

A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
Eager of fight, and only wait command ;

When, to the van, before the sons of fame

Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris  
came :

In form a god ! the panther's speckled hide  
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride ;  
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,  
His sword beside him negligently hung ;  
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant  
grace,

And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,

He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,  
Him Menelæus, loved of Mars, espies,  
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes :

So joys a lion, if the branching deer,  
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear ;  
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,  
Press'd by bold youths and baying dogs in  
vain.

Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious  
bound,

In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground  
From his high chariot : him, approaching  
near,

The beauteous champion views with marks  
of fear ;

Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,  
And shuns the fate he well deserved to find.  
As when some shepherd, from the rustling  
trees

Shot forth to view, a sealy serpent sees,  
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild af-  
fright,

And all confused precipitates his flight :  
So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,  
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat :  
' Unhappy Paris ! but to women brave !  
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive !  
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st  
the light,

Or died at least before thy nuptial rite !  
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
And fly the scandal of thy Trojan host.  
Gods ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
Their fears of danger undeceived in thee !

Thy figure promised with a martial air,  
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.  
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,  
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the  
tide,

When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,  
And crowds stood wondering at the passing  
show,

Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
You met the approaches of the Spartan  
queen,

Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous  
prize,

And both her warlike lords outshined in  
Helen's eyes ?

This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own dis-  
grace,

Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race ;  
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight ;  
Or hast thou injured whom thou dar'st not  
right ?

Soon to thy cost the field would make thee  
know

'Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.

Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,  
Beauty and youth ; in vain to these you trust,  
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust :  
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.'

His silence here, with blushes, Paris  
breaks :

' 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger  
speaks :

But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,  
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate ?

Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness  
shows,

Still edged to wound, and still untired with  
blows,

Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,  
With falling woods to strew the wasted plain.  
Thy gifts I praise ; nor thou despise the  
charms

With which a lover golden Venus arms ;

Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,  
 No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.  
 Yet, wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
 The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;  
 Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,  
 And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried :  
 By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,  
 For beautiful Helen and the wealth she brought;  
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,  
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.  
 Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,  
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;  
 Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,  
 Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty more.'  
 He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
 Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe  
 Advanced with steps majestically slow :  
 While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour  
 Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.  
 Then thus the monarch, great Atreides, cried :  
 'Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside :  
 A parley Hector asks, a message bears;  
 We know him by the various plume he wears.'  
 Awe'd by his high command the Greeks attend,  
 The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.  
 While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes  
 On either host, and thus to both applies :  
 'Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands!  
 What Paris, author of the war, demands.

Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,  
 And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.  
 Here in the midst, in either army's sight,  
 He dares the Spartan king to single fight;  
 And wills that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,  
 That caused the contest, shall reward the toil.  
 Let these the brave triumphant victor graze,  
 And differing nations part in leagues of peace.'  
 He spoke: in still suspense on either side  
 Each army stood: the Spartan chief replied:  
 'Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right  
 A world engages in the toils of fight.  
 To me the labour of the field resign;  
 Me Paris injured; all the war be mine.  
 Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms;  
 And live the rest, secure of future harms.  
 Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,  
 To earth a sable, to the sun a white,  
 Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring  
 Select to Jove, the inviolable king.  
 Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,  
 And add the sanction of considerate age;  
 His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,  
 And youth itself an empty wavering state;  
 Cool age advances, venerably wise,  
 Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;  
 Sees what befell, and what may yet befall,  
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.'  
 The nations hear with rising hopes possess'd,  
 And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.  
 Within the lines they drew their steeds around,  
 And from their chariots issued on the ground:  
 Next, all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,  
 Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.  
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen  
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between.  
 Two heralds now, dispatch'd to Troy, invite  
 The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;

Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring  
The lamb for Jove, the inviolable king.

Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the  
skies

The various goddess of the rainbow flies :  
(Like fair Laodice in form and face,  
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race :)  
Her in the palace, at her loom she found ;  
The golden web her own sad story crown'd,  
The Trojan wars she weaved (herself the  
prize)

And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.  
To whom the goddess of the painted bow ;  
' Approach, and view the wondrous scene  
below !

Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,  
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,  
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their  
shields ;

Ceased is the war, and silent all the fields.  
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,  
In single fight to toss the beamy lance ;  
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,  
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the  
prize.'

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires  
Her husband's love, and wakes her former  
fires ;  
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,  
Rush to her thought, and force a tender  
tear.

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.  
Her handmaids, Clymenè and Æthra, wait  
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race :  
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's  
grace,)

The king the first ; Thymœtes at his side ;  
Lampus and Clytijs, long in council tried ;  
Panthus, and Hicetæon, once the strong ;  
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,  
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,  
Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the  
sun :

Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights en-  
gage,

But wise through time, and narrative with  
age,

In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,  
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.  
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd  
the tower,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's power :  
They cried, ' No wonder such celestial  
charms

For nine long years have set the world in  
arms ;

What winning graces ! what majestic mien !  
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen !  
Yet hence, O Heaven, convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the Trojan race.'

The good old Priam welcomed her, and  
cried,

' Approach, my child, and grace thy father's  
side.

See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,  
The friends and kindred of thy former years.  
No crime of thine our present sufferings  
draws,

Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the  
cause ;

The gods these armies and this force employ,  
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.  
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he  
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)  
Around whose brow such martial graces  
shine,

So tall, so awful, and almost divine ?  
Though some of larger stature tread the  
green,

None match his grandeur and exalted mien :  
He seems a monarch, and his country's  
pride.'

Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair re-  
plied :

' Before thy presence, father, I appear,  
With conscious shame and reverential fear.  
Ah ! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,  
False to my country, and my nuptial bed ;

My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,  
 False to them all, to Paris only kind !  
 For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease  
 Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please !  
 The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,  
 Great in the war, and great in arts of sway :  
 My brother once, before my days of shame !  
 And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name !  
 With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,  
 Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began :  
 ' O bless'd Atrides ! born to prosperous fate,  
 Successful monarch of a mighty state !  
 How vast thy empire ! Of yon matchless train  
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain !  
 In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,  
 In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,  
 When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,  
 And I, to join them, raised the Trojan force :  
 Against the manlike Amazons we stood,  
 And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.  
 But far inferior those, in martial grace  
 And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.'  
 This said, once more he view'd the warrior train :  
 ' What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain ?  
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,  
 Though great Atrides overtops his head.  
 Nor yet appear his care and conduct small ;  
 From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.  
 The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,  
 And, master of the flock, surveys them round.'  
 Then Helen thus : ' Whom your discerning eyes  
 Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise ;

A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;  
 His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.'  
 Antenor took the word, and thus began :  
 ' Myself, O king ! have seen that wondrous man ;  
 When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,  
 To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause ;  
 (Great Menelaüs urged the same request ;)  
 My house was honour'd with each royal guest :  
 I knew their persons, and admired their parts,  
 Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.  
 Ere the Spartan most engaged our view ;  
 Ulysses seated, greater reverence drew.  
 When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,  
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,  
 His words succinct, yet full, without a fault ;  
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.  
 But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
 His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground ;  
 As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
 Nor raised his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand ;  
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
 The copious accents fall, with easy art ;  
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !  
 Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise,  
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.'  
 The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)  
 ' What chief is that, with giant strength endued,  
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
 And lofty stature, far exceed the rest ?  
 Ajax the great, (the beauteous queen replied,)  
 Himself a host : the Grecian strength and pride



See I bold Idomeneus superior towers  
Amid yon circle of his Cretan powers,  
Great as a god ! I saw him once before,  
With Menelaüs on the Spartan shore.  
The rest I know, and could in order name ;  
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.  
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,  
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought  
in vain :

Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,  
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.  
My brothers these ; the same our native shore,  
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.  
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,  
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas ;  
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel  
draws,

Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause.'

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers'  
doom,

Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb ;  
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,  
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Meantime the heralds through the crowded  
town

Bring the rich wine and destined victims  
down.

Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,  
Who thus the venerable king address'd :

'Arise, O father of the Trojan state !

The nations call, thy joyful people wait  
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.

Paris, thy son, and Sparta's king advance,  
In measured lists to toss the weighty lance ;  
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,

His be the dame, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league our toils may  
cease,

And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace ;  
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,  
Much famed for generous steeds, for beauty  
more.'

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs  
prepare

To join his milk-white coursers to the car :

He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side ;  
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they  
guide :

Next from the car descending on the plain,  
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train,  
Slow they proceed : the sage Ulysses then  
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

On either side a sacred herald stands,  
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's  
hands

Pour the full urn ; then draws the Grecian  
lord

His cutlass sheath'd beside his ponderous  
sword ;

From the sign'd victims crops the curling  
hair ;

The heralds part it, and the princes share ;

Then loudly thus before the attentive bands  
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted  
hands ;

'O first and greatest power ! whom all  
obey,

Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,

Eternal Jove ! and you bright orb that roll

From east to west, and view from pole to  
pole !

Thou mother Earth ! and all ye living floods !

Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear !

Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,

Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain ;

The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,

And Greece returning plough the watery  
deep.

If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,

Be his the wealth and beauteous dame de-  
creed :

The appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,

And every age record the signal day.

This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,

Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the  
field.'

With that the chief the tender victims slew,  
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw ;

The vital spirit issued at the wound,  
And left the members quivering on the  
ground.

From the same urn they drink the mingled  
wine,

And add libations to the powers divine.

While thus their prayers united mount the  
sky ;

' Hear, mighty Jove ! and hear, ye gods on  
high !

And may their blood, who first the league  
confound,

Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty  
ground ;

May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,  
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust !

Thus either host their imprecations join'd,  
Which Jove refused, and mingled with the  
wind.

The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam  
rose,

And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with  
woes :

' Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs en-  
gage,

But spare the weakness of my feeble age :

In yonder walls that object let me shun,

Nor view the danger of so dear a son.

Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince  
shall fall,

Heaven only knows ; for heaven disposes  
all.'

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,  
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid :

Then seized the reins his gentle steeds to  
guide,

And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose

The lists of combat, and the ground inclose :

Next to decide, by sacred lots prepare,

Who first shall launch his pointed spear in  
air.

The people pray with elevated hands,

And words like these are heard through all  
the bands :

' Immortal Jove, high Heaven's superior lord,  
On lofty Ida's holy mount adored !

Whoe'er involved us in this dire debate,

O give that author of the war to fate

And shades eternal ! let division cease,

And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.'

With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn

The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.

Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth ; by fatal  
chance

Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.

Both armies sat the combat to survey,

Beside each chief his azure armour lay,

And round the lists the generous coursers  
neigh.

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,

In gilded arms magnificently bright :

The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,

With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles  
bound :

Lycæon's corslet his fair body dress'd,

Braced in, and fitted to his softer breast ;

A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,

Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:

His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread ;

The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;

His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,

And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.

With equal speed, and fired by equal charms,

The Spartan hero sheathes his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists the admiring armies  
stand ;

With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan  
band.

Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,  
All pale with rage, and shake the threaten-  
ing lance.

The Trojan first his shining javelin threw ;

Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,

Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a

bound

Leap'd from the buckler, blunted, on the

ground.

Atrides then his massy lance prepares,

In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:

'Give me, great Jove ! to punish lawless  
 lust,  
 And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust :  
 Destroy the aggressor, aid my righteous  
 cause,  
 Avenge the breach of hospitable laws !  
 Let this example future times reclaim,  
 And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy  
 name.'  
 He said, and poised in air the javelin sent,  
 Through Paris' shield the foreeful weapon  
 went,  
 His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,  
 And glancing downward, near his flank de-  
 scends.  
 The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,  
 Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe :  
 But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and  
 strook  
 Full on his casque ; the crested helmet shook ;  
 The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,  
 Broke short ; the fragments glitter'd on the  
 sand.  
 The raging warrior to the spacious skies  
 Raised his upbraiding voice, and angry  
 eyes :  
 'Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust ?  
 And is it thus the gods assist the just ?  
 When crimes provoke us, Heaven success  
 denies ;  
 The dart falls harmless, and the falchion  
 flies.'  
 Furious he said, and toward the Grecian  
 crew  
 (Seized by the crest) the unhappy warrior  
 drew ;  
 Struggling he follow'd, while the embroider'd  
 thong  
 That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief  
 along.  
 Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,  
 But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy :  
 Unseen she came, and burst the golden  
 band ;  
 And left an empty helmet in his hand.

The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he  
 threw ;  
 The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy  
 view.  
 Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,  
 In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart ;  
 The queen of love her favour'd champion  
 shrouds  
 (For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.  
 Raised from the field the panting youth she  
 led,  
 And gently laid him on the bridal bed,  
 With pleasing sweets his fainting sense re-  
 news,  
 And all the dome perfumes with heavenly  
 dews.  
 Meantime the brightest of the female kind,  
 The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclined ;  
 To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came,  
 In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame.  
 (She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to  
 cull  
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted  
 wool.)  
 The goddess softly shook her silken vest,  
 That shed perfumes, and whispering thus  
 address'd :  
 'Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris  
 calls,  
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,  
 Fair as a god ! with odours round him spread  
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known  
 bed ;  
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe,  
 But some gay dancer in the public show.'  
 She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was  
 moved ;  
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she  
 loved.  
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,  
 And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.  
 Struck with her presence, straight the lively  
 red  
 Forsook her cheek ; and, trembling, thus she  
 said :

'Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?  
And woman's frailty always to believe?  
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,  
Or rarry wars to some soft Asian plain?  
For whom must Helen break her second  
vow?

What other Paris is thy darling now?  
Left to Atrides, (victor in the strife,)  
An odious conquest and a captive wife,  
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear  
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.  
A handmaid goddess at his side to wait,  
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,  
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,  
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies  
no more.

For me, to lawless love no longer led,  
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;  
Else should I merit everlasting shame,  
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian  
dame:

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,  
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.  
Then thus incensed, the Paphian queen  
replies:

'Obey the power from whom thy glories rise:  
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must  
fly,  
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.  
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
The world's aversion, than their love before;  
Now the bright prize for which mankind en-  
gage,

Then, the sad vietim of the public rage.'  
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,  
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;  
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,  
Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.  
Arrived, and enter'd at the palace gate,  
The maids officious round their mistress wait;  
Then, all dispersing, various tasks attend;  
The queen and goddess to the prince as-  
cend.

Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love  
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove;

Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd  
away

Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:  
'Is this the chief, who lost to sense of  
shame

Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?  
O hadst thou died beneath the righteous  
sword

Of that brave man whom once I call'd my  
lord!

The boaster Paris oft desired the day  
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:  
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,  
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:  
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd  
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.'

The prince replies: 'Ah cease, divinely  
fair,

Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;  
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power:

We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:  
There want not gods to favour us above;  
But let the business of our life be love:

These softer moments let delights employ,  
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.  
Not thus I loved thee, when from Sparta's  
shore

My forced, my willing heavenly prize I bore,  
When first entranced in Cranae's isle I lay,  
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolved away!  
Thus having spoke, the enamour'd Phrygian  
boy

Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.  
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful  
charms,

And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,  
The stern Atrides rages round the field:  
So some fell lion whom the woods obey,  
Roars through the desert, and demands his  
prey.

Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;  
Even those had yielded to a foe so brave,  
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.

Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose,  
 'Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes !  
 Hear and attest ! from Heaven with conquest  
 crown'd,  
 Our brother's arms the just success have  
 found :

Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restored,  
 Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord ;  
 The appointed fine let Ilium justly pay,  
 And age to age record this signal day.'

He ceased ; his army's loud applauses rise,  
 And the long shout runs echoing through the  
 skies.

## BOOK IV.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this as through the last book: (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold ;  
 The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones  
 of gold :

Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,  
 The golden goblet crowns with purple wine :  
 While the full bowls flow round, the powers  
 employ

Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.

When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's  
 spleen,

Thus waked the fury of his partial queen..

'Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid,  
 Imperial Juno, and the martial maid ;  
 But high in heaven they sit, and gaze from far,  
 The tame spectators of his deeds of war.  
 Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,  
 The queen of pleasures shares the toils of  
 fight,

Each danger wards, and constant in her care,  
 Saves in the moment of the last despair.

Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,  
 Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious  
 strife.

Then say, ye powers ! what signal issue waits  
 To crown this deed, and finish all the fates ?  
 Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding king-  
 doms spare,

Or rouse the furies, and awake the war ?  
 Yet, would the gods for human good provide,  
 Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,  
 Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,  
 And through his gates the crowding nations  
 flow.'

Thus while he spoke, the queen of heaven  
 enraged,

And queen of war, in close consult engaged :  
 Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,  
 And meditate the future woes of Troy.

Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,  
 The prudent goddess yet her wrath sup-  
 press'd ;

But Juno, impotent of passion, broke  
 Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke :

'Shall then, O tyrant of the ethereal reign !  
 My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be  
 vain ?

Have I, for this, shook Ilium with alarms,  
 Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms ?  
 To spread the war, I flew from shore to  
 shore ;

The immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.  
 At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads  
 impends,

But Jove himself the faithless race defends :  
 Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,  
 Not all the gods are partial and unjust.'

The sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy  
 skies,  
 Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:  
 'Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate  
 To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian  
 state!  
 What high offence has fired the wife of Jove?  
 Can wretched mortals harm the powers above,  
 That Troy and Troy's whole race thou  
 wouldst confound,  
 And yon fair structures level with the ground?  
 Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,  
 Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!  
 Let Priam bleed! if yet you thirst for more,  
 Bleed all his sons, and Ilium float with gore;  
 To boundless vengeance the wide realm be  
 given,  
 Till vast destruction glut the queen of heaven!  
 So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,  
 When heaven no longer hears the name of  
 Troy.  
 But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate  
 On thy loved realms, whose guilt demands  
 their fate;  
 Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,  
 Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.  
 For know, of all the numerous towns that rise  
 Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,  
 Which gods have raised, or earth-born men  
 enjoy,  
 None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.  
 No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace  
 Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race.  
 Still to our name their hecatombs expire,  
 And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.'  
 At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,  
 Then on the Thunderer fix'd them, and re-  
 plies:  
 'Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian  
 plains,  
 More dear than all the extended earth con-  
 tains,  
 Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;  
 These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their  
 fall:

'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;  
 The crime's sufficient that they share my love.  
 Of power superior why should I complain?  
 Resent I may, but must resent in vain.  
 Yet some distinction Juno might require,  
 Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,  
 A goddess born, to share the realms above,  
 And styled the consort of the thundering  
 Jove;  
 Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;  
 Let both consent, and both by turns comply;  
 So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,  
 And Heaven shall act as we direct the way.  
 See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,  
 To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian  
 bands;  
 Their sudden friendship by her arts may  
 cease,  
 And the proud Trojans first infringe the  
 peace.'  
 'The sire of men and monarch of the sky  
 The advice approved, and bade Minerva fly,  
 Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
 To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.  
 Fired with the charge, she headlong urged  
 her flight,  
 And shot like lightning from Olympus'  
 height.  
 As the red comet, from Saturnius sent  
 To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
 (A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
 Or trembling sailors on the wintry main,)  
 With sweeping glories glides along in air,  
 And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:  
 Between both armies thus, in open sight,  
 Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.  
 With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
 The power descending, and the heavens on  
 fire!  
 'The gods (they cried), the gods this signal  
 sent,  
 And fate now labours with some vast event:  
 Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes pre-  
 pares;  
 Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!'

They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng,  
 (In shape a mortal,) pass'd disguised along.  
 Like bold Laodocus, her course she bent,  
 Who from Antenor traced his high descent  
 Amidst the ranks Lyciön's son she found,  
 The warlike Pandarus, for strength renowned;  
 Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,  
 With flaming shields in martial circle stood.  
 To him the goddess: 'Phrygian! canst thou hear  
 A well-timed counsel with a willing ear?  
 What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,  
 Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!  
 What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,  
 Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory, slain!  
 Then seize the occasion, dare the mighty deed,  
 Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!  
 But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow  
 To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,  
 And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,  
 On Zelia's altars, to the god of day.'  
 He heard, and madly at the motion pleased,  
 His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seized.  
 'Twas form'd of horn, and smoothis'd with artful toil;  
 A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,  
 Who pierced long since beneath his arrows bled;  
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,  
 And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:  
 The workmen join'd, and shaped the bended horns,  
 And beaten gold each taper point adorns.  
 This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,  
 Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends;

There meditates the mark; and, couching low,  
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.  
 One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,  
 Fated to wound, and cause of future woes;  
 Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown  
 Apollo's altars in his native town.  
 Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
 Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;  
 Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,  
 Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;  
 The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;  
 Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.  
 But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour  
 The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power.  
 Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)  
 Diverts the weapon from its destined course:  
 So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,  
 The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly.  
 Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,  
 Where linen folds the double corslet lined,  
 She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,  
 Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove;  
 The folds it pierced, the plaited linen tore,  
 And razed the skin, and drew the purple gore.  
 As when some stately trappings are decreed  
 To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,  
 A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,  
 Stains the pure ivory with a lively red;  
 With equal lustre various colours vie,  
 The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:  
 So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,  
 As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.  
 With horror seized, the king of men descried  
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:

Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found  
 The shining barb appear above the wound.  
 Then, with a sigh, that heaved his manly  
 breast,  
 The royal brother thus his grief express'd,  
 And grasp'd his hand ; while all the Greeks  
 around  
 With answering sighs return'd the plaintive  
 sound.  
 ' Oh, dear as life I did I for this agree  
 The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee !  
 Wert thou exposed to all the hostile train,  
 To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain ?  
 The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,  
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjured line.  
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and  
 gore,  
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths  
 we swore,  
 Shall all be vain : when Heaven's revenge is  
 slow,  
 Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.  
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,  
 Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall  
 lay,  
 When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall  
 fall,  
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.  
 I see the god, already, from the pole  
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll ;  
 I see the Eternal all his fury shed,  
 And shake his regis o'er their guilty head.  
 Such mighty woes on perjured princes wult ;  
 But thou, alas ! deserv'st a happier fate.  
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,  
 And only mourn, without my share of praise !  
 Deprived of thee, the heartless Greeks no  
 more  
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile  
 shore ;  
 Troy seized of Helen, and our glory lost,  
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:  
 While some proud Trojan thus insulting  
 cries,  
 (And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)

" Such are the trophies Greece from Iliön  
 brings,  
 And such the conquest of her king of kings !  
 Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,  
 And, unrevenged, his mighty brother slain."  
 Oh ! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my  
 fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth ! and hide a monarch's  
 shame.  
 He said : a leader's and a brother's fears  
 Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan  
 cheers :  
 ' Let not thy words the warmth of Greece  
 abate ;  
 The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate :  
 Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,  
 My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.'  
 To whom the king : ' My brother and my  
 friend,  
 Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life de-  
 fend !  
 Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful  
 art  
 May stanch the effusion, and extract the dart.  
 Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring  
 His speedy succour to the Spartan king ;  
 Pierced with a winged shaft, (the deed of  
 Troy)  
 The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.'  
 With hasty zeal the swift Talthibius flies;  
 Through the thick files he darts his searching  
 eyes,  
 And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands  
 In arms encircled with his native bands.  
 Then thus : ' Machaon, to the king repair,  
 His wounded brother claims thy timely care;  
 Pierced by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,  
 A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.'  
 The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man;  
 Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran:  
 The dauntless king yet standing firm he  
 found,  
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,  
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.



Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery  
graced,  
He loosed; the corslet from his breast un-  
braced;  
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm  
infused,  
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.

While round the prince the Greeks employ  
their care,

The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;  
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,  
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire  
alarms.

Nor had you seen the king of men appear  
Confused, unactive, or surprised with fear;  
But fond of glory, with severe delight,  
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.  
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,  
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass in-  
laid:

But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;  
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.  
On foot through all the martial ranks he  
moves,

And these encourages, and those reproves.  
'Brave men!' he cries, (to such who boldly  
dare

Urg'd their swift steeds to face the coming  
war,)

'Your ancient valour on the foes approve;  
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in  
Jove.

'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy, to dread,  
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured  
head;

Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in  
chains,

And her dead warriors strew the mournful  
plains.'

Thus with new ardour he the brave in-  
spires;

Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:

'Shame to your country, scandal of your  
kind!

Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!

Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful  
plain,

Prepared for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?  
Confused and panting thus, the hunted deer  
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,  
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?  
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,  
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?'

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides  
along,

To Crete's brave monarch and his martial  
throng:

High at their head he saw the chief appear,  
And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his generous joy express'd,  
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.

'Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe  
To worth like thine! what praise shall we  
bestow!

To thee the foremost honours are decreed,  
First in the fight and every graceful deed.

For this, in banquets, when the generous  
bowls

Restore our blood, and raise the warriors'  
souls;

Though all the rest with stated rules we  
bound,

Unmix'd, unmeasured, are thy goblets  
crown'd.

Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;

Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy  
fame.'

To whom the Cretan thus his speech ad-  
dress'd:

'Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest.

Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,

Thy firm associate in the day of war.

But let the signal be this moment given;

To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven.

The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,

And chains or death avenge the impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course  
pursues,

And next the troops of either Ajax views:

In one firm orb the bands were ranged  
 around,  
 A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.  
 Thus from the lofty promontory's brow  
 A swain surveys the gathering storm below ;  
 Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,  
 Spread in dim streams, and sail along the  
 skies,  
 Till black as night the swelling tempest  
 shows,  
 The cloud condensing as the west-wind  
 blows :  
 He dreads the impending storm, and drives  
 his flock  
 To the close covert of an arching rock.  
 Such, and so thick, the embattled squad-  
 rons stood,  
 With spears erect, a moving iron wood ;  
 A shady light was shot from glimmering  
 shields,  
 And their brown arms obscured the dusky  
 fields.  
 'O heroes ! worthy such a dauntless train,  
 Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,  
 (Exclaim'd the king,) who raise your eager  
 bands  
 With great examples, more than loud com-  
 mands,  
 Ah ! would the gods but breathe in all the  
 rest  
 Such souls as burn in your exalted breast !  
 Soon should our arms with just success be  
 crown'd,  
 And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the  
 ground.'  
 Then to the next the general bends his  
 course ;  
 (His heart exults, and glories in his force ;)   
 There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian  
 bands,  
 And with inspiring eloquence commands ;  
 With strictest order sets his train in arms,  
 The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.  
 Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,  
 Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,  
 The foot (the strength of war) be ranged be-  
 hind ;  
 The middle space suspected troops supply,  
 Inclosed by both, nor left the power to fly ;  
 He gives command to 'curb the fiery steed,  
 Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed :  
 Before the rest let none too rashly ride ;  
 No strength nor skill, but just in time, be  
 tried :  
 The charge once made, no warrior turn the  
 rein,  
 But fight, or fall ; a firm embodied train.  
 He whom the fortune of the field shall cast  
 From forth his chariot, mount the next in  
 haste ;  
 Nor seek unpractised to direct the car,  
 Content with javelins to provoke the war.  
 Our great forefathers held this prudent course,  
 Thus ruled their ardour, thus preserved their  
 force ;  
 By laws like these immortal conquests made,  
 And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.'  
 So spoke the master of the martial art,  
 And touch'd with transport great Atrides'  
 heart.  
 'Oh ! hadst thou strength to match thy  
 brave desires,  
 And nerves to second what thy soul inspires !  
 But wasting years, that wither human race,  
 Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.  
 What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou  
 be !  
 And age the lot of any chief but thee.'  
 Thus to the experienced prince Atrides  
 cried ;  
 He shook his hoary locks, and thus replied :  
 'Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew  
 That strength which once in boiling youth I  
 knew ;  
 Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain  
 Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.  
 But heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,  
 These years with wisdom crowns, with action  
 those :

The field of combat fits the young and bold,  
The solemn council best becomes the old :  
To you the glorious conflict I resign,  
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.'

He said. With joy the monarch march'd  
before,  
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,  
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx  
stands ;

And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.  
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far  
The peace infringed, nor heard the sounds of  
war ;

The tumult late begun, they stood intent  
To watch the motion, dubious of the event.  
The king, who saw their squadrons yet un-  
moved,

With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reproved :

' Can Pelcus' son forget a warrior's part,  
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?  
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect  
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?  
From you 'twas hoped among the first to  
dare

The shock of armies, and commence the  
war ;

For this your names are call'd before the rest,  
To share the pleasures of the genial feast :  
And can you, chiefs ! without a hush survey  
Whole troops before you labouring in the  
fray ?

Say, is it thus those honours you requite ?  
The first in banquets, but the last in fight.'

Ulysses heard : the hero's warmth o'er-  
spread

His cheek with blushes : and severe, he said :  
' Take back the unjust reproach ! Behold we  
stand

Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect com-  
mand.

If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,  
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.  
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,  
Who dares to act what'er thou dar'st to  
view.'

Struck with his generous wrath, the king  
replies :

' O great in action, and in council wise !  
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,  
Nor need I to commend, nor ought to blame.  
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,  
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.  
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends ;  
The gods that make, shall keep the worthy,  
friends.'

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides  
lay,

His steeds and chariots wedged in firm array ;  
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side ;)

To whom with stern reproach the monarch  
cried :

' O son of Tydeus ! (he, whose strength could  
tame

The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)  
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,  
With hands unactive, and a careless eye ?  
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd ;  
Still first in front the matchless prince ap-  
pear'd :

What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,  
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks  
of fight ! .

I saw him once, when gathering martial  
powers,

A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's towers ;  
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,  
Not we denied, but Jove forbade from heaven ;  
While dreadful comets, glaring from afar,  
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.  
Next, sent by Greece from whence Asopus  
flows,

A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes ;  
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,  
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.  
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,  
And dared to combat all those chiefs around ;  
Dared, and subdued before their haughty  
lord ;

For Pallas strung his arm, and edged his  
sword.

Stung with the shame, within the winding  
way,

To bar his passage fifty warriors lay ;  
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,  
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon ;  
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,  
He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale.  
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire ;  
Gods ! how the son degenerates from the  
sire !

No words the godlike Diomed return'd,  
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd :  
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son ;  
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun :

'What needs, O monarch ! this invidious  
praise,

Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise ?  
Dare to be just, Atreides ! and confess  
Our valour equal, though our fury less.

With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban  
wall,

And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.  
In impious acts the guilty father died ;  
The sons subdued, for Heaven was on their  
side.

Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,  
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.'

To him Tydides thus : 'My friend, forbear,  
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere :  
His high concern may well excuse this rage,  
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we  
wage ;

His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'er-  
thrown,

And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.  
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,  
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.'

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling  
ground

Sprung from his car ; his ringing arms re-  
sound.

Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,  
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,  
First move the whitening surface of the seas,

The billows float in order to the shore,  
The wave behind rolls on the wave before ;  
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,  
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the  
skies.

So to the fight the thick battalions throng,  
Shields urged on shields, and men drove  
men along.

Sedate and silent move the numerous bands ;  
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's com-  
mands,

Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,  
As if some god had snatch'd their voice  
away.

Not so the Trojans ; from their host ascends  
A general shout that all the region rends.

As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand  
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,  
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,  
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring  
hills ;

Such clamours rose from various nations  
round,

Mix'd was the murmur, and confused the  
sound.

Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,  
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.  
Pale flight around, and dreadful terror reign ;  
And discord raging bathes the purple plain ;  
Discord ! dire sister of the slaughtering power,  
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
While scarce the skies her horrid head can  
bound,

She stalks on earth, and shakes the world  
around ;

The nations bleed, where'er her steps she  
turns,

The groan still deepens, and the combat  
burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet hel-  
met closed,

To armour armour, lance to lance opposed,  
Host against host with shadowy squadrons  
drew,

The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,

Victors and vanquish'd join'd promiscuous  
cries,  
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;  
With streaming blood the slippery fields are  
dyed,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful  
tide.  
As torrents roll, increased by numerous  
rills,  
With rage impetuous, down their echoing  
hills  
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
Roar through a thousand channels to the  
main;  
The distant shepherd trembling hears the  
sound:  
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.  
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,  
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:  
At great Echeolus the lance arrives,  
Razed his high crest, and through his hel-  
met drives;  
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,  
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.  
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood  
Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with  
blood.  
Him, the bold leader of the Abantian throng  
Seized to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse  
along:  
But while he strove to tug the inserted dart,  
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.  
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,  
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the  
field;  
The nerves, unbraced, support his limbs no  
more;  
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.  
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the  
slain;  
The wars renew, the warriors bleed again:  
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,  
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.  
In blooming youth fair Simoësius fell,  
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell;

Fair Simoësius, whom his mother bore  
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:  
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,  
To seek her parents on his flowery side,  
Brought forth the babe, their common care  
and joy,  
And thence from Simois named the lovely boy.  
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain,  
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!  
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground  
Raised high the head, with stately branches  
crown'd,  
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,  
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)  
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely  
spread,  
With all its beauteous honours on its head;  
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,  
And scorched by suns, it withers on the plain.  
Thus pierced by Ajax, Simoësius lies  
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected  
dies.  
At Ajax, Antiphus his javelin threw;  
The pointed lance with erring fury flew;  
And Leueus, loved by wise Ulysses, slew.  
He drops the corpse of Simoësius slain,  
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.  
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enraged  
Strode where the foremost of the foes en-  
gaged;  
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the  
wound,  
In act to throw; but cautious look'd around.  
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward  
drew,  
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.  
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,  
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;  
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,  
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing  
spear;  
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his  
breath,  
His eye-balls darken with the shades of  
death;

Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound,  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.

Seized with affright the boldest foes appear;  
E'en godlike Hector seems himself to fear;  
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;  
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead.

But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height

Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.  
'Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;

Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!

Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;

Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.

Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?

The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.'

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers,  
Array'd in terrors, roused the Trojan powers:  
While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,

And shouts and thunders in the fields below.  
Then great Diodes fell, by doom divine,  
In vain his valour and illustrious line.

A broken rock the force of Pirus threw,  
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew)

Full on his ankle dropp'd the ponderous stone,

Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:

Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,  
Before his helpless friends, and native bands,  
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,  
And through his navel drove the pointed death:

His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,

And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,

Deep in his breast above the pap it went,  
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,  
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:  
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,  
The Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:

Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,

And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound;  
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,

To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;  
The Thracian bands against the victor press'd,

A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.  
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,  
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,

And one the leader of the Epeian race;  
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,

In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies.  
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,  
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,

By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;  
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,  
And swords around him innocently play;  
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,  
And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,

And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.

## BOOK V.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,  
Fills with her force, and warms with all her  
fires,  
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,  
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.  
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,  
His beamy shield emits a living ray;  
The unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,  
Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies,  
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,  
And, bathed in ocean, shoots a keener light.  
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,  
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:  
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The son of Dares first the combat sought,  
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;  
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,  
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

These singled from their troops the fight maintain,

These, from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.

Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near,

And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,

Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,

And spent in empty air its erring force.

Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,

But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.

Seized with unusual fear, Idæus fled,

Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.

And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,

He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;

But in a smoky cloud the god of fire

Preserved the son, in pity to the sire.

The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,

Increased the spoils of gallant Diomed.

Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew,

Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;

When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd

The god of battles, and this speech address'd.

'Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,

Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!

Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;

And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:

While we from interdicted fields retire,

Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging sire.'

Her words allay the impetuous warrior's heat,

The god of arms and martial maid retreat;

Removed from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds

They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,

And some bold chieftain every leader slew:

First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand ;  
As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,  
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.  
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,  
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus ! doom'd to feel

The great Idomeneus' protended steel ;  
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)  
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.  
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,  
And pierced his shoulder as he mounts his car ;

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,  
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase,

In woods and wilds to wound the savage race ;  
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,  
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts :  
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,  
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies ;  
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,  
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went :

Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,

His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful Phereclus untimely fell ;

Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.  
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus ! was thine,  
The graceful fabric and the fair design ;  
For loved by Pallas, Pallas did impart  
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.  
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,  
The fatal cause of all his country's woes ;  
But he, the mystic will of heaven unknown,  
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.

The hapless artist, while confused he fled,  
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.  
Through his right hip, with forceful fury cast,  
Between the bladder and the bone it past ;  
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,  
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,  
Whose generous spouse, Theanor, heavenly fair,

Nursed the young stranger with a mother's care.

How vain those cares ! when Meges in the rear  
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear ;

Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,

And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then died Hypsenor, generous and divine,  
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,

Who near adored Scamander made abode,  
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.

On him, amidst the flying numbers found,

Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound ;

On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,  
Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,

Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.

Down sunk the priest : the purple hand of death

Closed his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engaged,

In every quarter fierce Tydides raged ;

Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,

Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain ;

Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,

Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.

Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong

Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,

Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,

O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds ;



Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,  
 And undissembled gore pursued the wound.  
 In vain they bled : this unavailing bow  
 Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.  
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,  
 And seized the quiver where it idly hung.  
 Cursed be the fate that sent me to the field  
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield !

If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,  
 If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,  
 This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,  
 Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.'

To whom the leader of the Dardan race :  
 'Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.

The distant dart be praised, though here we need

The rushing chariot and the bounding steed.  
 Against yon hero let us bend our course,  
 And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.

Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height

Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ;

Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
 To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race :  
 Secure with these, through fighting fields we go ;

Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.

Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein ;

The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ;  
 Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
 Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.'

'O prince ! (Lycaon's valiant son replied)  
 As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.

The horses, practised to their lord's command,

Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand ;

But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,  
 Thy voice alone can animate their flight :  
 Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,

And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.  
 Thine be the guidance then : with spear and shield

Myself will charge this terror of the field.'

And now both heroes mount the glittering car ;

The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.  
 Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,  
 Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried :

'O friend ! two chiefs of force immense I see,

Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee :

Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,  
 And great Æneas, sprung from race divine !  
 Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car ;  
 And save a life, the bulwark of our war.'

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,  
 Fix'd on the chief with scorn ; and thus he spoke :

'Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight ?

Me would'st thou move to base inglorious flight ?

Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
 Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,  
 And the long distance of the flying lance ;  
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,

Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.

Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey

Those threatening heroes, bear them both away ;

One chief at least beneath this arm shall die ;  
 So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.

But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,  
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand,  
 Then heed my words : my horses here detain  
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein ;

Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,  
And seize the coursers of ethereal breed ;  
The race of those, which once the thundering  
god  
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,  
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface  
run,

Beneath the rising or the setting sun.  
Hence great Anchises stole a breed unknown,  
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon :  
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.  
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
Through the wide world should make our  
glory known.'

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furi-  
ous on,  
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun :  
'Prince, thou art met. Though late in  
vain assail'd,

The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.'  
He said, then shook the ponderous lance,  
and flung ;

On his broad shield the sounding weapon  
rung,  
Pierced the tough orb, and in his cuirass  
hung.

'He bleeds ! the pride of Greece ! (the  
boaster cries)

Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies !'  
'Mistaken vaunter ! (Diomed replied ;)  
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be  
tried ;

Ye 'scape not both ; one, headlong from his  
car,

With hostile blood shall glut the god of war.'

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful  
dart,

Which, driven by Pallas, pierced a vital part ;  
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt

The nose and eye-ball the proud Lyeian fixt ;  
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue  
within,

Till the bright point look'd out beneath the  
chin.

Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the  
ground :

Earth groans beneath him, and his arms re-  
sound ;

The starting coursers tremble with affright ;  
The soul indignant seeks the realms of  
night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas  
flies,

His spear extending where the carcase lies ;  
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,  
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.

O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield dis-  
play'd,

He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
And threats aloud : the Greeks with longing  
eyes

Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

Then fierce Tydides stoops ; and, from the  
fields

Heaved with vast force, a rocky fragment  
wields.

Not two strong men the enormous weight  
could raise,

Such men as live in these degenerate days :  
He swung it round ; and, gathering strength  
to throw,

Discharged the ponderous ruin at the foe.

Where to the hip the inserted thigh unites,

Full on the bone the pointed marble lights ;

Through both the tendons broke the rugged  
stone,

And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid  
bone.

Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his  
pains,

His falling bulk his bended arm sustains ;

Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies ;

A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his  
eyes.

There the brave chief, who mighty numbers  
sway'd,

Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade ;

But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love

She bore Anchises in the Idæan grove,

His danger views with anguish and despair,  
And guards her offspring with a mother's  
care.

About her much-loved son her arms she  
throws,

Her arms whose whiteness match the falling  
snows.

Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins  
fail :

Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd  
flight

Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the  
fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,  
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands :  
His panting steeds, removed from out the  
war,

He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.  
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains  
The heavenly coursers with the flowing  
manes :

'These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
No longer now a 'Trojan lord obey'd.

That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,  
(Whom most he loved, as brave men love  
the brave,)

Then mounting on his car, resumed the rein,  
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his  
eyes)

The raging chief in chase of Venus flies :  
No goddess she commission'd to the field,  
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,  
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall,  
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall :  
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.

Through breaking ranks his furious course  
he bends,

And at the goddess his broad lance extends ;  
Through her bright veil the daring weapon  
drove,

The ambrosial veil, which all the Graces  
wove ;

Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.  
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded god :  
Pure emanation ! uncorrupted flood ;  
Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood :  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their  
veins.)

With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the  
place,

And dropp'd her offspring from her weak  
embrace.

Him Phœbus took ; he casts a cloud around  
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal  
wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted  
skies,

The king insults the goddess as she flies :  
' Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,  
The field of combat is no scene for thee :  
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.

Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's  
alarms,

And learn to tremble at the name of arms.'  
Tydides thus. The goddess, seized with  
dread,

Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled.

To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,  
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.

The queen of love with faded charms she  
found,

Pale was her check, and livid look'd the  
wound.

To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their  
way ;

Far, on the left, with clouds involved he lay ;  
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with  
gore,

And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds  
before.

Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming  
eyes

Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,

<p>And show'd the wound by fierce Tydides given, A mortal man, who dares encounter heaven. Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain, And to her hand commits the golden rein ; She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe, Driven by the goddess of the painted bow. The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies, And in a moment scales the lofty skies : There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood, Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food ; Before her mother, love's bright queen appears, O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolved in tears ; She raised her in her arms, beheld her bleed, And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed ? Then she. ' This insult from no god I found, An impious mortal gave the daring wound ! Behold the deed of haughty Diomed ! 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled. The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage ; But with the gods (the immortal gods) en- gage.' Dione then : ' Thy wrongs with patience bear, And share those griefs inferior power must share : Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain, And men with woes afflict the gods again. The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, And lodged in brazen dungeons under ground, Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain ; Otus and Ephialtes held the chain : Perhaps had perish'd, had not Hermes' care Restored the groaning god to upper air.</p>	<p>Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain, The imperial partner of the heavenly reign ; Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dait, And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart. E'en hell's grim king Alcides' power con- fess'd, The shaft found entrance in his iron breast ; To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled, Pierced in his own dominions of the dead ; Where Preon, sprinkling heavenly balm around, Assuaged the glowing pangs, and closed the wound. Rash, impious man ! to stain the bless'd abodes, And drench his arrows in the blood of gods ! ' But thou (though Pallas urged thy frantic deed), Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed, Know thou, whoc'er with heavenly power contends, Short is his date, and soon his glory ends ; From fields of death when late he shall retire, No infant on his knees shall call him sire. Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found, To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ; Thy distant wife, Ægialè the fair, Starting from sleep with a distinct air, Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord de- plore, The brave, the great, the glorious now no more !' ' This said, she wiped from Venns' wounded palm The sacred ichor, and infused the balm. Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd, And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid : ' Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove ! to tell How this mischance the Cyprian queen befall. As late she tried with passion to inflame The tender bosom of a Grecian dame ;</p>
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Allured the fair, with moving thoughts of joy,  
To quit her country for some youth of Troy ;  
The elapsing zone, with golden buckles  
bound,

Razed her soft hand with this lamented  
wound.'

The sire of gods and men superior smiled,  
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:  
'Not these, O daughter, are thy proper  
cares,

Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars ;  
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing  
charms ;

To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.'

Thus they in heaven : while on the plain  
below

The fierce Tydides charged his Dardan foe,  
Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way,  
And fearless dared the threatening god of  
day ;

Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,  
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty  
shield.

Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook ;  
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook :  
He tried the fourth : when, breaking from  
the cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

'O son of Tydeus, cease ! be wise and see  
How vast the difference of the gods and thee ;  
Distance immense ! between the powers that  
shine

Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
And mortal man ! a wretch of humble birth,  
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth.'

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires :  
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.  
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race  
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place ;  
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,  
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory  
crown'd.

This done, the patron of the silver bow  
A phantom raised, the same in shape and  
show

With great Æneas ; such the form he bore,  
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.  
Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,  
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields  
engaged.

Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,  
And calling Mars, thus urged the raging  
god :

'Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty  
fall ;

Who bathest in blood, and shakest the em-  
battled wall,

Rise in thy wrath ! to hell's abhor'd abodes  
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.  
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage ;

Me next he charged, and dares all heaven  
engage :

The wretch would brave high heaven's im-  
mortal sire,

His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.'

The god of battle issues on the plain,  
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan  
train ;

In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,  
Enraged to Troy's retiring chiefs he cried :

'How long, ye sons of Priam ! will ye fly,  
And unrevenged see Priam's people die ?  
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of  
Troy ?

Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,  
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd :  
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's  
part.'

He said ;—new courage swell'd each hero's  
heart.

Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,  
And turn'd to Hector, these bold words ad-  
dress'd :

'Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost ?  
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious  
boast,

That propp'd alone by Priam's race should  
stand

Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand ?

Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,  
 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.  
 Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,  
 Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.  
 Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
 Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lyeian land ;  
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) bless'd,  
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast ;  
 With those I left whatever dear could be :  
 Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me ;  
 Yet first in fight my Lyeian bands I cheer,  
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear ;  
 While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave  
 Their wives, their infants, and their nitars save.  
 Haste, warrior, haste ! preserve thy threaten'd state,  
 Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
 Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away  
 Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.  
 Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight ;  
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night ;  
 With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose ;  
 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.  
 Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,  
 But just reproof with decent silence bears.  
 From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,  
 On earth he leaps ; his brazen armour rings.  
 Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands ;  
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.

They turn, they stand ; the Greeks their fury dare,  
 Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.  
 As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain  
 Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
 And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,  
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;  
 The grey dust, rising with collected winds,  
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds :  
 So white with dust the Grecian host appears,  
 From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers ;  
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,  
 And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.  
 Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,  
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field :  
 Pleased with his charge, and nrdent to fulfil,  
 In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will :  
 Soon as from fight the blue-eyed maid retires,  
 Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.  
 And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,  
 Produced Æneas to the shouting train ;  
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
 Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound :  
 Inquiries none they made ; the dreadful day  
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay ;  
 Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,  
 Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.  
 Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,  
 And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood.  
 Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train  
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.  
 Unmoved and silent, the whole war they wait,  
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.  
 So when the embattled clouds in dark array,  
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display ;  
 When now the North his boisterous rage has spent,  
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element :

The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,  
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill ;  
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,  
Dispersed and broken through the ruffled  
skies.

Nor was the general wanting to his train ;  
From troop to troop he toils through all the  
plain.

'Ye Greeks, be men ! the charge of battle  
bear ;

Your brave associates and yourselves revere !  
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble  
fire !

On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch who trembles in the field of  
fame,

Meets death, and worse than death, eternal  
shame !'

These words he seconds with his flying  
lance,

To meet whose point was strong Deicobn's  
chance,

Æneas' friend, and in his native place  
Honour'd and loved like Priam's royal race :  
Long had he fought the foremost in the  
field,

But now the monarch's lance transpierced  
his shield :

His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,  
Through his broad belt the weapon forced  
its way :

The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,  
In dust Orsiloehus and Crethon laid,  
Whose sire Dicoelus, wealthy, brave, and  
great,

In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat :  
Sprung from Alpheis' plenteous stream, that  
yields

Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.

He got Orsiloehus, Dicoelus he,  
And these descended in the third degree.

Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In sable ships they left their native soil,  
To avenge Atreides : now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.  
So two young mountain lions, nursed with  
blood

In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontrol'd  
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold ;  
Till pierced at distance from their native den,  
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of  
men.

Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies  
lay,

Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as  
they.

Great Menelaüs views with pitying eyes,  
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies ;  
Mars urged him on ; yet, ruthless in his hate,  
The god but urged him to provoke his fate.  
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son  
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own ;  
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord  
be slain,

And all his country's glorious labours vain.  
Already met, the threatening heroes stand ;  
The spears already tremble in their hand :  
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,  
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.  
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his  
course,

Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.  
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they  
drew,

Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.  
First Pykæmenes, great in battle, bled,  
Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians  
led.

Atreides mark'd him where sublime he stood ;  
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his  
blood.

The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight  
His flying coursers, sunk to endless night :  
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown ;  
His bended arm received the falling stone ;

From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded  
reins,  
Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the  
plains :

Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound ;  
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to  
ground :

Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and  
there

The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in  
air,

Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet :  
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,  
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view,  
Pours on the Greeks ; the Trojan troops  
pursue :

He fires his host with animating cries,  
And brings along the furies of the skies.

Mars, stern destroyer and Bellona dread,  
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head :

This swells the tumult and the rage of fight ;  
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful  
light.

Where Hector march'd, the god of battles  
shined,

Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd be-  
hind,

Tydidcs paused amidst his full career ;  
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.  
As when some simple swain his eot forsakes,  
And wide through fens an unknown journey  
takes :

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's  
way,

Confused he stops, a length of country past,  
Eyes the rough waves, and tired, returns at  
last.

Amazed no less the great Tydides stands :  
He stay'd, and turning thus address'd his  
bands :

'No wonder, Greeks ! that all to Hector  
yield ;

Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field ;

His strokes they second, and avert our spears :  
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears !  
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;  
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.

Trust not too much your unavailing might ;  
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye  
fight.'

Now near the Greeks the black battalions  
drew ;

And first two leaders valiant Hector slew :  
His force Anelialus and Mnesthes found,  
In every art of glorious war renown'd ;  
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
And fought united, and united died.

Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows  
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the  
foes.

His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly  
went ;

Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,  
With herds abounding, and with treasure  
bless'd ;

But fate resistless from his country led  
The chief, to perish at his people's head.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,  
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax  
sprung ;

Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ;  
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd ;  
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he  
pris'd,

And drew his javelin from the bleeding  
breast :

He could no more ; the showering darts  
denied

To spoil his glittering arms and plunry pride.  
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
With bristling lances, and compacted shields ;  
Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,  
Forced he gives way, and sternly quits the  
ground.

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the  
great,

Urged by the force of unresisted fate,



Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove ;

Aleides' offspring meets the son of Jove.

Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,

Jove's great descendant, and his greater son. Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd, The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:

'What brings this Lyeian counsellor so far, To tremble at our arms, not mix in war? Know thy vain self, nor let their flattery move Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove. How far unlike those chiefs of race divine, How vast the difference of their deeds and thine !

Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell control.

Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand

Raised on the ruins of his vengeful hand : With six small ships, and but a slender train, He left the town a wide-deserted plain.

But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,

While unrevenged thy Lycians bite the ground?

Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be ;

But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.

Pierced by my spear, to endless darkness go ! I make this present to the shades below.'

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide, Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king replied :

'Thy sire, O prince ! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,

Whose perjured monarch well deserved his fate ;

Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far, False he detain'd, the just reward of war.

Nor so content, the generous chief defied, With base reproaches and unmanly pride.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost :

Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain, Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.'

He said : both javelins at an instant flew ; Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew :

Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood, 'Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood ;

The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night, And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown Thy angry lance ; which piercing to the bone Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath ;

But Jove was present, and forbade the death. Borne from the conflict by his Lyeian throng, The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. (His friends, each busied in his several part, Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired ; Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired ; Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew. But heaven and fate the first design withstand,

Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.

Minerva drives him on the Lyeian train ; Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strew'd the plain, Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell :

And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,

But Hector saw ; and, furious at the sight, Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.

With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, And, faint, lamenting, thus implored the chief :

'O suffer not the foe to bear away My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey ; If I, unblest'd, must see my son no more, My much-loved consort, and my native shore, Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall ; Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.'

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,  
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat  
flies ;  
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering  
foes ;  
And dyes the ground with purple as he  
goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,  
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid :  
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,  
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy  
thigh.

The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for  
flight,

And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of  
night ;

But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,  
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The generous Greeks recede with tardy  
pace,

Though Mars and Hector thunder in their  
face ;

None turn their backs to mean ignoble  
flight,

Slow they retreat, and even retreating fight.

Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's  
hand,

Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the  
sand ?

Tenthras the great, Orestes the renown'd  
For managed steeds, and Trechus press'd  
the ground ;

Next Œnomaus, and Œnops' offspring died ;

Oresbius last fell groaning at their side :

Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,

In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,

Where lakes surround low Hylæ's watery  
plain ;

A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,  
And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-eyed  
maid :

'Oh, sight accursed ! Shall faithless Troy  
prevail,

And shall our promise to our people fail ?

How vain the word to Menelaüs given  
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of  
heaven,

Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should  
fall,

If warring gods for ever guard the wall ?

Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated  
foes :

Haste, let us arm, and force with force op-  
pose !

She spoke ; Minerva burns to meet the  
war :

And now heaven's empress calls her blazing  
car.

At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;  
Rich with immortal gold their trappings  
shine.

Bright Hebe waits ; by Hebe, ever young,  
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.

On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel

Of sounding brass ; the polish'd axle steel.

Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame ;

The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,

Such as the heavens produce ; and round  
the gold

Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.

The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;

Braces of gold suspend the moving throne :

The car, behind, an arching figure bore ;

The bending concave form'd an arch before.

Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold,

And golden reins the immortal coursers hold.

Herself, impatient, to the ready car

The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and  
war.

Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil untied,

With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified,

(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)

Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.

Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs  
invest,

Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast ;

Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,

O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid  
shield,

Dire, black, tremendous ! Round the margin  
 roll'd,  
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold :  
 Here all the terrors of grim War appear,  
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and  
 Fear,  
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury  
 frown'd,  
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.  
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
 That dreadful nods with four o'ershading  
 plumes ;  
 So vast, the broad circumference contains  
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.  
 The goddess thus the imperial car ascends ;  
 Shook by her arm the mighty javelin hends,  
 Ponderous and huge ; that when her fury  
 burns,  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts  
 o'erturns.  
 Swift at the scourge the ethereal coursers  
 fly,  
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.  
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the  
 powers,  
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged  
 Hours ;  
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies' com-  
 mand,  
 Involve in clouds the eternal gates of day,  
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.  
 The sounding hinges ring : on either side  
 The gloomy volumes, pierced with light,  
 divide.  
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient  
 skies,  
 Confused, Olympus' hundred heads arise ;  
 Where far apart the Thunderer fills his throne,  
 O'er all the gods superior and alone.  
 There with her snowy hand the queen re-  
 strains  
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains :  
 ' O sire I can no resentment touch thy soul ?  
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll ?

What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,  
 What rash destruction ! and what heroes  
 slain !  
 Venus, and Phoebus with the dreadful bow,  
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.  
 Mad, furious power ! whose unrelenting mind  
 No god can govern, and no justice bind.  
 Say, mighty father ! shall we scourge his  
 pride,  
 And drive from fight the impetuous homi-  
 cide ?  
 To whom ascending, thus the Thunderer  
 said :  
 ' Go ! and the great Minerva be thy aid.  
 To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,  
 And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.'  
 He said ; Saturnia, ardent to obey,  
 Lash'd her white steeds along the aerial way.  
 Swift down the steep of heaven the chariot  
 rolls,  
 Between the expanded earth and starry  
 poles.  
 Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,  
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye ;  
 Through such a space of air, with thundering  
 sound,  
 At every leap the immortal coursers bound :  
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those  
 banks divine,  
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join.  
 There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds un-  
 loosed)  
 Of air condensed a vapour circumfused :  
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.  
 Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,  
 Smooth as the sailing doves they glide along.  
 The best and bravest of the Grecian band  
 (A warlike circle) round Tydides stand :  
 Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,  
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
 Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal  
 crowd,  
 And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice,  
 aloud :

Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,  
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty  
tongues.

'Ing'lorious Argives! to your race a shame,  
And only men in figure and in name!

Once from the walls your timorous foes en-  
gaged,

While fierce in war divine Achilles raged;  
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,  
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas re-  
main.'

Her speech new fury to their hearts con-  
vey'd;

While near Tydides stood the Athenian  
maid;

The king beside his panting steeds she found,  
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:  
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart,  
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart)  
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs de-  
scend,

Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,  
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,  
He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away.  
The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,  
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

'Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus'  
kind,

Whose little body lodged a mighty mind;  
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go,  
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;  
There braved, and vanquish'd, many a hardy  
knight;

Such nerves I gave him, and such force in  
fight.

Thou too no less hast been my constant care;  
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to  
war:

But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.'

The chief thus answer'd mild: 'Immortal  
maid!

I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from  
the plains,

Nor sloth hath seized me, but thy word re-  
strains:

From warring gods thou badest me turn my  
spear,

And Venus only found resistance here.

Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high com-  
mands,

Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive  
bands:

For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the  
field.'

Then thus Minerva:—'Brave Tydides,  
hear!

Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.  
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:  
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee  
force.

Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he  
flies,

And every side of wavering combat tries;  
Large promise makes, and breaks the pro-  
mise made:

Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans  
aid.'

She said, and to the steeds approaching  
near,

Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.  
The vigorous power the trembling car  
ascends,

Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends:  
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;  
So great a hero, and so great a god.

She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all  
her force,

And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:  
But first, to hide her heavenly visage, spread  
Black Oreus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,  
The strongest warrior of the Ætolian train;  
The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate  
prize

Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.

Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear  
The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!  
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled:  
Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to  
glance

Far from the car the strong immortal lance.  
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;  
The javelin hiss'd; the goddess urged it on:  
Where the broad cincture girt his armour  
round

It pierced the god: his groin received the  
wound,

From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the  
pain:

Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,  
When shouting millions shake the thunder-  
ing field.

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;  
And earth and heaven rebellow to the sound.  
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds  
of death,

Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,  
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all  
the skies;

In such a cloud the god from combat driven,  
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the  
heaven.

Wild with his pain, he sought the bright  
abodes,

There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,  
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal  
throne.

'Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
And brook the furies of this daring day?  
From mortal men celestial powers engage,  
And gods on gods exert eternal rage:  
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
And thy fell daughter with the shield and  
spear:

Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,  
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.

All heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,  
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
'Tis hers to offend, and even offending share  
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd  
care:

So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy  
own.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,  
Against the immortals lifts his raging hand:  
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,  
Me next encountering, me he dared to  
wound;

Vanquish'd I fled: even I, the god of fight,  
From mortal madness scarce was saved by  
flight.

Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder  
plain,

Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of  
slain!

Or pierced with Grecian darts, for ages lie,  
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.'

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
The lord of thunders view'd, and stern be-  
spoke:

'To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?  
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?  
Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,  
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!  
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,

The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.  
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,  
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.

In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;  
She gives the example, and her son pursues.  
Yet long the inflicted pangs thou shalt not  
mourn,

Sprung since thou art from Jove, and hea-  
venly-born.

Else, singed with lightning, hadst thou hence  
been thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans  
groan.'

Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;  
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god,

With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
And heal'd the immortal flesh, and closed  
the wound.

As when the fig's press'd juice, infused in  
cream,

To curds coagulates the liquid stream,  
Sudden the fluids fix the parts combined ;  
Such, and so soon, the ethereal texture join'd.  
Cleansed from the dust and gore, fair Hebe  
dress'd

His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.  
Glorious he sat, in majesty restored,  
Fast by the throne of heaven's superior lord.  
Juno and Pallas mount the bless'd abodes,  
Their task perform'd, and mix among the  
gods.

## BOOK VI.

### ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND  
OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality passed between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, reveals upon Paris to return to the battle, and taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, returns again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now heaven forsakes the fight : the immortals yield

To human force and human skill, the field :  
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to  
foes ;

Now here, now there, the tide of combat  
flows ;

While Troy's famed streams, that bound the  
deathful plain

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,  
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful  
day.

The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,  
And hew'd the enormous giant to the ground ;  
His thundering arm a deadly stroke impress'd  
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his  
crest ;

Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
And seals in endless shades his swimming  
eyes.

Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with  
blood,

Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :  
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)  
He held his seat : a friend to human race.  
Fast by the road, his ever-open door  
Obliged the wealthy, and relieved the poor.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,  
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !  
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,  
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.  
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and  
young,

From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung :  
(Laomedon's white flocks Eucolion fed,  
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ;  
In secret woods he won the maid's grace,  
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)

Here dead they lay in all their youthful  
charms ;

The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining  
arms.

Astyalus by Polypætus fell ;  
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell ;  
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,  
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;

Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,  
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,

Who held in Pegasus his proud abode,  
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio  
flow'd.

Melanthius by Eurypylos was slain ;  
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies  
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize,  
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,  
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,  
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and  
broke

The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ;  
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord be-  
hind.

Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel :  
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;  
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd  
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer ad-  
dress'd :

'O spare my youth, and for the life I owe  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.  
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle  
slain,

Thy hollow ships his captive son detain :  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.'

He said : compassion touch'd the hero's  
heart :

He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart :  
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,  
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,  
And, furious, thus : 'Oh impotent of mind !  
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?  
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidi-  
ous land,

And well her natives merit at thy hand !  
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless  
rage :

Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all ;  
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall  
fall :

A dreadful lesson of exempl'd fate,  
To warn the nations and to curb the great !'

The monarch spoke ; the words, with  
warmth address'd,

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.  
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he  
thrust ;

The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the  
dust,

Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking  
dart.

Old Nestor saw, and roused the warrior's  
rage ;

'Thus, heroes ! thus the vigorous combat  
wage ;

No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,  
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.  
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil !  
First gain the conquest, then reward the  
toil.'

And now had Greece eternal fame acquired,  
And frighted Troy within her walls retired,  
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,  
Taught by the gods that moved his sacred  
breast.

Where Hector stood, with great Æneas  
join'd,

The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

'Ye generous chiefs ! on whom the im-  
mortals lay

The cares and glories of this doubtful day ;  
On whom your aids, your country's hopes  
depend ;

Wise to consult, and active to defend !  
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight,  
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards  
gain,

The sport and insult of the hostile train.

When your commands have hearten'd every  
band,

Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the danger-  
ous stand ;

Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,  
These straits demand our last remains of  
might.

Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,  
And teach our mother what the gods require :

Direct the queen to lead the assembled train  
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ;  
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power,  
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.  
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,

Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,  
And twelve young heifers to her altars led :  
If so the power, atoned by fervent prayer,  
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
That mows whole troops, and makes all  
Troy retire :

Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,  
Sprung though he was from more than mortal  
bed ;

Not thus resistless rule the stream of fight,  
In rage unbounded, and unmatched in might.

Hector obedient heard : and, with a bound,  
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the  
ground ;

Through all his host, inspiring force he flies,  
And bids the thunder of the battle rise,  
With rage recruited, the bold Trojans glow,  
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe :

Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling  
spears ;

All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs  
fears ;

Some god, they thought, who ruled the fate  
of wars,

Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.

Then thus aloud : ' Ye dauntless Dardans,  
hear !

And you whom distant nations send to war !  
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;

Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.

One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,

To bid our altars flame, and victims fall ;

Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,

And reverend elders, seek the gods in vain.'

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;  
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder  
cast,

His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung ;  
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paused the battle (godlike Hector  
gone)

Where daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son  
Between both armies met : the chiefs from far  
Observed each other, and had mark'd for war.  
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

'What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?  
Our eyes till now that aspect ne'er beheld,  
Where fame is reap'd amid the embattled  
field ;

Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,  
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !

But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,  
Know with immortals we no more contend.

Not long Lyeurgus view'd the golden light,  
That daring man who mix'd with gods in  
fight.

Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,  
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred  
grove :

Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,  
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;

While Bacchus headlong sought the briny  
flood,

And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.  
Nor fall'd the crime the immortals' wrath to  
move ;

(The immortals bless'd with endless ease  
above ;)

Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,  
Cheerless he breathed, and wander'd in the  
gloom,

Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
A wretch accursed, and hated by the gods !

I brave not heaven : but if the fruits of earth  
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,

Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.'



' What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
 (Replied the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire ?  
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;  
 Another race the following spring supplies ;  
 They fall successive, and successive rise :  
 So generations in their course decay ;  
 So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.  
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.  
 ' A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,  
 (Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd)  
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,  
 In ancient time the happy wall possess'd,  
 Then call'd Ephyræ : Glaucus was his son ;  
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,  
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined,  
 Loved for that valour which preserves mankind.  
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.  
 With direful jealousy the monarch raged,  
 And the brave prince in numerous toils engaged.  
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,  
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame ;  
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
 Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.  
 Fired at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,  
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :  
 Incensed he heard, resolving on his fate ;  
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :  
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,  
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.  
 Now bless'd by every power who guards the good,  
 The chief arrived at Xanthus' silver flood :  
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,  
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.

But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,  
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :  
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.  
 First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd ;  
 A mingled monster of no mortal kind !  
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.  
 ' This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies,  
 And trusted heaven's informing prodigies)  
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,  
 (Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew ;  
 Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied ;  
 And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side.  
 ' Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes,  
 At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,  
 With level'd spears along the winding shore :  
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.  
 ' At length the monarch, with repentant grief,  
 Confess'd the gods and god-descended chief ;  
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
 With half the honours of his ample reign :  
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,  
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.  
 There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,  
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd ;  
 (Fair e'en in heavenly eyes ; her fruitful love  
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth the embrace of Jove ;)  
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,  
 Forsook by heaven, forsaking humankind,  
 Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,  
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !  
 Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart :  
 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ;

His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,  
In combat on the Solymaean plain.  
Hippolochus survived : from him I came,  
The honour'd author of my birth and name ;  
By his decree I sought the Trojan town ;  
By his instructions learn to win renown,  
To stand the first in worth as in command,  
To add new honours to my native land,  
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,  
And emulate the glories of our race.'

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;  
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,  
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd :

'Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !  
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,  
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.  
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests  
of old ;

Cæneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold :  
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced,

Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.  
The parting heroes mutual presents left ;  
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift ;  
Cæneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,  
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.  
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stored

Among my treasures, still adorns my board :  
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebæ's wall

Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)  
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;  
If heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,  
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.  
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,  
In the full harvest of yon ample field ;  
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore ;

But thou and Diomed be foes no more.  
Now change we arms, and prove to either host

We guard the friendship of the line we boast.'

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight ;

Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,  
(Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarged his mind)

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,  
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price)  
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,  
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.  
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids  
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care  
For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.

He bids the train in long procession go,  
And seek the gods, to avert the impending woe.

And now to Priam's stately courts he came,  
Raised on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ;

O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
In fifty chambers lodged : and rooms of state,  
Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate.

Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,  
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen

Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.  
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face  
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :  
'O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls  
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds  
our walls ;

Comest thou to supplicate the almighty power,  
 With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tower?  
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,  
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,  
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.  
 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,  
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;  
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
 The brave defender of thy country's right.  
 'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts; (the chief rejoin'd;)  
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.  
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.  
 By me that holy office were profaned;  
 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,  
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,  
 Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.  
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,  
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,  
 Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees bespread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
 So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare;  
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.  
 Be this, O mother, your religious care:  
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;  
 If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,  
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
 Oh, would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!

Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.'

This heard, she gave command: and summon'd came

Each noble matron and illustrious dame.  
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,

Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,  
 Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,  
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,  
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.  
 Here, as the queen revolved with careful eyes  
 The various textures and the various dyes,  
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.  
 Herself with this the long procession leads;  
 The train majestically slow proceeds.

Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,  
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,  
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits  
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.  
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,  
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.  
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,  
 Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:

'Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,  
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall  
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall!  
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
 But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,  
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!  
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;  
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the power with prayers,

Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.  
 Himself the mansion rais'd; from every part  
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near Priam's court and Hector's palace  
stands

'The pompous structure, and the town com-  
mands.

A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,  
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;  
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,  
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shined.

Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he  
found

His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay  
round,

His eyes delighting with their splendid show,  
Brightening the shield, and polishing the  
bow.

Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,  
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their  
hands.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look  
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.  
'Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?  
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe !)  
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire ;  
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.  
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,  
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;  
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron

mourns,  
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.  
Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,  
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share ?  
Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,  
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.'

'Brother, 'tis just, (replied the beauteous  
youth)

Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and  
truth,

Yet charge my absence less, O generous chief !  
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and  
grief :

Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,  
And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.

'Tis now enough : now glory spreads her  
charms,

And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.

Conquest to-day my happier sword may  
bless,

'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give  
success.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind ;  
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.'

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son ;  
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun :

'Oli, generous brother ! (if the guilty  
dame,

That caused these woes, deserve a sister's  
name !)

Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds  
were done,

The day, that show'd me to the golden sun,  
Had seen my death ! why did not whirlwinds  
bear

The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
And midst the roarings of the waters died ?

Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accursed  
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,  
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of

same !  
Now tired with toils, thy fainting limbs re-  
cline,

With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine :  
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,

Our present woe, and infamy to come :  
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages

long,  
Example sad ! and theme of future song.'

The chief replied : 'This time forbids to  
rest ;

The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,  
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;

The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory

calls,  
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.

Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;

This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear :

This day, some god who hates our Trojan land

May vanquish Heector by a Greeian hand.'

He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart

To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :

She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retired ; and with her second joy,

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desired,

Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,

Stood in the gates, and ask'd 'what way she bent

Her parting step ? If to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;

Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ?'

'Not to the court, (replied the attendant train)

Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane :

To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,

To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

Troy fled, she heard, before the Greeian sword ;

She heard, and trembled for her absent lord :  
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,  
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.

The nurse attended with her infant boy,

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.'

Heector, this heard, return'd without delay ;  
Swift through the town he trod his former way,

Through streets of palaces, and walks of state ;

And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,

His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir :

(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,  
And Hippoplaeus' wide-extended shade ;)

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd

His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early græc adorn,

Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
To this loved infant Heector gave the name  
Seamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream ;

Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,

From his great father, the defence of Troy.

Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resign'd

To tender passions all his mighty mind ;

His beauteous princeess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;

Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,

And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

'Too daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !

And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,

A widow I, a helpless orphan he !

For sure such courage length of life denies,

And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;

Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !

O grant me, gods, ere Heector meets his doom,

All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,

And end with sorrows as they first begun.

No parent now remains my griefs to share,

No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,

Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire !

His fate compassion in the victor bred ;

Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,

His radiant arms preserved from hostile  
 spoil,  
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile ;  
 Then raised a mountain where his bones were  
 burn'd :

The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb  
 adorn'd,  
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms be-  
 stow

A barren shade, and in his honour grow.  
 ' By the same arm my seven brave brothers  
 fell ;

In one sad day beheld the gates of hell :  
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they  
 fed,

Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !  
 My mother lived to hear the victor's bands,  
 The queen of Hippopiada's sylvan lands :  
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
 When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming wee,  
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

' Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee :  
 Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :  
 O, prove a husband's and a father's care !  
 That quarter most the skilful Grecians annoy,  
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of  
 Troy :

Thou, from this tower defend the important  
 post ;

There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have  
 given,

Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
 Let others in the field their arms employ,  
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his  
 Troy.'

The chief replied : ' That post shall be my  
 care,  
 Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the sons of Troy, in arms re-  
 nown'd,

And Troy's proud dames, whose garments  
 sweep the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,  
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?

My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to the embattled plains ;  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

' Yet come it will, the day decreed by  
 fate ;

(How my heart trembles while my tongue  
 relates !)

The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must  
 bend,

And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my  
 mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;  
 As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !  
 In Argive looms our battles to design,  
 And wees, of which so large a part was  
 thine !

To bear the victor's hard commands, or  
 bring

The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
 There while you groan beneath the load of  
 life,

They cry, " Behold the mighty Hector's  
 wife ! "

Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to  
 see,

Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
 The thoughts of glory past, and present  
 shame,

A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !  
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay !

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee  
 weep.'

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of  
Troy  
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding  
crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows un-  
bound,  
And placed the beaming helmet on the  
ground ;

Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer :

'O, thou ! whose glory fills the ethereal  
throne,

And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age !

So when triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved  
acclaim,

And say, " This chief transcends his father's  
fame : "

While pleased amidst the general shouts of  
Troy,

His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with  
joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her  
charms,

Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion  
view'd,

And dried the falling drops, and thus pur-  
sued :

'Andromache ! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy  
heart ?

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth ;  
And such the hard condition of our birth :

No force can then resist, no flight can save,  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :

Me glory summons to the martial scene ;  
The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger as the first in fame.'

Thus having said, the glorious chief re-  
sumes

His towery helmet, black with shading  
plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye

That stream'd at every look : then, moving  
slow,

Sought her own palace, and indulged her  
woe.

There, while her tears deplored the godlike  
man,

Through all her train the soft infection ran ;  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,  
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.

In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,  
Swift through the town the warrior bends

his way.

The wanton courser thus with reins unbound  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling

ground ;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted  
tides,

And laves, in height of blood, his shining  
sides ;

His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies ;

He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,  
In arms refulgent as the god of day,

The son of Priam, glorying in his might,  
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now, the warriors passing on the way,  
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.

To whom the noble Hector thus replied :

' O chief ! in blood, and now in arms, allied !  
Thy power in war with justice none contest ;  
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.

What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,  
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !

My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,

And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.

Haste then, in all their glorious labours share,  
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.

' These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree

We crown the bowl to heaven and liberty :

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,

And Greece indignant through her seas returns.'

## BOOK VII.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks ; to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead ; the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by

a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting ; but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax ; the next day the truce is agreed : another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain ; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.

Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms ;

Both breathing slaughter, both resolved in arms.

As when to sailors labouring through the main,

That long had heaved the weary oar in vain,

Jove bids at length the expected gale arise ;

The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies :

So welcome these to Troy's desiring train ;

The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.

Bold Paris first the work of death begun

On great Menestheus, Arethous' son :

Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,

The pleasing Arnæ was his native place.

Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below ;

Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow

Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand ;

And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.

By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,

Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;

Headlong he tumbles : his slack nerves unbound,

Drop the cold useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,

From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain

Fierce she descends : Apollo mark'd her flight,

Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height.



Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade ;  
 When thus Apollo to the blue-eyed maid :  
 'What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove !  
 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above ?  
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
 To give to Greece the long-divided day ?  
 Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,  
 Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate ;  
 This day, the business of the field suspend ;  
 War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend ;  
 Since vengeful goddesses confederate join  
 To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.'  
 To whom the progeny of Jove replies :  
 'I left, for this, the council of the skies :  
 But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,  
 What art shall calm the furious sons of war ?'  
 To her the god : 'Great Hector's soul incite  
 To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,  
 Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers show  
 A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.'  
 At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew ;  
 Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew ;  
 Hector, inspired, he sought : to him address'd,  
 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast :  
 'O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear  
 Receive my words : thy friend and brother hear !  
 Go forth persuasive, and awhile engage  
 The warring nations to suspend their rage ;  
 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train  
 To mortal combat on the listed plain.  
 For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;  
 The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.'

He said : the warrior heard the word with joy ;  
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
 Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
 The squadrons part ; the expecting Trojans stand ;  
 Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear ;  
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.  
 The Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,  
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey :  
 In form of vultures, on the beech's height  
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.  
 The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,  
 Horrid with bristling spears and gleaming shields.  
 As when a general darkness veils the main,  
 (Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain)  
 The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,  
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps ;  
 Thus in thick orders settling wide around,  
 At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.  
 Great Hector first amidst both armies broke  
 The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke :  
 'Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,  
 What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.  
 Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,  
 O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;  
 War with a fiercer tide once more returns,  
 Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.  
 You then, O princes of the Greeks ! appear ;  
 'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear :  
 From all your troops select the boldest knight,  
 And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.

Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,  
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain ;  
But let my body, to my friends return'd,  
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be  
burn'd.

And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,  
Shall stretch your daring champion in the  
dust ;

If mine the glory to despoil the foe ;  
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow :  
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,  
Greece on the shore shall raise a monu-  
ment ;

Which when some future mariner surveys,  
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding  
seas,

Thus shall he say, "A valiant Greek lies  
there,

By Hector slain, the mighty man of war,"  
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's  
name,

And distant ages learn the victor's fame.'  
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd  
heard,

Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.  
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,  
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke ;  
'Women of Greece ! O scandal of your  
race,

Whose coward souls your manly form dis-  
grace,

How great the shame, when every age shall  
know

That not a Grecian met this noble foe !  
Go then ! resolve to earth, from whence ye  
grew,

A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew !  
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay !

Myself will dare the danger of the day ;  
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to  
try,

But in the hands of God is victory.'

These words scarce spoke, with generous  
ardour press'd,

His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd.

That day, Atrides ! a superior hand  
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile  
strand ;

But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose ;  
Even he their chief, great Agamemnon,  
press'd

Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd :  
'Whither, O Menelaüs ! would'st thou run,  
And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee  
shun ?

Grieved though thou art, forbear the rash  
design ;

Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine :  
Even fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,  
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
Sit thou secure, amidst thy social band ;  
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful  
hand.

The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,  
Though bold and burning with desire of  
fame,

Content the doubtful honour might forego,  
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.'

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful  
mind ;

He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,  
No longer bent to rush on certain harms ;  
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose ;  
Thus to the kings he spoke : 'What grief,  
what shame

Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name !  
How shall, alas ! her hoary heroes mourn  
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn !  
What tears shall down thy silver beard be  
roll'd,

Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old !  
Once with what joy the generous prince  
would hear

Of every chief who fought this glorious war,  
Participate their fame, and pleased inquire  
Each name, each action, and each hero's  
sire !

Gods I should he see our warriors trembling  
 stand,  
 And trembling all before one hostile hand ;  
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,  
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die !  
 Oh ! would to all the immortal powers  
 above,  
 Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove !  
 Years might again roll back, my youth re-  
 new,  
 And give this arm the spring which once it  
 knew :  
 When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters  
 fall  
 I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,  
 And with the Arcadian spears my prowess  
 tried,  
 Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.  
 There Ereuthalion braved us in the field,  
 Proud, Arethous' dreadful arms to wield ;  
 Great Arethous, known from shore to shore  
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore ;  
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging  
 bow,  
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.  
 Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,  
 Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,  
 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,  
 Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace  
 avail'd.  
 Supine he fell : those arms which Mars before  
 Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor  
 bore :  
 But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus'  
 eyes,  
 To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.  
 Furious, with this, he crush'd our level'd  
 bands,  
 And dared the trial of the strongest hands ;  
 Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay :  
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous  
 sway ;  
 Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,  
 And, youngest, met whom all our army  
 fear'd.

I fought the chief : my arms Minerva  
 crown'd :  
 Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.  
 What then I was, O were your Nestor now !  
 Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.  
 But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour  
 boast,  
 The flower of Greece, the examples of our  
 host,  
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers  
 sway,  
 Can you stand trembling, and desert the  
 day ?  
 His warm reproofs the listening kings in-  
 flame ;  
 And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,  
 Up-started fierce : hut far before the rest  
 The king of men advanced his dauntless  
 breast :  
 Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd ;  
 And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd :  
 Oilens follow'd ; Idomen was there,  
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war :  
 With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,  
 And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.  
 All these, alike inspired with noble rage,  
 Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian  
 sage :  
 ' Lest thirst of glory your brave souls  
 divide,  
 What chief shall combat, let the gods de-  
 cide.  
 Whom heaven shall choose, be his the chance  
 to raise  
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise.'  
 The lots produced, each hero signs his  
 ' own ;  
 Then in the general's helm the fates are  
 thrown.  
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,  
 And vows like these ascend from all the  
 bands :  
 ' Grant, thou Almighty ! in whose hand is  
 fate,  
 A worthy champion for the Grecian state :

This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,  
Or he, the king of kings, beloved by Jove.  
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven  
inspired,

Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desired.  
This from the right to left the herald bears,  
Held out in order to the Grecian peers ;  
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own ;  
Surveys the inscription with rejoicing eyes,  
Then casts before him, and with transport  
cries :

'Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with  
joy :

Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.  
Now while my brightest arms my limbs in-  
vest,

To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd :  
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,  
And deem your prayers the mean effect of  
fear.

Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare  
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.

Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to  
dread ?

Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred !

From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,

And, born to combats, fear no force on  
earth.'

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,  
Implore the god whose thunder rends the  
skies :

'O father of mankind, superior lord !

On lofty Ida's holy hill adored :

Who in the highest heaven hast fix'd thy  
throne,

Supreme of gods ! unbounded, and alone :

Grant thou, that Telamon may hear away

The praise and conquest of this doubtful day ;

Or, if illustrious Hector be thy care,

That both may claim it, and that both may  
share.'

Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on ;  
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior  
shone :

He moves to combat with majestic pace ;  
So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrice,  
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,  
And gives whole nations to the waste of  
wars.

Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a  
god ;

Grimly he smiled ; earth trembled as he  
strode :

His massy javelin quivering in his hand,  
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.

Through every Argive heart new transport  
ran ;

All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man ;  
Even Hector paused ; and with new doubt  
oppress'd,

Felt his great heart suspended in his breast :  
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;  
Himself had challenged, and the foe drew  
near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,  
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.  
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'er-  
cast,

Of tough bull-hides ; of solid brass the last.  
(The work of Tychius, who in Ilyle dwell'd,  
And in all arts of armoury excell'd.)

This Ajax bore before his manly breast,  
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief ad-  
dress'd :

'Hector, approach my arm, and singly  
know

What strength thou hast, and what the  
Grecian foe.

Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are,  
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :

Let him, inactive on the sea-beat shore,

Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;  
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to  
hoast,

And sends thee one, a sample of her host.

Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;

No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.'

'O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !  
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)

Me, as a boy, or woman, would'st thou  
fright,  
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:  
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;  
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,  
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.  
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;  
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.'

He said, and rising, high above the field  
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold  
shield.

Full on the brass descending from above  
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon  
drove,

Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;  
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin  
flew,

His corselet enters, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downwards, near his flank de-  
scends.

The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low  
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.  
From their bored shields the chiefs their jave-  
lins drew,

Then close impetuous, and the charge renew;  
Fierce as the mountain-lions bathed in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.

At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;  
The blunted point against the buckler bends:  
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,  
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty  
spear.

It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength  
impell'd;

Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining  
shield.

Yet ceased not Hector thus; but stooping  
down,

In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone,  
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he  
bends;

Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;

The hollow brass resounded with the shock:  
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,  
Applied each nerve, and, swinging round on  
high,

With force tempestuous, let the ruin fly;  
The huge stone thundering through his  
buckler broke:

His slacken'd knees received the numbing  
stroke

Great Hector falls extended on the field,  
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:  
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might  
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.  
And now both heroes their broad falchions  
drew:

In flaming circles round their heads they flew;  
But then by heralds' voice the word was  
given,

The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:  
Divine Talthylus, whom the Greeks employ,  
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,  
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres  
rear'd;

And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.  
'Forbear, my sons! your further force to  
prove,

Both dear to men, and both beloved of Jove.  
To either host your matchless worth is known,  
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your  
own.

But now the Night extends her awful shade;  
The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.'

To whom great Ajax his high soul ex-  
press'd:

'O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.  
Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to  
fight,

Let him demand the sanction of the night;  
If first he ask it, I content obey,

And cease the strife when Hector shows the  
way.'

'O first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoind)  
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,  
With strength of body, and with worth of  
mind!

Now martial law commands us to forbear ;  
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,  
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
And let the gods decide of death or life !  
Since, then, the night extends her gloomy  
shade,

And heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.  
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,  
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends ;  
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,  
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's  
life.

But let us, on this memorable day,  
Exchange some gift ; that Greece and Troy  
may say,

" Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs con-  
tend ;

And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

With that, a sword with stars of silver  
graced,

The baldric studded, and the sheath en-  
chased,

He gave the Greek. The generous Greek  
bestow'd

A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ;

This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian  
train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,  
And hail with joy the champion of their state :  
Escaped great Ajax, they survey him round,  
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his  
wound.

To Troy's high gates the godlike man they  
bear,

Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,

The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.

A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,

Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.

The victim falls ; they strip the smoking hide,

The beast they quarter, and the joints divide ;

Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,

Each takes his seat, and each receives his  
share.

The king himself (an honorary sign)  
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.  
When now the rage of hunger was removed,  
Nestor, in each persuasive art approved,  
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd  
the rest,

In words like these his prudent thought ex-  
press'd :

'How dear, O kings ! this fatal day has  
cost,

What Greeks are perish'd ! what a people  
lost !

What tides of blood have drench'd Seaman-  
der's shore !

What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more !  
Then hear me, chiefs ! nor let the morrow's  
light

Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight :  
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,

While we to flames our slaughter'd friends  
bequeath,

From the red field their scatter'd bodies  
bear,

And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear ;  
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,

And pious children o'er their ashes weep.  
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they  
blazed,

High o'er them all a general tomb be raised.

Next, to secure our camp and naval powers,

Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers ;

From space to space be ample gates around,

For passing chariots ; and a trench profound.

So Greece to combat shall in safety go,

Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.'

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel  
moved ;

The sceptred kings of Greece his words  
approved.

Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace-  
gate,

The Trojan peers in nightly council sate ;

A senate void of order, as of choice ;

Their hearts were fearful, and confused their  
voice.

' Strong god of ocean ! thou, whose rage can  
make  
The solid earth's eternal basis shake !  
What cause of fear from mortal works could  
move  
The meanest subject of our realms above ?  
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall  
last.  
But yon proud work no future age shall  
view,  
No trace remain where once the glory grew.  
'The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall  
' fall,  
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the  
huge wall :  
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former  
shore ;  
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.'  
'Thus they in heaven : while, o'er the  
Grecian train,  
'The rolling sun descending to the main  
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they  
slew :  
Black from the tents the savoury vapours  
flew.  
And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos'  
strands,  
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the gener-  
ous bands.  
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent  
A thousand measures to the royal tent.  
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipylë of yore  
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.)  
'The rest they purchased at their proper  
cost,  
And well the plenteous freight supplied the  
host :  
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures  
gave :  
Some, brass or iron ; some, an ox, or slave.  
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan  
powers ;  
Those on the fields, and these within their  
towers.

But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,  
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy  
shade.  
Humbled they stood ; pale horror seized on  
all,  
While the deep thunder shook the ærial hall.  
Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was  
crown'd ;  
And large libations drench'd the thirsty  
ground :  
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of  
fight,  
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

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## BOOK VIII.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side : Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle ; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger : Diomed relieves him ; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Tencer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field, (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

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AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn ;  
When Jove convened the senate of the skies,  
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.

<p>The sire of gods his awful silence broke ;  The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke :  " Celestial states, immortal gods ! give ear,  Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear ;  The fix'd decree which not all heaven can move ;  Thou, Fate ! fulfil it : and, ye powers ! approve !  What god but enters yon forbidden field,  Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven ;  Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,  Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;  As deep beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,  As from that centre to the ethereal world.  Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes :  And know, the Almighty is the god of gods.  League all your forces then, ye powers above,  Join all, and try the omnipotence of Jove :  Let down our golden everlasting chain,  Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main :  Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth :  Ye strive in vain ! If I but stretch this hand,  I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ;  I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !  For such I reign, unbounded and above ;  And such are men, and gods, compared to Jove.'  The Almighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply :  A reverent horror silenced all the sky ;</p>	<p>Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look ;  At length his best-beloved, the power of wisdom, spoke.  'O first and greatest ! God, by gods adored !  We own thy might, our father and our lord !  But, ah ! permit to pity human state :  If not to help, at least lament their fate.  From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain ;  Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,  Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.'  The cloud-compelling god her suit approved,  And smiled superior on his best beloved ;  Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took ;  The steadfast firmament beneath them shook :  Rapt by the ethereal steeds the chariot roll'd ;  Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.  Of heaven's undrossy gold the god's array,  Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.  High on the throne he shines : his coursers fly  Between the extended earth and starry sky.  But when to Ida's topmost height he came,  (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  Where o'er her pointed summits proudly raised,  His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blazed :  There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire  Of gods and men released the steeds of fire :  Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embraced ;  High on the cloudy point his seat he placed ;  Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  The town, and tents, and navigable seas.  Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  And buckled on their shining arms with haste.</p>
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Troy roused as soon ; for on this dreadful day  
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ;  
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky  
 plain :  
 Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trem-  
 bling ground :  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.  
 And now with shouts the shocking armies  
 closed,  
 To lances lances, shields to shields opposed,  
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,  
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew ;  
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous  
 cries,  
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ;  
 With streaming blood the slippery fields are  
 dyed,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful  
 tide.  
 Long as the morning beams, increasing  
 bright,  
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads the sacred  
 light,  
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.  
 But when the sun the height of heaven  
 ascends,  
 The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,  
 With equal hand : in these explored the fate  
 Of Greece and Troy, and poised the mighty  
 weight.  
 Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance  
 lies  
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the  
 skies ;  
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads ;  
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian  
 heads ;  
 Thick lightnings flash ; the muttering thun-  
 der rolls ;  
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their  
 souls.  
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;  
 The gods in terrors, and the skies on fire.

Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,  
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war :  
 Nor he, the king of men, the alarm sustain'd ;  
 Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.  
 Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart  
 Had pierced his courser in a mortal part ;  
 Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing  
 mane  
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the  
 brain :  
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.  
 Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and  
 freed  
 The incumber'd chariot from the dying steed,  
 When dreadful Hector, thundering through  
 the war,  
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.  
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless  
 hand  
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,  
 But Diomed beheld ; from forth the crowd  
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud :  
 ' Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run ?  
 Oh, flight unworthy great Laërtes' son !  
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
 Pierced in the back, a vile, dishonest wound ?  
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage  
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.  
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,  
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.  
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,  
 A single warrior midst a host of foes ;  
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring  
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the  
 king :  
 ' Great perils, father I wait the unequal  
 fight ;  
 These younger champions will oppress thy  
 might.  
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,  
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.  
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the  
 car  
 Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,

Practised alike to turn, to stop, to chase,  
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race :  
These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein ;  
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train :  
With these against yon Trojans will we go,  
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe ;  
Fierce as he is, even he may learn to fear  
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.'

Thus said the chief ; and Nestor, skill'd  
in war,  
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car :  
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold ;  
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold :  
The reverend charioteer directs the course,  
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.  
Hector they face ; unknowing how to fear,  
Fierce he drove on ; Tydides whirl'd his  
spear.

The spear with erring haste mistook its way,  
But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.  
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein ;  
The steeds fly back ; he falls, and spurns the  
plain.

Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,  
Yet unrevenged permits to press the field ;  
Till, to supply his place and rule the car,  
Rose Areheptolemus, the fierce in war.  
And now had death and horror cover'd all ;  
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall  
Inclosed had bled : but Jove with awful  
sound

Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound :  
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew ;  
The ground before him flamed with sulphur  
blue ;

The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the  
sight ;  
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his  
fright :

He dropp'd the reins ; and, shook with sacred  
dread,

Thus, turning, warn'd the intrepid Diomed :  
'O chief ! too daring in thy friend's de-  
fence,

Retire advised, and urge the chariot hence.

This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies  
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.  
Some other sun may see the happier hour,  
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly  
power.

'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move :  
The great will glory to submit to Jove.'

'O reverend prince ! (Tydides thus replies)  
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
But ah, what grief ! should haughty Hector  
boast,

I fled inglorious to the guarded coast.  
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
O'erwhelm me, earth ; and hide a warrior's  
shame !'

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied :

'Gods ! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's  
pride ?

Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the  
boast ?

Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,  
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ;  
Not even a Phrygian dame, who dreads the  
sword

That laid in dust her loved, lamented lord.'  
He said, and, hasty, o'er the gasping throng  
Drives the swift steeds : the chariot smokes  
along ;

The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind ;  
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.  
Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,  
Pleased, Hector braves the warrior as he  
flies.

'Go, mighty hero ! graced above the rest  
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast :  
Now hope no more those honours from thy  
train ;

Go, less than woman, in the form of man !  
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in  
flames,

To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames ;'  
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince !  
are fled ;

This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch  
thee dead.'

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,  
 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight ;  
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove  
 On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.  
 Great Hector heard ; he saw the flashing light,  
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urged the fight :  
 'Hear, every Trojan, Lyeian, Dardan band,  
 All famed in war, and dreadful hand to hand.  
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
 Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.  
 Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame  
 Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.  
 In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,  
 Weak bulwarks ! destined by this arm to fall.  
 High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound ;  
 And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound.  
 Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,  
 Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand ;  
 Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,  
 All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.'  
 Furious he said ; then bending o'er the yoke,  
 Encouraged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke :  
 'Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus ! urge the chase,  
 And thou, Podargus ! prove thy generous race ;  
 Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
 And all your master's well-spent care repay.  
 For this, high-fed, in plenteous stalls ye stand,  
 Served with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand ;

For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,  
 So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.  
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd :  
 Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold ;  
 From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,  
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god :  
 These if we gain, then victory, ye powers,  
 This night, this 'glorious night, the fleet is ours !'  
 That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul ;  
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole :  
 And thus to Neptune : 'Thou, whose force can make  
 The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,  
 Seest thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress'd,  
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast?  
 Yet Ægæ, Helicæ, thy power obey,  
 And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.  
 Would all the deities of Greece combine,  
 In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine :  
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,  
 And see his Trojans to the shades descend :  
 Such be the scene from his Idæan bower ;  
 Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power !'  
 Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design :  
 'What rage, what madness, furious queen ! is thine?  
 I war not with the highest. All above  
 Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.'  
 Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might  
 Jove gave the glory of the destined fight,  
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields  
 With close-ranged chariots, and with thick-en'd shields.  
 Where the deep trench in length extended lay,  
 Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,

A dreadful front ! they shake the brands, and  
threat

With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.  
The king of men, by Juno's self inspired,  
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army  
fired.

Swift as he moved, he lifted in his hand  
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.  
High on the midmost bark the king ap-  
pear'd :

There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was  
heard :

To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,  
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.  
'O Argives ! shame of human race, (he  
cried ;

The hollow vessels to his voice replied)  
Where now are all your glorious boasts of  
yore,

Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore ?  
Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes, ''  
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet  
flows ;

But who to meet one martial man is found,  
When the fight rages, and the flames sur-  
round ?

O mighty Jove ! O sire of the distress'd !  
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd ?  
With power immense, with justice arm'd in  
vain ;

My glory ravish'd, and my people slain !  
To thee my vows were breathed from every  
shore ;

What altar smok'd not with our victims'  
gore ?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.  
Now, gracious god ! far humbler our de-  
mand ;

Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's  
hand,

And save the relics of the Grecian land !'  
Thus pray'd the king, and heaven's great  
father heard

His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd ;

The wrath appeased, by happy signs declares,  
And gives the people to their monarch's  
prayers.

His eagle, sacred bird of heaven ! he sent,  
A fawn his talons truss'd, (divine portent !)   
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd  
above,

Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove ;  
Then let the prey before his altar fall ;  
The Greeks beheld, and transport seized on  
all :

Encouraged by the sign, the troops revive,  
And fierce on Troy with doubled fury drive.  
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force,  
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming  
horse,

Pierced the deep ranks, their strongest battle  
tore,

And dyed his javelin red with Trojan gore.  
Young Agelatus (Pharmon was his sire)  
With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful he  
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell  
oppress'd ;

The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:  
Headlong he quits the car ; his arms resound,  
His ponderous buckler thunders on the  
ground.

Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage  
freed ;

The Atreidae first, the Ajaxes next succeed :  
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,  
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound ;  
Evaemon's son next issues to the foe,  
And last, young Teucer, with his bended  
bow.

Secure behind the Telamonian shield  
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,  
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,  
Then close beneath the sevenfold orb with-  
drew :

The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,  
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,  
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining  
shield.

Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled ?  
 Orsiloebus ; then fell Ormenus dead :  
 The godlike Lyeophon next press'd the plain,  
 With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain :  
 Bold Hamoplion breathless sunk to ground ;  
 The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.  
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,  
 A Trojan ghost attending every dart.  
 Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye  
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly :  
 'O youth for ever dear ! (the monarch cried)  
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried ;  
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast !  
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,  
 The vigorous offspring of a stolen embrace :  
 Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous  
     flame,  
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.  
 Now hear a monarch's vow : If heaven's  
     high powers  
 Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers ;  
 Whatever treasures Greece for me design,  
 The next rich honorary gift be thine :  
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,  
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war ;  
 Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve,  
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with  
     love.'  
 To this the chief : 'With praise the rest  
     inspire,  
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.  
 What strength I have, be now in battle tried,  
 Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed.  
 Since rallying from our wall we forced the  
     foe,  
 Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow :  
 Eight forked arrows from this hand have fled,  
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie  
     dead :  
 But sure some god denies me to destroy  
 This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.'  
 He said, and twang'd the string. The  
     weapon flies  
 At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies ;

He miss'd the mark ; but pierced Gorgythio's  
     heart,  
 And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.  
 (Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,  
 This offspring added to king Priam's line.)  
 As full-blown poppies, overcharged with rain,  
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain ;  
 So sinks the youth : his beauteous head, de-  
     press'd  
 Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.  
 Another shaft the raging archer drew :  
 That other shaft with erring fury flew,  
 (From Hector, Phœbus turned the flying  
     wound)  
 Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground :  
 Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus ! it tore,  
 And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.  
 Headlong he falls : his sudden fall alarms  
 The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.  
 Hector with grief his charioteer beheld  
 All pale and breathless on the sanguine field :  
 Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,  
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.  
 Dreadful he shouts : from earth a stone he  
     took,  
 And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.  
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew ;  
 The shaft already to his shoulder drew ;  
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for  
     flight,  
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest  
     unite ;  
 There, where the juncture knits the channel  
     bone,  
 The furious chief discharged the craggy  
     stone :  
 The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous  
     blow,  
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless  
     bow.  
 He fell : but Ajax his broad shield display'd,  
 And screen'd his brother with the mighty  
     shade ;  
 Till great Alastor, and Meeistheus, bore  
 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.

Troy yet found grace before the Olympian  
 sire,  
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts  
 with fire.  
 The Greeks, repulsed, retreat behind their  
 wall,  
 Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall.  
 First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,  
 With terror clothed, and more than mortal  
 strong.  
 As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,  
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,  
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,  
 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:  
 Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they  
 flew;  
 Thus following, Hector still the hindmost  
 slew.  
 When flying they had pass'd the trench pro-  
 found,  
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;  
 Before the ships a desperate stand they made,  
 And fired the troops, and call'd the gods to  
 aid.  
 Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;  
 His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame  
 That wither'd all their host; like Mars he  
 stood;  
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god!  
 Their strong distress the wife of Jove sur-  
 vey'd;  
 Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:  
 'O daughter of that god, whose arm can  
 wield  
 The avenging bolt, and shake the sable  
 shield!  
 Now, in this moment of her last despair,  
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our  
 care,  
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,  
 And drain the dregs of heaven's relentless  
 hate?  
 Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?  
 What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall  
 fall!

What power divine shall Hector's wrath  
 assuage?  
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the  
 rage!  
 So spake the imperial regent of the skies;  
 To whom the goddess with the azure eyes:  
 'Long since had Hector stain'd these fields  
 with gore,  
 Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;  
 But he above, the sire of heaven, withstands,  
 Mocks our attempts, and slights our just de-  
 mands;  
 The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,  
 Forgets my service and deserved reward:  
 Saved I, for this, his favourite son distress'd,  
 By stern Eurystheus with long labours  
 press'd?  
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dis-  
 may;  
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the  
 day.  
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,  
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;  
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explored in  
 vain.  
 Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,  
 At Thetis' suit the partial Thunderer nods;  
 To grieve her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks un-  
 done.  
 Some future day, perhaps, he may be moved  
 To call his blue-eyed maid his best beloved.  
 Haste, launch thy chariot, through you tanks  
 to ride;  
 Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.  
 Then, goddess! say, shall Hector glory  
 then?  
 (That terror of the Greeks, that man of men)  
 When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,  
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war!  
 What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,  
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,  
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with  
 gore?"

She ceased, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care.  
 (Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir :)  
 Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,  
 With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd ;  
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove  
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove ;  
 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,  
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.  
 The vigorous power the trembling car ascends :  
 Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends ;  
 Huge, ponderous, strong ! that when her fury burns  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.  
 Saturnia lends the lash ; the coursers fly ;  
 Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.  
 Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,  
 Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.  
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command ;  
 Close, or unfold, the eternal gates of day,  
 Bar heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
 The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide :  
 Prone down the steep of heaven their course they guide.  
 But Jove, incensed, from Ida's top survey'd,  
 And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.  
 'Thaunantia ! mount the winds, and stop their car,  
 Against the highest who shall wage the war ?  
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate,  
 Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate :  
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky ;

My lightning these rebellious shall confound,  
 And hurl them flaming, headlong, to the ground,  
 Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
 So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,  
 Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.  
 For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
 She claims some title to transgress our will.  
 Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid  
 From Ida's top her golden wings display'd ;  
 To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,  
 There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,  
 Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
 And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.  
 'What frenzy, goddesses ! what rage can move  
 Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove ?  
 Desist, obedient to his high command ;  
 This is his word ; and know his word shall stand :  
 His lightning your rebellion shall confound,  
 And hurl ye headlong, flaming, to the ground ;  
 Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
 Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky ;  
 Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep  
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
 So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,  
 Nor dare to combat hers and nature's sire.  
 For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,  
 She claims some title to transgress his will :  
 But thee, what desperate insolence has driven  
 To lift thy lance against the king of heaven ?'  
 Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,  
 She flew ; and Juno thus her rage resign'd :

<p>‘O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield ! No more let beings of superior birth Contend with Jove for this low race of earth, Triumphant now, now miserably slain, They breathe or perish as the fates ordain : But Jove’s high counsels full effect shall find ; And, ever constant, ever rule mankind.’</p> <p>She spoke, and backward turn’d her steeds of light, Adorn’d with manes of gold, and heavenly bright. The Hours unloosed them, panting as they stood, And heap’d their mangers with ambrosial food. There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls ; The chariot propp’d against the crystal walls. The pensive goddesses, abash’d, controll’d, Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold. And now the Thunderer meditates his flight From Ida’s summits to the Olympian height. Swifter than thought, the wheels instinctive fly, Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky. ’Twas Neptune’s charge his coursers to unbrace, And fix the car on its immortal base ; There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays, ’Till with a snowy veil he screen’d the blaze. He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold, The eternal Thunderer sat, enthroned in gold. High heaven the footstool of his feet he makes, And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes. Trembling afar the offending powers appear’d, Confused and silent, for his frown they fear’d.</p>	<p>He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts : ‘ Pallas and Juno ! say, why heave your hearts ? Soon was your battle o’er : proud Troy retired Before your face, and in your wrath expired. But know, whoe’er almighty power withstand, Unmatch’d our force, unconquer’d is our hand : Who shall the sovereign of the skies control ? Not all the gods that crown the starry pole. Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take, And each immortal nerve with horror shake. For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand : What power soe’er provokes our lifted hand, On this our hill no more shall hold his place ; Cut off, and exiled from the ethereal race.’ Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom, But feast their souls on Iliad’s woes to come. Though secret anger swell’d Minerva’s breast, The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress’d ; But Juno, impotent of rage, replies : ‘ What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies ! Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne ; ’Tis thine to punish ; ours to grieve alone. For Greece we grieve, abandon’d by her fate To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate : From fields forbidden we submit refrain, With arms unaiding see our Argives slain ; Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move, Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.’ The goddess thus ; and thus the god replies, Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies : ‘ The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms, Shall see the almighty Thunderer in arms. What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain, Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.</p>
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Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,  
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,  
Even till the day when certain fates ordain  
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)  
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.

For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course

With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.  
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,  
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound ;

Where cursed Ixpetus and Saturn dwell,  
Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell ;

No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there ;  
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air :

There arm once more the bold Titanian band ;

And arm in vain ; for what I will, shall stand.'

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night :

The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd,

The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field ; and Hector calls

A martial council near the navy walls :

These to Seamander's bank apart he led,

Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.

The assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,

Attend his order, and their prince surround.

A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;

The point was brass, refulgent to behold,

Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :

The noble Hector on his lance reclined,

And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind :

'Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear !

Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear !

This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame

Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.

But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,  
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.

Obeys the night, and use her peaceful hours  
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.

Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,

And strengthening bread, and generous wine be brought.

Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the sky,  
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,

The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,  
'Till the bright morn her purple beam displays ;

Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,  
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.

Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main ;

Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,  
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,

Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,

And warn their children from a Trojan war.

Now through the crenit of our Ilium wall,  
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call ;

To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd,  
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.

Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,

And let the matrons hang with lights the towers ;

Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,  
The insidious foe the naked town invade.

Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey ;

A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.

The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand  
From these detested foes to free the land,

Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way,

For Trojan vultures a predestined prey.

Our common safety must be now the care ;  
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,  
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop en-  
gage,

And the fired fleet behold the battle rage.  
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove  
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of  
Jove.

To-morrow's light (O haste the glorious  
morn !)

Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,  
With this keen javelin shall his breast be  
gored,

And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.  
Certain as this, oh ! might my days endure,  
From age inglorious and black death secure ;  
So might my life and glory know no bound,  
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun re-  
nown'd !

As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of  
'Troy.'

The leader spoke. From all his host  
around

Shouts of applause along the shores resound.  
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds un-  
tied,

And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.  
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.  
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore ;

The winds to Heaven the curling vapours  
bore.

Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers !  
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan  
towers ;

Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace ;  
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
And beaming fires illumined all the ground.  
'As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred  
light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect  
rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their  
rays :

The long reflections of the distant fires  
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the  
spires.

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes  
send :

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of  
corn,

And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

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## BOOK IX.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor further prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night ;

While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,  
And heaven-bred horror, on the Grecian part,  
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.  
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,  
A double tempest of the west and north  
Swell'd o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,

Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar ;

This way and that the boiling deeps are tost ;  
Such various passions urged the troubled host.

Great Agamemnon grieved above the rest ;  
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast ;  
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,  
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,  
But bid in whispers : these surround their chief,

In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.  
The king amidst the mournful eirele rose ;  
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows :  
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,  
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.

With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd ;

Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.

'Ye sons of Greece ! partake your leader's care ;

Fellows in arms and princes of the war !  
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,  
And heavenly oracles believed in vain.  
A safe return was promised to our toils,  
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils :

Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;  
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.  
So Jove decrees, almighty lord of all !

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,  
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.  
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,  
Haste to the joys our native country yields ;

Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,

Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.'  
He said ; deep silence held the Grecian band,

Silent, unmoved, in dire dismay they stand ;  
A pensive scene ! till Tydeus' warlike son  
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

'When kings advise us to renounce our fame,

First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

If I oppose thee, prince ! thy wrath withhold,  
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,

Durst brand my courage, and defame my might :

Nor from a friend the unkind reproach appear'd,

The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.  
The gods, O chief ! from whom our honours spring,

'The gods have made thee but by halves a king :

They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,

They gave dominion o'er the seas and land ;  
The noblest power that might the world control

They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.

Is this a general's voice, that would suggest  
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast ?

Confiding in our want of worth, he stands ;  
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.

Go thou, inglorious ! from the embattled plain ;

Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main ;

A noble care the Grecians shall employ,

To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.

Here Greece shall stay ; or, if all Greece retire,

Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire ;

<p>Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame ;          God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we          came.'          He ceased ; the Greeks loud acclamations          raise,          And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.          Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd ;          He spoke : the host in still attention heard.          ' O truly great I in whom the gods have          join'd          Such strength of body with such force of          mind ;          In conduct, as in courage, you excel,          Still first to act what you advise so well.          These wholesome counsels which thy wisdom          moves,          Applauding Greece with common voice ap-          proves.          Kings thou canst blame : a bold but prudent          youth ;          And blame kings with praise, because with          truth.          And yet those years that since thy birth have          run          Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest          son.          Then let me add what yet remains behind,          A thought unfinish'd in that generous mind ;          Age bids me speak ; nor shall the advice I          bring          Distaste the people, or offend the king :          ' Cursed is the man, and void of law and          right,          Unworthy property, unworthy light,          Unfit for public rule, or private care,          That wretch, that monster, who delights in          war ;          Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid          joy,          To tear his country, and his kind destroy !          This night, refresh and fortify thy train ;          Between the trench and wall let guards re-          main :          Be that the duty of the young and bold ;          But thou, O king, to council call the old ;</p>	<p>Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy          cares ;          Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.          With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd          guests,          For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.          Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd,          And such a monarch as can choose the best.          See what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,          How near our fleet approach the Trojan          fires !          Who can, unmoved, behold the dreadful          light ?          What eye beholds them, and can close to-          night ?          This dreadful interval determines all ;          ' To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must          fall.'          Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;          Swift through the gates the guards direct          their way.          His son was first to pass the lofty mound,          The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd :          Next him, Aescalaphus, Ialmen, stood,          The double offspring of the warrior-god :          Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,          And Lyeomed of Creon's noble line.          Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands,          And each bold chief a hundred spears com-          mands.          The fires they light, to short repasts they          fall,          Some line the trench, and others man the          wall.          The king of men, on public counsels bent,          Convened the princes in his ample tent ;          Each seized a portion of the kingly feast,          But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger          ceased.          Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long ap-          proved,          And, slowly rising, thus the council moved.          ' Monarch of nations ! whose superior          sway          Assembled states, and lords of earth, obey,</p>
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The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,  
And millions own the care of thee and  
Heaven.

O king ! the counsels of my age attend ;  
With thee my cares begin, with thee must  
end :

Thee, prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear,  
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give  
ear,

To see no wholesome motion be withstood,  
And ratify the best for public good :

Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,  
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.  
Hear then a thought, not now conceived in  
haste,

At once my present judgment and my past.  
When from Pelides' tent you forced the maid,  
I first opposed, and, faithful, durst dissuade;  
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,  
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods ad-  
mired :

Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,  
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to  
bend.'

To whom the king. 'With justice hast  
thou shown

A prince's faults, and I with reason own.  
That happy man, whom Jove still honours  
most,

Is more than armies, and himself a host.  
Bless'd in his love, this wondrous hero stands;  
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our  
bands.

Fain would my heart, which err'd through  
frantic rage,

The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.  
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,  
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow :  
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould ;  
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;  
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in  
force,

And still victorious in the dusty course ;

(Rich were the man whose ample stores ex-  
ceed -

The prizes purchased by their winged speed ;)  
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
The same I chose for more than vulgar  
charms,

When Lesbos sank beneath the hero's arms:  
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,  
And join'd with these the long-contested  
maid ;

With all her charms, Briseïs I resign,  
And solemn swear those charms were never  
mine ;

Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,  
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my  
loves.

These instant shall be his ; and if the powers  
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,  
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil  
divides)

With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides:  
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
With copious love shall crown his warm em-  
brace ;

Such as himself will choose ; who yield to  
none,

Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
Yet hear me further : when our wars are  
o'er,

If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,  
There shall he live my son, our honour's share,  
And with Orestes' self divide my care.

Yet more—three daughters in my court are  
bred,

And each well worthy of a royal bed ;  
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,  
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair ;  
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes ap-  
prove,

I ask no presents, no reward for love :  
Myself will give the dower ; so vast a store  
As never father gave a child before.

Seven ample cities shall confess his sway  
Him Enope, and Pherre him obey,

Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,  
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd ;  
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
And rich Anthecia with her flowery fields :  
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
Along the verdant margin of the main.

There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;  
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil :  
There shall he reign, with power and justice  
crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.  
All this I give, his vengeance to control,  
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.  
Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,  
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no  
prayers,

Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,  
And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.  
Great though he be, it fits him to obey ;  
Since more than his my years, and more my  
sway.'

The monarch thus. The reverend Nestor  
then :

' Great Agamemnon ! glorious king of men !  
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,  
And such as fits a generous king to make.  
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent  
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent :  
Let Phoenix lead, revered for hoary age,  
Great Ajax next, and Ithaeus the sage.  
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,  
Let Hódus and Eurybates attend.

Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece de-  
mands ;

Pray in deep silence, and with purest hands.'  
He said ; and all approved. The heralds  
bring

The cleansing water from the living spring.  
The youth with wine the sacred goblets  
crown'd,

And large libations drench'd the sands  
around.

The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst  
allay,

Then from the royal tent they take their way ;

Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,  
Forbids to offend, instructs them to apply ;  
Much he advised them all, Ulysses most,  
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.  
Through the still night they march, and hear  
the roar

Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.  
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,  
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe sur-  
round,

They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,  
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.

And now, arrived, where on the sandy bay  
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay ;  
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,  
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious  
sound.

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd  
Thebæ came ;

Of polish'd silver was its costly frame ;)  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.  
Patroclus only of the royal train,

Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain :  
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,  
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.

Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds  
To his high tent ; the great Ulysses leads.  
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,  
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.

With like surprise arose Menœtius' son :  
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun.

' Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you  
here,

Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;  
Welcome, though Greeks ! for not as foes  
ye came ;

To me more dear than all that bear the  
name.'

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he  
led,

And placed in seats with purple carpets  
spread.

Then thus—' Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,  
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.

Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
Thy friend most honours these, and these  
thy friend.'

He said ; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire  
Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire :  
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,  
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat con-  
tains :

Achilles at the genial feast presides,  
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.  
Meanyhile Patroclus sweats, the fire to raise ;  
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :  
Then, when the languid flames at length  
subside,

He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,  
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,  
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;  
With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Menœtius' son be-  
stow'd ;

Himself, opposed to Ulysses full in sight,  
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.  
The first fat offering, to the immortals due,  
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;  
Then each, indulging in the social feast,  
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.  
That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign ;  
Not unperceived ; Ulysses crown'd with  
wine

The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,  
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

' Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests !  
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides  
feasts :

Though generous plenty crown thy loaded  
boards,

That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;  
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
Not eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.  
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields ap-  
pear !

The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;  
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful  
stands,

And owns no help but from thy saving hands :

Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ;  
Their threatening tents already shade our  
wall :

Hear how with shouts their conquest they  
proclaim,

And point at every ship their vengeful flame !  
For them the father of the gods declares,  
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.  
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !  
See ! heaven and earth the raging chief defies ;  
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his  
eyes !

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame  
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian  
name.

Heavens ! how my country's woes distract  
my mind,

Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd.  
And must we, gods ! our heads inglorious lay  
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?

Return, Achilles : oh return, though late,  
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of  
Fate ;

If in that heart or grief or courage lies,  
Rise to redeem ; ah, yet to conquer, rise !  
The day may come, when, all our warriors  
slain,

That heart shall melt, that courage rise in  
vain :

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave !  
Those wholesome counsels which thy father  
gave.

When Peleus in his aged arms embraced  
His parting son, these accents were his last :  
" My child ! with strength, with glory, and  
success,

Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless !  
Trust that to Heaven : but thou, thy cares  
engage

To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage :  
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
And shun contention, the sure source of woe ;  
That young and old may in thy praise com-  
bine,

The virtues of humanity be thine——"

This now-despised advice thy father gave ;  
 Ah ! check thy anger, and be truly brave.  
 If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,  
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ;  
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er  
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.  
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould ;  
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;  
 Twelve steeds unmatched in fleetness and in  
 force,  
 And still victorious in the dusty course ;  
 (Rich were the man, whose ample stores ex-  
 ceed  
 The prizes purchased by their winged speed ;)  
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form divine,  
 The same he chose for more than vulgar  
 charms,  
 When Lesbos sank beneath thy conquering  
 arms.  
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be  
 paid,  
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested  
 maid :  
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were only  
 thine ;  
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,  
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his  
 loves.  
 These instant shall be thine ; and if the powers  
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,  
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil  
 divides)  
 With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.  
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race  
 With copious love shall crown thy warm em-  
 brace ;  
 Such as thyself shall choose ; who yield to  
 none,  
 Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.  
 Yet hear me further : when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,

There shalt thou live his son, his honours  
 share,  
 And with Orestes' self divide his care.  
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are  
 bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed ;  
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,  
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair ;  
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes ap-  
 prove ;  
 He asks no presents, no reward for love :  
 Himself will give the dower ; so vast a store  
 As never father gave a child before.  
 Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
 Thee Enope and Phœæ thee obey,  
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd :  
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,  
 And rich Anthœia with her flowery fields :  
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main.  
 There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil ;  
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.  
 There shalt thou reign, with power and jus-  
 tice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around.  
 Such are the proffers which this day we  
 bring,  
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king.  
 But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,  
 If honour and if interest plead in vain,  
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,  
 And be, amongst her guardian gods, adored.  
 If no regard thy suffering country elaim,  
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame :  
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts re-  
 ture,  
 Proud Hector, now, the unequal fight de-  
 mands,  
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.  
 Then thus the goddess-born. ' Ulysses,  
 hear  
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor  
 fear ;



What in my secret soul is understood,  
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make  
good.

Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain :  
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

'Then thus in short my fix'd resolves  
attend,

Which nor Atrides nor his Greeks can bend ;  
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,  
But now the unfruitful glories charm no more.  
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,  
The wretch and hero find their prize the  
same ;

Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.  
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?  
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
From danger guards them, and from want  
defends ;

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
And with the untasted food supplies her care :  
For thankless Greece such hardships have I  
braved,

Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved ;  
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,  
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.  
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,  
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain :  
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid  
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
Your mighty monarch these in peace pos-  
sess'd ;

Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.  
Some present, too, to every prince was paid ;  
And every prince enjoys the gift he made :

I only must refund, of all his train ;  
See what pre-eminence our merits gain !  
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights ;  
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights :  
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy ;  
But what's the quarrel, then, of Greece to  
Troy ?

What to these shores the assembled nations  
draws,

What calls for vengeance, but a woman's  
cause ?

Are fair endowments and a beauteous face  
Beloved by none but those of Atreus' race ?  
The wife whom choice and passion both ap-  
prove,

Sure every wise and worthy man will love.  
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim ;  
Slave as she was, my soul adored the dame.  
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain ;  
Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.  
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,  
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.

What needs he the defence this arm can  
make ?

Has he not walls no human force can shake ?  
Has he not fenced his guarded navy round  
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench pro-  
found ?

And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
Repel the rage of Priam's single son ?

There was a time ('twas when for Greece I  
fought)

When Hector's prowess no such wonders  
wrought ;

He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait  
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate ;

He tried it once, and scarce was saved by  
fate.

But now those ancient enmities are o'er ;  
To-morrow we the favouring gods implore ;

Then shall you see our parting vessels  
crown'd,

And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.  
The third day hence shall Phthia greet our  
sails,

If mighty Neptune send propitious gales ;  
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore

The wealth he left for this detested shore :  
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,

The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass ;  
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,

And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.

One only valued gift your tyrant gave,  
 And that resumed—the fair Lyrnessian slave.  
 Then tell him ; loud, that all the Greeks may  
 hear,  
 And learn to 'scorn the wretch they basely  
 fear ;  
 (For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;  
 Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes  
 Is what he dares not ; if he dares, he dies ;)   
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join ;  
 For once deceived, was his ; but twice, were  
 mine.  
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove de-  
 prives  
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives ;  
 His gifts are hateful : kings of such a kind  
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.  
 Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd,  
 And all his rapine could from others wrest ;  
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown  
 The many-peopled Orchomenian town ;  
 Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls con-  
 tain,  
 The world's great empress on the Egyptian  
 plain,  
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand  
 states,  
 And pours her heroes through a hundred  
 gates,  
 Two hundred horsemen and two hundred  
 cars  
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars ;)  
 Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in  
 number more  
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore ;  
 Should all these offers for my friendship  
 call ;  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.  
 Atreides' daughter never shall be led  
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed ;  
 Like golden Venus though she charm'd the  
 heart,  
 And vied with Pallas in the works of art.

Some greater Greek let those high nuptials  
 grace,  
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.  
 If heaven restore me to my realms with life,  
 The reverend Pelcus shall elect my wife ;  
 Thessalian nymphs there are of form divine,  
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with  
 mine.  
 Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide  
 away,  
 Content with just hereditary sway ;  
 There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,  
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.  
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold ;  
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,  
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of  
 sway,  
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day !  
 Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,  
 And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain :  
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled,  
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.  
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,  
 And each alternate, life or fame, proposed ;  
 Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,  
 Short is my date, but deathless my renown :  
 If I return, I quit immortal praise  
 For years on years, and long-extended days.  
 Convinced, though late, I find my fond mis-  
 take,  
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to  
 make :  
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,  
 Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.  
 Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the  
 skies ;  
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories  
 rise.  
 Go then to Greece, report our fix'd design ;  
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,  
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,  
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from  
 fire.  
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will  
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.

Go then—digest my message as ye may—  
But here this night let reverend Phoenix  
stay :

His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand  
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.  
But whether he remain or sail with me,  
His age be sacred, and his will be free.'

The son of Peleus ceased : the chiefs  
around

In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,  
Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose ;  
(Dow'd his white beard a stream of sorrow  
flows ;)

And while the fate of suffering Greece he  
mourn'd,

With accent weak these tender words re-  
turn'd.

' Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,  
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on  
fire ?

If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,  
How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay be-  
hind ?

The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coast  
He sent thee early to the Achaian host ;  
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,  
And new to perils of the direful field :  
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war,  
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.  
Never, ah, never let me leave thy side !  
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.  
Not though the god, that breathed my life,  
restore

The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,  
When Greece of old beheld my youthful  
flames

(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames).

My father, faithless to my mother's arms,  
Old as he was, adored a stranger's charms.

I tried what youth could do (at her desire)  
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.

My sire with curses loads my hated head,  
And cries, " Ye furies ! barren be his bed."

Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,  
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.

Despair and grief distract my labouring mind !  
Gods ! what a crime my impious heart de-  
sign'd !

I thought (but some kind god that thought  
suppress'd)

To plunge the poniard in my father's breast ;  
Then meditate my flight : my friends in vain  
With prayers entreat me, and with force de-  
tain.

On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny  
swine,

They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant  
wine ;

Strong guards they placed, and watch'd nine  
nights entire ;

The roofs and porches flamed with constant  
fire.

The tenth, I forced the gates, unseen of all ;  
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the  
wall.

My travels thence through spacious Greece  
extend ;

In Phthia's court at last my labours end.

Your sire received me, as his son caress'd,  
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions  
bless'd.

The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my  
reign,

And all the coast that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repaid,

And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd :

Great as thou art, my lessons made thee  
brave ;

A child I took thee, but a hero gave.

Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;

Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)

Or at my knee, by Phoenix wouldst thou  
stand ;

No food was grateful but from Phoenix'  
hand.

I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,

The tender labours, the compliant cares ;

The gods (I thought) reversed their hard de-  
cree,

And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee :

Thy growing virtues justified my cares, And promised comfort to my silver hairs. Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ; A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind : The gods (the only great, and only wise) Are moved by offerings, vows, and sacrifice ; Offending man their high compassion wins, And daily prayers atone for daily sins. Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race, Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ; With humble mien, and with dejected eyes, Constant they follow, where injustice flies : Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined, Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. Who hears these daughters of Almighty Jove, For him they mediate to the throne above : When man rejects the humble suit they make, The sire revenges for the daughters' sake ; From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then Descend to punish unrelenting men. O let not headlong passion bear the sway ; These reconciling goddesses obey : Due honours to the seed of Jove belong ; Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong. Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring, Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king ; Nor Greece nor all her fortunes should en- gage Thy friend to plead against so just a rage. But since what honour asks the general sends, And sends by those whom most thy heart commends, The best and noblest of the Greeian train ; Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain ! Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold, A great example drawn from times of old ;	Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise, Who conquer'd their revenge in former days. 'Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands, Once fought the Ætolian and Curetian bands ; To guard it those ; to conquer, these ad- vance ; And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance. The silver Cynthia bade contention rise, In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ; On Ceneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar, That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore : This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain) Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain. Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose, The neighbour-nations thence commencing foes. Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd : Till rage at length inflamed his lofty breast (For rage invades the wisest and the best). 'Cursed by Althæa, to his wrath he yields, And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair, And matchless Idas, more than man in war : The god of day adored the mother's charms ; Against the god the father bent his arms : The afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, From Cleopatra changed their daughter's name, And call'd Alcione ; a name to show The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.) To her the chief retired from stern debate, But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate : Althæa's hate the unhappy warrior drew, Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew ; She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath On her own son to wreak her brother's death ;
---	--

Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,  
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.  
 In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,  
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.  
 She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,  
 Priests of the gods, and elders of the land ;  
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state :  
 Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great :  
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,  
 Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd :)  
 His suppliant father, aged Ceneus, came ;  
 His sisters follow'd ; even the vengeful dame,  
 Althæa, sues ; his friends before him fall :  
 He stands relentless, and rejects them all.  
 Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;  
 The walls are scaled ; the rolling flames arise ;  
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,  
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;  
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,  
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,  
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslaved :  
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved.  
 The Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,  
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.  
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,  
 Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire ;  
 Accept the presents ; draw thy conquering sword ;  
 And be amongst our guardian gods adored.  
 Thus he : the stern Achilles thus replied :  
 ' My second father, and my reverend guide ;  
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,  
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands ;

Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;  
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines ;  
 And here I stay (if such his high behest)  
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.  
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart ;  
 No more molest me on Atrides' part :  
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,  
 For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?  
 A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;  
 One should our interests and our passions be ;  
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
 Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a generous part ;  
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.  
 Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,  
 Rest undetermined till the dawning day.  
 He ceased ; then order'd for the sage's bed  
 A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.  
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,  
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.  
 ' Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?  
 See what effect our low submissions gain !  
 Liked or not liked, his words we must relate,  
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.  
 Proud as he is, that iron heart retains  
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.  
 Stern, and un pitying ! if a brother bleed,  
 On just atonement, we remit the deed ;  
 A sire the slaughter of his son forgives ;  
 The price of blood discharged, the murderer lives :  
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
 And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.

The gods that unrelenting breast have  
steel'd,  
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot  
yield.

One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy  
arms :

Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.  
Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ;  
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;  
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,  
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour  
most.'

'O soul of battles, and thy people's guide !  
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied)  
Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyrant's  
name

My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame :  
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave ;  
Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave !  
Return then, heroes ! and our answer bear,  
The glorious combat is no more my care ;  
Not till, amidst yon sinking navy slain,  
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable  
main ;

Not till the flames, by Heetor's fury thrown,  
Consume your vessels, and approach my  
own ;

Just there, the impetuous homicide shall  
stand,

There cease his battle, and there feel our  
hand.'

This said, each prince a double goblet  
crown'd,

And cast a large libation on the ground ;  
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy  
shades,

The chiefs return ; divine Ulysses leads.  
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed,  
With fleeces, carpets, and soft lincn spread :  
There, till the sacred morn restored the  
day,

In slumber sweet the reverend Phoenix lay.  
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,  
Achilles slept ; and in his warm embrace  
Fair Diomedè of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared,  
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis  
shared ;

Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms  
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.  
And now the elected chiefs, whom Greece  
had sent,

Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the  
royal tent.

Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,  
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands  
Hail'd their return : Atreides first begun :

'Say what success? divine Lactes' son !  
Achilles' high resolves declare to all :  
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?'

'Great king of nations ! (Ithaeus replied)  
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ;  
He slight's thy friendship, thy proposals  
scorns,

And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.  
To save our army, and our fleets to free,  
Is not his care ; but left to Greece and thee.  
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints  
the sky,

Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly ;  
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,  
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy ;  
For Jove o'ershades her with his arm di-  
vine,

Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.  
Such was his word : what further he de-  
clared,

These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.  
But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,  
Safe to transport him to his native plains  
When morning dawns ; if other he decree,  
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.'

Ulysses ceased : the great Achaian host,  
With sorrow seized, in consternation lost,  
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke  
The general silence, and undaunted spoke.  
'Why should we gifts to proud Achilles  
send,

Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to  
bent ?

His country's woes he glories to deride,  
And prayers will burst that swelling heart  
with pride.

Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd,  
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid ;  
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit ;  
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit :  
What for ourselves we can, is always ours ;  
This night, let due repast refresh our powers ;  
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,  
And those are owed to generous wine and  
food ;)

But when the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden  
ray,  
Ranged at the ships, let all our squadrons  
shine,

In flaming arms, a long-extended line :  
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,  
The first in danger, as in high command.'

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,  
Then each to heaven the due libations pays ;  
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows  
The grateful blessings of desired repose.

## BOOK X.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemies' camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and

particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success ; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues ; the scene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,  
And lost in sleep the labours of the day :  
All but the king ; with various thoughts oppress'd,

His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.  
As when by lightnings Jove's ethereal power  
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,  
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,  
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;  
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,  
And heaven flames thick with momentary  
fires :

So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,  
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess'd.

Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys  
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting  
blaze ;

Hears in the passing wind their music blow,  
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.

Now looking backwards to the fleet and  
coast,

Anxious he sorrows for the endanger'd host.

He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,

And sues to him that ever lives above :

Only he groans ; while glory and despair

Divide his heart, and wage a double war.

A thousand cares his labouring breast revolves ;

To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,

With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate

What yet remains to save the afflicted state.

He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,

Next on his feet the shining sandals bound ;

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ;

His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.

Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal

woes,

Alike denied the gifts of soft repose,

Laments for Greece; that in his cause before  
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.  
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders  
spread;

A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:  
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went  
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.  
Already waked, Atrides he descried,  
His armour buckling at his vessel's side.  
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:  
'Why puts my brother his bright armour on?  
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,  
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan  
powers?

But say, what hero shall sustain that task?  
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;  
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade  
to go,  
And midst a hostile camp explore the foe.'

To whom the king: 'In such distress we  
stand,  
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;  
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,  
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.  
For Jove, averse, our humble prayer denies,  
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.  
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believed,  
In one great day, by one great arm achieved,  
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has  
done,

And we beheld, the last revolving sun?  
What honours the beloved of Jove adorn!  
Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born;  
Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,  
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

'Now speed thy hasty course along the  
fleet,

There call great Ajax, and the prince of  
Crete;

Ourselves to hoary Nestor will repair;  
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;  
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter  
guides,

Whose son, with Merion, o'er the watch pre-  
sides.)'

To whom the Spartan: 'These thy orders  
borne,

Say, shall I stay, or with despatch return?'  
'There shalt thou stay, (the king of men re-  
plied)

Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,  
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.  
Still, with your voice the slothful soldiers  
raise,

Urge by their father's fame their future  
praise.

Forget we now our state and lofty birth;  
Not titles here, but works, must prove our  
worth.

To labour is the lot of man below;  
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.'

This said, each parted to his several cares:  
The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;  
The sage protector of the Greeks he found  
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;  
The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he  
rears,

The shining helmet, and the pointed spears;  
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,  
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of  
age.

Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,  
The hoary monarch raised his eyes, and said:  
'What art thou, speak, that on designs  
unknown,

While others sleep, thus range the camp  
alone;

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?  
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose  
tell.'

'O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoind)  
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!  
Lo, here the wretched Agamemnon stands,  
The unhappy general of the Grecian bands,  
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,  
And woes, that only with his life shall end!  
Scarcely can my knees these trembling limbs  
sustain,

And scarce my heart support its load of  
pain.



No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known ;

Confused, and sad, I wander thus alone,  
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ;  
And all my people's miseries are mine.

If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,  
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)

Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend ;  
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,  
At every gate the fainting guard excite,  
Tired with the toils of day and watch of night ;

Else may the sudden foe our works invade,  
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor : ' Trust the powers above,  
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd  
by Jove :

How ill agree the views of vain mankind,  
And the wise counsels of the eternal mind !  
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain  
That great Achilles rise and rage again,  
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain !

Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys ;  
The care is next our other chiefs to raise :  
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need ;  
Meges for strength, Oileus famed for speed.  
Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet  
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,  
Where lie great Ajax and the king of Crete.  
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ;  
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,  
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share  
With his great brother in his martial care :  
Him it behoved to every chief to sue,  
Preventing every part perform'd by you ;  
For strong necessity our toils demands,  
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.'

To whom the king : ' With reverence we allow  
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now :

My generous brother is of gentle kind,  
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;  
Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,

Content to follow when we lead the way :  
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,  
Long ere the rest he rose, and sought my tent.

The chiefs you named, already, at his call,  
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall ;  
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,

Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.'

' Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,

For great examples justify command.'  
With that, the venerable warrior rose ;  
The shining greaves his manly legs enclose ;

His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,  
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lined.

Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste

His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.  
The camp he traversed through the sleeping crowd,

Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.  
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,  
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.  
' What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,

Thus leads you wandering in the silent night ?'

' O prudent chief ! (the Pylian sage replied)  
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried :  
Whatever means of safety can be sought,  
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,  
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;

All, all depend on this important night !'  
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield ;

Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,  
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions  
round :

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,  
His head reclining on his bossy shield.  
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,  
Shot from their flashing points a quivering  
light.

A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed;  
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.  
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes  
The slumbering chief, and in these words  
awakes :

'Rise, son of Tydeus ! to the brave and  
strong

Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.  
But sleep'st thou now, when from yon hill  
the foe

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls  
below ?'

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled ;  
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said :  
'Wondrous old man ! whose soul no respite  
knows,

Though years and honours bid thee seek re-  
pose,

Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors  
wake ;

Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.'

'My friend, (he answer'd) generous is thy  
care ;

These toils, my subjects and my sons might  
bear ;

Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire  
To ease a sovereign and relieve a sire :

But now the last despair surrounds our host ;  
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ;

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,  
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life :

Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,  
Employ thy youth as I employ my age ;

Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the  
rest ;

He serves me most, who serves his country  
best.'

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung  
A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung ;

Then seized his ponderous lance, and strode  
along.

Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed,  
The warrior roused, and to the entrench-  
ments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly  
guard ;

A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:  
The unwearied watch their listening leaders  
keep,

And, couching close, repel invading sleep.  
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,  
With toil protected from the prowling train ;  
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,  
Springs from the mountains toward the  
guarded fold :

Through breaking woods her rustling course  
they hear ;

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike  
their ear

Of hounds and men ; they start, they gave  
around,

Watch every side, and turn to every sound.  
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of sur-  
prise,

Each voice, each motion, drew their ears  
and eyes :

Each step of passing feet increased the af-  
fright ;

And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.

Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,  
And thus accosted through the gloomy  
shade :

' 'Tis well, my sons ! your nightly cares em-  
ploy ;

Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.  
Watch thus, and Greece shall live.' The  
hero said ;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftains  
led.

His son, and godlike Merion, march'd be-  
hind

(For these the princes to their council join'd.)

The trenches pass'd, the assembled kings  
around

In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was, yet undefiled with gore,  
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage be-  
fore ;

When night descending, from his vengeful  
hand

Reprieved the relics of the Grecian band :

(The plain beside with mangled corps was  
spread,

And all his progress mark'd by heaps of  
dead)

There sat the mournful kings : when Nelcus'  
son,

The council opening, in these words begun :

' Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,

His life to hazard, and his country save ?

Lives there a man, who singly dares to go  
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling  
foe ?

Or favour'd by the night approach so near,  
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to  
hear ?

If to besiege our navies they prepare,

Or Troy once more must be the seat of war ?

This could he learn, and to our peers recite,

And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night ;

What fame were his through all succeeding  
days,

While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues  
to praise !

What gifts his grateful country would be-  
stow !

What must not Greece to her deliverer owe !

A sable ewe each leader should provide,

With each a sable lambkin by her side ;

At every rite his share should be increased,

And his the foremost honours of the feast.'

Fear held them mute : alone, untaught to  
fear,

Tydidēs spoke—' The man you seek is here.

Through yon black camps to bend my dan-  
gerous way,

Some god within commands, and I obey.

But let some other chosen warrior join,

To raise my hopes, and second my design.

By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,

Great deeds are done, and great discoveries  
made ;

The wise new prudence from the wise ac-  
quire,

And one brave hero fans another's fire.'

Contending leaders at the word arose ;

Each generous breast with emulation glows ;

So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,

Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir ;

The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,

And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.

Then thus the king of men the contest ends :

' Thou first of warriors, and thou best of  
friends,

Undaunted Diomed ! what chief to join

In this great enterprise, is only thine.

Just be thy choice, without affection made ;

To birth, or office, no respect be paid ;

Let worth determine here.' The monarch  
spake,

And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

' Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoind)

My choice declares the impulse of my mind.

How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands

To lend his counsels and assist our hands ?

A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care ;

So famed, so dreadful, in the works of war :

Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require ;

Wisdom like his might pass through flames  
of fire.'

' It fits thee not, before these chiefs of  
fame,

(Replied the sage) to praise me, or to blame:

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,

Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,

The reddening orient shows the coming day.

The stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains,

And of night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with generous ardour  
press'd,

In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd.



If now subdued they meditate their flight,  
And, spent with toil, neglect the watch of  
night ?

His be the chariot that shall please him most,  
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host ;  
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,  
And his the glory to have served so well.'

A youth there was among the tribes of  
Troy,

Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.

(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)

Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold ;  
Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face,  
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.

'Hector ! (he said) my courage bids me meet

This high achievement, and explore the fleet :

But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,

And swear to grant me the demanded prize ;

The immortal coursers, and the glittering car,

That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.

Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go,

Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,

Even to the royal tent pursue my way,

And all their counsels, all their aims betray.'

The chief then heaved the golden sceptre  
high,

Attesting thus the monarch of the sky :

'Be witness thou ! immortal lord of all !

Whose thunder shakes the dark ærial hall :

By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,

And him alone the immortal steeds adorn.'

Thus Hector swore : the gods were call'd  
in vain,

But the rash youth prepares to scour the  
plain :

Across his back the bended bow he flung,

A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,

A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined,

And in his hand a pointed javelin shined.

Then (never to return) he sought the shore,

And trod the path his feet must tread no  
more.

Scaree had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan  
throng,

(Still bending forward as he coursed along)

When, on the hollow way, the approaching  
tread

Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed :

'O friend ! I hear some step of hostile sect,  
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet ;  
Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;  
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.

Yet let him pass, and win a little space ;

Then rush behind him, and prevent his pæe.

But if too swift of foot he flies before,

Confine his course along the fleet and shore,

Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,

And intercept his hoped return to Troy.'

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd  
their head

(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead :

Along the path the spy unwary flew ;

Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.

So distant they, and such the space between,

As when two teams of mules divide the green,

(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)

When now new furrows part the approach-  
ing ploughs.

Now Dolon, listening, heard them as they  
pass'd ;

Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd  
his haste,

Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,

No voice succeeding, he perceived the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind ;

Or chase through woods obscure the trem-  
bling hind ;

Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,

And from the herd still turn the flying prey ;

So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew ;

So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,

And mingles with the guards that watch the  
walls ;

When brave Tydides stopp'd ; a gen'rous  
thought

(Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,

Lest on the foe some forward Greek ad-  
vance,

And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud : 'Whoe'er thou art, remain;  
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.'  
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,  
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder  
pass'd ;

Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling  
wood

The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as  
he stood ;

A sudden palsy seized his turning head ;  
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled :  
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,  
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

'O spare my youth, and for the breath I  
owe,

Large gifts of price my father shall bestow :  
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,  
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.'

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply :  
'Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.  
What moves thee, say, when sleep has closed  
the sight,

To roam the silent fields in dead of night ?  
Can'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,  
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind ?  
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,  
Through heaps of carnage, to despoil the  
dead ?'

Then thus pale Dolon, with a fearful look :  
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror  
shook)

'Hither I came, by Hector's words deceived ;  
Much did he promise, rashly I believed :  
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,  
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks  
of war,

Urged me, unwilling, this attempt to make ;  
To learn what counsels, what resolves you  
take :

If now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,  
And, tired with toils, neglect the watch of  
night.'

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the  
prize,

(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)

Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,  
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ;  
Even great Achilles scarce their rage can  
tame,

Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.

But say, be faithful, and the truth recite !

Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-  
night ?

Where stand his coursers ? in what quarter  
sleep

Their other princes ? tell what watch they  
keep :

Say, since this conquest, what their counsels  
are ;

Or here to combat, from their city far,

Or back to Ilium's walls transfer the war ?'

Ulysses thus ; and thus Eumedes' son :

'What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue  
shall own.

Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,

A council holds at Ilus' monument.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;  
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans  
wake :

Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives  
keep ;

Safe in their cares, the auxiliar forces sleep,  
Whose wives and infants, from the danger  
far,

Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.'

'Then sleep those aids among the Trojan  
train,'

(Inquired the chief) 'or scatter'd o'er the  
plain ?'

To whom the spy : 'Their powers they  
thus dispose :

The Præous, dreadful with their bended  
bows,

The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,

And Leleges, encamp along the coast.

Not distant far, lie higher on the land

The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,

And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbrias' ancient  
wall ;

The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.

These Troy but lately to her succour won,  
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son :  
 I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,  
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:  
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold ;  
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold ;  
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,  
 Celestial panoply, to grace a god !  
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,  
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,  
 In cruel chains ; till your return reveal  
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.'

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown :  
 'Think not to live, though all the truth be  
 shown.

Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife  
 To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?  
 Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?  
 No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.'

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch pre-  
 pared  
 With humble blandishment to stroke his  
 beard,

Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion  
 flew,

Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;  
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to  
 hell,

The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.  
 The sury helmet from his brow they tear,  
 The wolf's grey hide, the unbended bow and  
 spear ;

'These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,  
 'To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize.

'Great queen of arms ! receive this hostile  
 spoil,

And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil :  
 Thee, first of all the heavenly host, we praise ;  
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways !'  
 This said, the spoils, with dropping gore de-  
 faced,

High on a spreading tamarisk he placed ;  
 Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs  
 the plain,  
 To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Through the still night they cross the de-  
 vious fields,  
 Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of  
 shields,

Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,  
 And eased in sleep the labours of the day.  
 Ranged in three lines they view the prostrate  
 band :

The horses yoked beside each warrior stand ;  
 Their arms in order on the ground reclined,  
 Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons  
 shined :

Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep pro-  
 found,

And the white steeds behind his chariot  
 bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,  
 And points to Diomed the tempting prize.

'The man, the coursers, and the car behold !  
 Descried by Dolon, with the arms of gold.  
 Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,  
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ;  
 Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,  
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the  
 steeds.'

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,  
 Breathed in his heart, and strung his nervous  
 arms ;

Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued  
 His thirsty falchion, sat with hostile blood,  
 Bathed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with  
 gore,

And a low groan remurmur'd through the  
 shore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,  
 O'erleaps the fenees, and invades the pen ;  
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,  
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless  
 prey.

Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,  
 Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian  
 band.

Ulysses following, as his partner slew,  
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior  
 drew ;

The milk-white coursers studious to convey  
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;  
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,  
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of  
dead.

Now twelve despatch'd, the monarch last  
they found ;

Tydidēs' falchion fix'd him to the ground.  
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;  
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,  
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore :  
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no  
more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,  
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;  
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along ;  
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung)  
Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;  
But him, new dangers, new achievements  
fire ;

Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade  
To send more heroes to the infernal shade,  
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,  
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.  
While unresolved the son of Tydeus stands,  
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands :

' Enough, my son ; from further slaughter  
cease,

Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ;  
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,  
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy.'

The voice divine confess'd the martial  
maid ;

In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd ;  
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,  
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserved they pass'd : the god of  
light

Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's  
flight,

Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour  
bless'd,

And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.  
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,  
And wakes Iliopocoon in the morning-hour ;

(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,  
A faithful kinsman, and destructive friend ;)   
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with  
blood,

An empty space where late the coursers  
stood,

The yet-warm Thracians panting on the  
coast ;

For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most :  
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,  
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the  
plain ;

On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild af-  
fright,

And wondering view the slaughters of the  
night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade  
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were  
laid,

Ulysses stopp'd ; to him Tydides bore  
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore ;  
Then mounts again ; again their nimble feet  
The coursers ply, and thunder towards the  
fleet.

Old Nestor first perceived the approaching  
sound,

Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around :  
' Methinks the noise of tramping steeds I  
hear,

Thickening this way, and gathering on my  
car ;

Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed  
(So may, ye gods ! my pious hopes succeed)  
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,  
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.  
Yet much I fear (ah, may that fear be  
vain !)

The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train ;  
Perhaps, even now pursued, they seek the  
shore ;

Or, oh ! perhaps those heroes are no more.'  
Scarcely had he spoke, when, lo ! the chiefs  
appear,

And spring to earth ; the Greeks dismiss  
their fear :



With words of friendship and extended hands  
They greet the kings ; and Nestor first demands :

' Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,

Thou living glory of the Grecian name !  
Say whence these coursers ? by what chance bestow'd,

The spoil of foes, or present of a god ?  
Not those fair steeds, so radiant and so gay,  
That draw the burning chariot of the day.  
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,  
And daily mingle in the martial field ;  
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight  
Like these, conspicuous through the ranks of fight.

Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,

Bless'd as ye are, and favourites of the skies ;  
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,  
And her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.'

' Father I not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)  
The gifts of heaven are of a nobler kind.  
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,  
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew ;  
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,  
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.  
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,

A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame ;  
By Hector sent our forces to explore,  
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.'

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew ;

The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.  
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,  
The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn :  
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,

And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.

But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd,  
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,  
A trophy destined to the blue-eyed maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat and sanguine stain

They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring main ;

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,

Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,  
In due repast indulge the genial hour,  
And first to Pallas the libations pour :

They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,  
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

## BOOK XI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle : Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them : while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him ; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy : Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time ; but the latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax ; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus, in his return, meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem ; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred  
light :

When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,  
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,  
Through the red skies her bloody sign ex-  
tends,

And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet de-  
scends.

High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand  
She took, and thunder'd through the seas  
and land.

Even Ajax and Aëthles heard the sound,  
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy  
bound.

Thence the black fury through the Greecian  
throng

With horror sounds the loud Orthian song :  
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms  
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to  
arms.

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat  
burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires  
With loud command, with great example  
fires ;

Himself first rose, himself before the rest  
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress'd.  
And first he cased his manly legs around  
In shining greaves with silver buckles bound ;  
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd :  
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host  
Had reael'd that monarch on the Cyprian  
coast ;

'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to  
gain,

This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain :  
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold :  
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
Whose imitated scales against the skies

Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,  
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud.

(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dies,  
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies).

A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder tied,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :  
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased  
The shining blade, and golden hangers  
graced.

His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
That round the warrior east a dreadful shade ;  
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,  
And twice ten bosses the bright convex  
crown'd :

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,  
And encircling terrors fill'd the expressive  
shield :

Within its concave hung a silver thoug,  
On which a nimble serpent creeps along.

His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till in three heads the embroider'd monster  
ends.

Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he  
placed,

With nodding horse-hair formidably graced ;  
And in his hands two steely javelins wield,  
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the  
fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid,  
In happy thunders promised Greece their aid ;  
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms  
in air,

And, leaning from the clouds, expect the  
war.

Close to the limits of the trench and  
mound,

The fiery coursers to their chariots bound  
The squires restrain'd : the foot, with those  
who wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.  
To second these, in close array combined,  
The squadrons spread their sable wings be-  
hind.

Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,  
As with the light the warriors' toils begun.

Even Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath,  
distill'd  
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field ;  
The woes of men unwilling to survey,  
And all the slaughters that must stain the  
day.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around,  
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground :  
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood ;  
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god ;  
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine ;  
The brother-warriors of Antenor's line :  
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous  
face

And fair proportion match'd the ethereal  
race.

Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious  
shield,

Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.  
As the red star now shows his sanguine  
fires

Through the dark clouds, and now in night  
retires,

Thus through the ranks appear'd the godlike  
man,

Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van ;  
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,  
Flash from his arms, as lightning from the  
skies.

As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,  
Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons  
wield,

Bear down the furrows, till their labours  
meet ;

Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet :  
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,  
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side.  
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious  
flight ;

But horse to horse, and man to man they  
fight.

Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their  
prey ;

Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign  
the day.

Discord with joy the scene of death deseries,  
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine  
eyes :

Discord alone, of all the immortal train,  
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain :  
The gods in peace their golden mansions  
fill,

Ranged in bright order on the Olympian  
hill ;

But general murmurs told their griefs above,  
And each accused the partial will of Jove.

Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,  
The eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,

Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat ;  
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of Fate.

On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,  
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers  
arise ;

The sea with ships, the fields with armies  
spread,

The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.  
Thus while the morning-beams, increasing  
bright,

O'er heaven's pure azure spread the glowing  
light,

Communal death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.

But now (what time in some sequester'd vale  
The weary woodman spreads his sparing  
meal,

When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,  
And claim a respite from the sylvan war ;

But not till half the prostrate forests lay  
Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day)

Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive  
might

Pierced the black phalanx, and let in the  
light.

Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,  
And slew Bienor at his people's head :

Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,  
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king ;

But in his front he felt the fatal wound,  
Which pierced his brain, and stretch'd him  
on the ground.

<p>Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :  Vain was their youth, their glittering armour  vain :  Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,  Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.  Two sons of Priam next to battle move,  The product, one of marriage, one of love ;  In the same car the brother-warriors ride ;  This took the charge to combat, that to  guide :  Far other task, than when they went to  keep,  On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.  These on the mountains once Achilles found,  And captive led, with pliant oziers bound ;  Then to their sire for ample sums restored ;  But now to perish by Atrides' sword :  Pierced in the breast the base-born Isus  bleeds :  Cleft through the head, his brother's fate  succeeds.  Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,  And, stript, their features to his mind recalls.  The Trojans see the youths untimely die,  But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.  So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,  Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching  fawns,  Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals  draws,  And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody  jaws ;  The frightened hind beholds, and dares not  stay,  But swift through rustling thickets bursts her  way ;  All drown'd in sweat, the panting mother  flies,  And the big tears roll trickling from her  eyes.  Amidst the tumult of the routed train,  The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;  He who for bribes his faithless counsels  sold,  And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.</p>	<p>Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,  And slew the children for the father's fault ;  Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,  They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken  rein ;  Then in the chariot on their knees they fall,  And thus with lifted hands for mercy call :  ' O spare our youth, and for the life we  owe  Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow ;  Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,  The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,  Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be  told,  And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive  gold.'  These words, attended with a flood of  tears,  The youths address'd to unrelenting ears :  The vengeful monarch gave this stern re-  ply :  ' If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die ;  The daring wretch who once in council stood  To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,  For proffer'd peace ! and sues his seed for  grace ?  No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.'  This said, Pisander from the car he cast,  And pierced his breast : supine he breathed  his last.  His brother leap'd to earth ; but, as he lay,  The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands  away ;  His sever'd head was toss'd among the  throng,  And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.  Then, where the thickest fought, the victor  flew ;  The king's example all his Greeks pursue.  Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,  Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the  plain.  From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,  Shade the black host, and intercept the  skies.</p>
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The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge  
and bound,  
And the thick thunder beats the labouring  
ground.  
Still slaughtering on, the king of men pro-  
ceeds ;  
The distanced army wonders at his deeds.  
As when the winds with raging flames con-  
spire,  
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,  
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,  
And one refulgent ruin levels all :  
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,  
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads  
lie low.  
The steeds fly trembling from his waving  
sword ;  
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,  
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,  
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their  
souls ;  
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors'  
lives ;  
More grateful, now, to vultures than their  
wives !  
Perhaps great Hector then had found his  
fate,  
But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date.  
Safe from the darts, the care of heaven he  
stood,  
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and  
blood.  
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,  
Through the mid field the routed urge their  
way :  
Where the wild figs the adjoining summit  
crown,  
The path they take, and speed to reach the  
town.  
As swift, Atrides with loud shouts pursued,  
Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile  
blood.  
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan  
gates,  
The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Meanwhile on every side, around the plain,  
Dispersed, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.  
So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd  
The lion's roaring through the midnight  
shade ;  
On heaps they tumble with successless haste ;  
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last.  
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,  
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost  
slew ;  
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are  
kill'd,  
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the  
field.  
Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall ;  
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.  
But Jove descending shook the Idæan hills,  
And down their summits pour'd a hundred  
rills :  
The unkindled lightning in his hand he took,  
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke :  
' Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,  
To godlike Hector this our word convey—  
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood  
the ground,  
Bid him give way ; but issue forth com-  
mands,  
And trust the war to less important hands :  
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,  
That chief shall mount his chariot, and de-  
part,  
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his  
breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be  
prest,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.'  
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd ;  
On wings of winds descends the various maid.  
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,  
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.  
The goddess then ; ' O son of Priam, hear !  
From Jove I come, and his high mandate  
bear.

<p>While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around, Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground, Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth com- mands, And trust the war to less important hands : But when, or wounded by the spear or dart, The chief shall mount his chariot, and de- part, Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast, Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, Till to the main the burning sun descend, And sacred night her awful shade extend. She said, and vanish'd. Heetor, with a bound, Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, In clanging arms : he grasps in either hand A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band ; Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight, And wakes anew the dying flames of fight. They stand to arms : the Greeks their onset dare, Condense their powers, and wait the coming war. New force, new spirit, to each breast re- turns ; The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns : The king leads on ; all fix on him their eye, And learn from him to conquer, or to die. Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses I tell, Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell? The great Iphidamas, the bold and young ; From sage Antenor and Theano sprung ; Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred, And nursed in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed. Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest, And early honour warm his generous breast,</p>	<p>When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy, He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy ; From his loved bride departs with melting eyes, And swift to aid his dearer country flies. With twelve black ships he reach'd Peneope's strand, Thence took the long laborious march by land. Now fierce for fame, before the ranks lie springs, Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings. Atreides first discharged the missive spear ; The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air. Then near the corslet, at the monarch's heart, With all his strength, the youth directs his dart ; But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound, The point rebated, and repell'd the wound. Encumber'd with the dart, Atreides stands, Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands ; At once his weighty sword discharged a wound Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground. Stretch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies, And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain ! Thy country's friend ; and virtuous, though in vain ! No more the youth shall join his consort's side, At once a virgin, and at once a bride ! No more with presents her embraces meet, Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet, On whom his passion, lavish of his store, Bestow'd so much, and vainly promised more !</p>
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Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,  
While the proud victor bore his arms away.

Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh :  
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his  
eye,

While pierced with grief the much-loved  
youth he view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with  
blood.

Then with his spear, unseen, his time he  
took,

Aim'd 'at the king, and near his elbow strook.  
The thrilling steel transpierced the brawny  
part,

And through his arm stood forth the barbed  
dart.

Surprised the monarch feels, yet void of fear  
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear :

His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,  
And calls his country to assert his cause ;  
Defends him breathless on the sanguine  
field,

And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part,

Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart ;

Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he  
lay,

The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head  
away :

The social shades the same dark journey  
go,

And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,  
With every weapon art or fury yields :

By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous  
stone,

Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops  
o'erthrown.

This, while yet warm distill'd the purple  
flood ;

But when the wound grew stiff with clotted  
blood,

'Then grinding tortures his strong bosom  
rend,

Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythire send :

(The powers that cause the teeming matron's  
throes,

Sad mothers of unutterable woes !)

Stung with the smart, all-panting with the  
pain,

He mounts the car, and gives his squire the  
rein ;

Then with a voice which fury made more  
strong,

And pain augmented, thus exhorts the  
throng :

' O friends ! O Greeks ! assert your honours  
won ;

Proceed, and finish what this arm begun :

Lo ! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,  
And envies half the glories of the day.'

He said : the driver whirls his lengthful  
thong ;

The horses fly ; the chariot smokes along.

Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers  
blow,

And from their sides the foam descends in  
snow ;

Shot through the battle in a moment's space,

The wounded monarch at his tent they  
place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retired,

But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired :

' Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race !

Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to  
face :

Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,

Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.

Behold, the general flies ! deserts his powers !

Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours !

Now on yon ranks impel your foaming  
steeds ;

And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.'

With words like these the fiery chief alarms

His fainting host, and every bosom warms.

As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear

The brindled lion, or the tusky bear :

With voice and hand provokes their doubt-  
ing heart,

And springs the foremost with his lifted dart :

<p>So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare ;          Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.          On the black body of the foe he pours ;          As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,          A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,          Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.          Say, Muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,          Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?          Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous died,          Opites next was added to their side ;          Then brave Hipponous famed in many a fight,          Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night ;          Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ;          The rest were vulgar deaths unknown to fame.          As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms,          Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms :          The gust continued, violent, and strong,          Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along ;          Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,          Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares :          Thus, raging, Hector, with resistless hands,          O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.          Now the last ruin the whole host appals ;          Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;          But wise Ulysses call'd 'Tydides forth,          His soul rekindled, and awaked his worth.          ' And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !          Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?          Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.'          The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied :          ' No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ;          Let Hector come ; I wait his fury here.</p>	<p>But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train ;          And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.          He sigh'd ; but, sighing, raised his vengeful steel,          And from his car the proud Thymbreus fell :          Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,          His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.          There slain, they left them in eternal night,          Then plunged amidst the thickest ranks of fight.          So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,          Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.          Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain          Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.          The sons of Merops shone amidst the war ;          Towering they rode in one refulgent car :          In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,          Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field ;          Fate urged them on : the father warn'd in vain ;          They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain ;          Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;          The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.          Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,          And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.          Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,          And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.          By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,          The far-famed hero of Phæonian strain ;          Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,          His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh ;          Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,          He fled, but flying left his life behind.          This Hector sees, as his experienced eyes          Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies ;</p>
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Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions  
 rend,  
 And moving armies on his march attend.  
 Great Diomed himself was seized with fear,  
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war :  
 ' Mark how this way yon bending squad-  
 rons yield !  
 The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the  
 field :  
 Here stand his utmost force '—The warrior  
 said ;  
 Swift 'at the word his ponderous javelin fled ;  
 Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage  
 danced  
 Razed the smooth cone, and thence obliquely  
 glanced.  
 Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)  
 Without a wound the Trojan hero stands ;  
 But yet so stunn'd, that staggering on the  
 plain,  
 His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;  
 O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,  
 And a short darkness shades his swimming  
 eyes.  
 Tydides follow'd to regain his lance ;  
 While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,  
 Remounts his car, and herds amidst the  
 crowd :  
 The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud :  
 ' Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit  
 breath,  
 Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the  
 death.  
 Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,  
 And oft that partial power has lent his aid.  
 Thou shalt not long the death deserved with-  
 stand,  
 If any god assist Tydides' hand.  
 Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight, this  
 day,  
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall  
 pay.'  
 Him, while he triumph'd, Paris eyed from  
 far,  
 (The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war ;)

Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,  
 From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument ;  
 Behind the column placed, he bent his bow,  
 And wing'd an arrow at the unwary foe ;  
 Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest  
 To seize, and drew the corslet from his  
 breast,  
 The bowstring twang'd ; nor flew the shaft  
 in vain,  
 But pierced his foot, and nail'd it to the  
 plain.  
 The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,  
 Leaps from his ambush, and insults the  
 king.  
 ' He bleeds ! (he cries) some god has sped  
 my dart ;  
 Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart !  
 So Troy, relieved from that wide-wasting  
 hand,  
 Should breathe from slaughter and in com-  
 bat stand ;  
 Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,  
 As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.'  
 He dauntless thus : ' Thou conqueror of  
 the fair,  
 Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair ;  
 Vain archer ! trusting to the distant dart,  
 Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part !  
 Thou hast but done what boys or women  
 can ;  
 Such hands may wound, but not incense a  
 man.  
 Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,  
 A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.  
 Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day  
 feel ;  
 Fate wings its flight, and death 'is on the  
 steel :  
 Where this but lights, some noble life ex-  
 pires ;  
 Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks  
 of sires,  
 Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of  
 air,  
 And leaves such objects as distract the fair.'

Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,  
Before him steps, and bending draws the  
dart :

Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang suc-  
ceeds ;

Tydidēs mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,  
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on ;  
But stands collected in himself, and whole,  
And questions thus his own unconquer'd  
soul :

'What further subterfuge, what hopes re-  
main ?

What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain ?  
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,  
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?  
Yet wherefore doubtful ? let this truth  
suffice ;

The brave meets danger, and the coward  
flies :

To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart ;  
And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part.'

Such thoughts revolving in his careful  
breast,

Near, and more near, the shady cohorts  
prest ;

These, in the warrior, their own fate en-  
close,

And round him deep the steely circle grows.  
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds  
Of shouting huntsmen and of clamorous  
hounds ;

He grinds his ivory tusks ; he foams with  
ire ;

His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire ;  
By these, by those, on every part is plied ;  
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.  
Pierced through the shoulder, first Deïopis  
fell ;

Next Ennomus and Thoön sank to hell ;  
Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,  
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody  
dust.

Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near ;  
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear ;

But to his aid his brother Soens flies,  
Soeus, the brave, the generous, and the  
wise.

Near as he drew, the warrior thus began :

'O great Ulysses ! much-enduring man !  
Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,  
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight !  
This day two brothers shall thy conquest  
grace,

And end at once the great Hippasian race,  
Or thou beneath this lance must press the  
field.'

He said, and forceful pierced his spacious  
shield :

Through the strong brass the ringing javelin  
thrown,

Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the  
bone.

By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep in-  
fix'd,

Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails  
mix'd.

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,  
Then furious thus (but first some steps with-  
drew :)

'Unhappy man ! whose death our hands  
shall grace !

Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy  
race.

No longer check my conquests on the foe ;  
But, pierced by this, to endless darkness  
go,

And add one spectre to the realms below !'

He spoke, while Soeus, seized with sudden  
fright,

Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to  
flight ;

Between his shoulders pierced the following  
dart,

And held its passage through the panting  
heart :

Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly  
wound ;

He falls ; his armour rings against the  
ground.

Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain :  
'Famed son of Hippasus ! there press the  
plain :

There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,  
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.

Ah, wretch ! no father shall thy corpse com-  
pose ;

Thy dying eyes no tender mother close ;

But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,  
And hovering vultures scream around their  
prey.

Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my  
doom,

With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb.'

Then raging with intolerable smart,  
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.  
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,  
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile  
blood.

Now troops on troops the fainting chief in-  
vade,

Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.

Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears ;

The well-known voice thrice Menelaüs hears :

Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried,

Who shares his labours, and defends his  
side :

'O friend ! Ulysses' shouts invade my car ;  
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near ;

Strong as he is, yet, one opposed to all,

Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.  
Greece robb'd of him must bid her host de-  
spair,

And feel a loss not ages can repair.'

Then, where the cry directs, his course he  
bends ;

Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends.

The prudent chief in sore distress they  
found,

With bands of furious Trojans compass'd  
round.

As when some huntsman, with a flying  
spear,

From the blind thicket wounds a stately  
deer ;

Down his cleft side, while fresh the blood  
distils,

He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to  
hills,

Till life's warm vapour issuing through the  
wound,

Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast  
surround ;'

Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,

The lion rushes through the woodland shade,

The wolves, though hungry, scour dispersed  
away ;

The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains ;

A single warrior half a host sustains :

But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like  
shield,

The scatter'd crowds fly frightened o'er the  
field ;

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,

And, saved from numbers, to his car con-  
veys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew ;

And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew ;

On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,

And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.

As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,

Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged  
plains,

And pines and oaks, from their foundations  
torn,

A country's ruins ! to the seas are borne :

Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding  
throng ;

Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps  
along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter  
far,

Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war:

Loud groans proclaim his progress through  
the plain,

And deep Seamander swells with heaps of  
slain.

There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose

The warrior's fury ; there the battle glows ;

There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height, His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight. The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around, Had pierced Machaon with a distant wound: In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd. To Nestor then Idomeneus begun : 'Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son ! Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away, And great Machaon to the ships convey : A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal, Is more than armies to the public weal.' Old Nestor mounts the seat ; beside him rode The wounded offspring of the healing god. He lends the lash ; the steeds with sounding feet Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet. But now Celeriones, from Hector's car, Survey'd the various fortune of the war : 'While here (he cried) the flying Greeks are slain, Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. Before great Ajax see the mingled throng Of men and chariots driven in heaps along ! I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field By the broad glittering of the sevenfold shield. Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds, There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds ; There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite, And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.' Thus having spoke, the driver's lash re-sounds ; Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ;	Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields, O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields. The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore, And, dashing, purple all the car before ; The groaning axle sable drops distils, And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels. Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight, Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light : (By the long lance, the sword, or poudrous stone, The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'er-thrown) Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate, And fears that arm whose force he felt so late. But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part, Shot heaven-bred horror through the Grecian's heart ; Confused, unnerved in Hector's presence grown, Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own. O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw, And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew. Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains, Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains ; Repulsed by numbers from the nightly stalls, Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls, Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires ; Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires : So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd, While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd. As the slow beast, with heavy strength endued, In some wide field by troops of boys pursued ; Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain, Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain ;
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Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
 The patient animal maintains his ground,  
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts  
   chased,  
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last :  
 On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,  
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung ;  
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
 Now turns, and backward bears the yielding  
   bands ;  
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
 And threats his followers with retorted eye.  
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring  
   powers,  
 While hissing darts descend in iron showers:  
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,  
 Its surface bristled with a quivering wood ;  
 And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,  
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in  
   vain.  
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,  
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of  
   darts ;  
 Whose eager javelin launch'd against the  
   foe,  
 Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow ;  
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,  
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.  
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,  
 From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled ;  
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,  
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the  
   wood.  
 Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired,  
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fired :  
 'What god, O Grecians ! has your hearts  
   dismay'd ?  
 Oh, turn to arms ; 'tis Ajax claims your  
   aid.  
 This hour he stands the mark of hostile  
   rage,  
 And this the last brave battle he shall wage ;  
 Haste, join your forces ; from the gloomy  
   grave  
 The warrior rescue, and your country save.'

Thus urged the chief : a generous troop  
   appears,  
 Who spread their bucklers, and advance their  
   spears,  
 To guard their wounded friend : while thus  
   they stand  
 With pious care, great Ajax joins the band :  
 Each takes new courage at the hero's sight ;  
 The hero rallies, and renews the fight.  
 Thus raged both armies like conflicting  
   fires,  
 While Nestor's chariot far from fight re-  
   tires :  
 His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd  
   with gore,  
 The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.  
 That hour, Achilles, from the topmost  
   height  
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of  
   fight ;  
 His seasted eyes beheld around the plain  
 The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.  
 His friend Machaon singled from the rest,  
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.  
 Straight to Menœtius' much-loved son he  
   sent :  
 Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent ;  
 In evil hour ! Then fate decreed his doom,  
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.  
 'Why calls my friend ? thy loved injunc-  
   tions lay ;  
 Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.  
 'O first of friends ! (Pelides thus replied)  
 Still at my heart, and ever at my side !  
 The time is come, when yon despairing  
   host  
 Shall learn the value of the man they lost :  
 Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their  
   moan  
 And proud Atreides tremble on his throne.  
 Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught  
 What wounded warrior late his chariot  
   brought :  
 For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,  
 His form recall'd Machaon to my mind ;

<p>Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,  The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.  The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste.  Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd ;  The chiefs descending from their car he found ;  The panting steeds Euryinedon unbound.  The warriors standing on the breezy shore,  To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,  Here paused a moment, while the gentle gale  Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;  Then to consult on farther methods went,  And took their seats beneath the shady tent.  The draught prescribed, fair Hecamede prepares,  Arsinoüs' daughter, graced with golden hairs:  (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,  Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)  A table first with azure feet she placed,  Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced ;  Honey new-press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,  And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat.  Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,  A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings  From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,  Two feet support it, and four handles hold ;  On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,  In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink:  A massy weight, yet heaved with ease by him  When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.  Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine  Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;  With goat's-milk cheese a flavoured taste bestows,  And last with flour the smiling surface strows:  This for the wounded prince the dame prepares ;  The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:</p>	<p>Salubrious draughts the warriors' thirst allay,  And pleasing conference beguiles the day.  Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,  Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.  Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led  To his high seat : the chief refused, and said:  'Tis now no season for these kind delays;  The great Achilles with impatience stays.  To great Achilles this respect I owe ;  Who asks, what hero, wounded by the foe,  Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds ?  With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.  This to report, my hasty course I bend ;  Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.'  'Can then the sons of Greece (the sage re-join'd)  Excite compassion in Achilles' mind ?  Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know ?  This is not half the story of our woe.  Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,  Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,  Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,  And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.  But, ah ! what flattering hopes I entertain !  Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain :  Even till the flames consume our fleet he stays,  And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.  Chief after chief the raging foe destroys ;  Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.  Now the slow course of all-impairing time  Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ;  Oh ! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,  When this bold arm the Epeian powers oppress'd,  The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,  And stretch'd the great Ithymonæus dead !  Then from my fury fled the trembling swains,  And ours was all the plunder of the plains :  Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,  As many goats, as many lowing kine ;</p>
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And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,  
 All teeming females, and of generous breeds.  
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won ;  
 Old Neleus gloried in his conquering son.  
 Thus Elis forced her long arrears restored,  
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.  
 The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,  
 When the proud Elians first commenced the  
 war :

For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain ;  
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain !  
 Oppress'd, we arm'd ; and now this conquest  
 gain'd,

My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.  
 (That large reprisal he might justly claim,  
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,  
 When Elis' monarch, at the public course,  
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)

The rest the people shared ; myself survey'd  
 The just partition, and due victims paid.

Three days were past, when Elis rose to  
 war,

With many a courser, and with many a  
 car ;

The sons of Actor at their army's head  
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons  
 led.

High on a rock fair Thyoeusa stands,  
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands ;  
 Not far the streams of famed Alphæus  
 flow :

The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their  
 tents below.

Pallas, descending in the shades of night,  
 Alarms the Pylians and commands the fight.  
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial  
 pride,

Myself the foremost ; but my sire denied ;  
 Fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms ;  
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my  
 arms.

My sire denied in vain : on foot I fled  
 Amidst our chariots ; for the goddess led.

' Along fair Aren's delightful plain  
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main :

There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops  
 unite,

And, sheathed in arms, expect the dawning  
 light.

Thence, ere the sun advanced his noon-day  
 flame,

To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.

There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid ;  
 An untamed heifer pleased the blue-eyed

maid ;

A bull, Alphæus ; and a bull was slain

To the blue monarch of the watery main.

In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,

While round the town the fierce Epeians  
 stood.

Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,

Flamed in the front of Heaven, and gave the  
 day,

Bright scenes of arms, and works of war, ap-  
 pear ;

The nations meet ; there Pylos, Elis here.

The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled ;

King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede :

(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,

And every herb that drinks the morning dew)

I seized his car, the van of battle led ;

The Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.

The foe dispersed, their bravest warrior kill'd,

Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :

Full fifty captive chariots graced my train ;

Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the  
 plain.

Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune  
 shrouds

The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate  
 throng,

Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,

Through wide Buprasian fields we forced  
 the foes,

Where o'er the vales the Olenian rocks arose ;

Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.

Even there the hindmost of the rear I slay,

And the same arm that led concludes the day ;

Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.

There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,  
 As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind.  
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;  
 So proved my valour for my country's good.  
 'Achilles with unactive fury glows,  
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.  
 How shall he grieve, when to the eternal shade  
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid!  
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,  
 When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,  
 I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,  
 And entered Peleus' hospitable court.  
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,  
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.  
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire  
 Menœtus, turn'd the fragments on the fire.  
 Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;  
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.  
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,  
 Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.  
 Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;  
 Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave."  
 Menœtus thus: "Though great Achilles shine  
 In strength superior, and of race divine,  
 Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;  
 Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."  
 Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court:  
 Words now forgot, though now of vast import.  
 Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say:  
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;  
 Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move;  
 Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.  
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,  
 If aught from Heaven withhold his saving arm,  
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,  
 If thou but lead the Myrionidonian line;

Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,  
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labour'd train  
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.  
 This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent  
 Along the shore with hasty strides he went;  
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,  
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,  
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,  
 And altars to the guardian gods arise;  
 There, sad, he met the brave Evæmon's son,  
 Large painful drops from all his members run;  
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
 The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.  
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart,  
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.  
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,  
 Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:  
 'Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!  
 Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?  
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,  
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore?  
 Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?  
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?  
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,  
 And this the period of our wars and fame?'  
 Eurypylus replies: 'No more, my friend;  
 Greece is no more! this day her glories end.  
 Even to the ships victorious Troy pursues,  
 Her force increasing as her toil renews.  
 Those chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,  
 Lie pierced with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.'



But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,  
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;  
With lukewarm water wash the gore away;  
With healing balms the raging smart allay,  
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,  
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.  
Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands  
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;  
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,  
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.  
To him the chief: 'What then remains to do?

The event of things the gods alone can view.  
Charged by Achilles' great command I fly,  
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply:  
But thy distress this instant claims relief.'  
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.  
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,  
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:  
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay;  
Patroclus cut the forky steel away:  
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruised;  
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.  
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

## BOOK XII.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

The Greeks having retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel; and having divided their array into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack: in

which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend  
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,  
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,  
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;  
With gods averse the ill-fated works arose;  
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,  
The walls were raised, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands

The proudest monument of mortal hands!  
This stood while Hector and Achilles rage'd,  
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged;  
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,  
And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd;

Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,  
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;

Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,  
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,  
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,  
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;

And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main  
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:

These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,

Deluged the rampire nine continual days;  
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,  
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.  
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,  
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.  
The god of ocean, marching stern before,  
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,

Vast stones and piles from their foundation  
heaves,  
And whirls the smoky ruin in the waves.  
Now smooth'd with sand, and level'd by the  
flood,  
No fragment tells where once the wonder  
stood ;  
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,  
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the  
plain.  
But this the gods in later times perform ;  
As yet the bulwark stood, and braved the  
storm ;  
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers ;  
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood dis-  
tain'd the towers.  
Smote by the arm of Jove with dire dismay,  
Close by their hollow ships the Greeians lay :  
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,  
And Hector's fury every moment fear.  
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering  
throng,  
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.  
So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,  
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands ;  
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,  
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm :  
His powers, untamed, their bold assault defy,  
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die :  
He foams, he glares, he bounds against  
them all,  
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.  
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows ;  
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.  
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,  
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath ;  
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the  
ground,  
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.  
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,  
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the  
steep ;  
The bottom bare (a formidable show !)  
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes be-  
low,

The foot alone this strong defence could  
force,  
And try the pass impervious to the horse.  
This saw Polydamas ; who, wisely brave,  
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel  
gave :  
'O thou, bold leader of the Trojan bands!  
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign  
lands !  
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots  
find,  
The stakes beneath, the Greeian walls be-  
hind ?  
No pass through those, without a thousand  
wounds,  
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.  
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,  
On certain dangers we too rashly run :  
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,  
Oh may this instant end the Greeian name !  
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,  
And one great day destroy and bury all !  
But should they turn, and here oppress our  
train,  
What hopes, what methods of retreat re-  
main ?  
Wedge'd in the trench, by our own troops  
confused,  
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and  
bruised,  
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,  
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.  
Hear then, ye warriors ! and obey with speed ;  
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led ;  
Then all alighting, wedge'd in firm array,  
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.  
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering  
power,  
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.'  
This counsel pleased : the godlike Hector  
sprung  
Swift from his seat ; his clanging armour  
rung.  
The chief's example follow'd by his train,  
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.

By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,  
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind ;  
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,  
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.  
The best and bravest in the first conspire,  
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with  
fire :

Great Hector glorious in the van of these,  
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.  
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,  
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.  
The sons of Priam with the third appear,  
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer ;  
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,  
Who drew from Hyrtæus his noble blood,  
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,  
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.  
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,  
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.  
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,  
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.  
Next him, the bravest, at their army's head,  
But he more brave than all the hosts he  
led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,  
The moving legions speed their headlong  
way :

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,  
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,  
The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,  
Asius alone, confiding in his car,  
His vaunted coursers urged to meet the  
war.

Unhappy hero ! and advised in vain ;  
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the  
plain :

No more those coursers with triumphant joy  
Restore their master to the gates of Troy !  
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,  
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !  
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the  
plain

The flying Grecians strove their ships to  
gain ;

Swift through the wall their horse and  
chariots past,

The gates half-open'd to receive the last.  
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies :  
His following host with clamours rend the  
skies ;

To plunge the Grecians headlong in the  
main,

Such their proud hopes ; but all their hopes  
were vain !

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs at-  
tend,

Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend ;  
This Polypoetes, great Pirithous' heir,  
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.

As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ;  
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the  
skies :

Whose spreading arms with leafy honours  
crown'd,

Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;  
High on the hills appears their stately form,  
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.  
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand  
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.

Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,  
And Ænomaus and Thoön close the rear :  
In vain their clamours shake the ambient  
fields,

In vain around them beat their hollow  
shields ;

The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,  
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.  
Even when they saw Troy's sable troops im-  
pend,

And Greece tumultuous from her towers de-  
scend,

Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid  
pair,

Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves  
the war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their  
den,

Roused with the cries of dogs and voice of  
men ;

On every side the crackling trees they tear,  
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;  
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-  
 balls roll,  
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty  
 soul.  
 Around their heads the whistling javelins  
 sung,  
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets  
 rung;  
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian  
 powers  
 Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty  
 towers:  
 To save the fleet, their last efforts they try,  
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests  
 fly.  
 As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and  
 brings  
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings;  
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of  
 'snow  
 Descend, and whiten all the fields below:  
 So fast the darts on either army pour,  
 So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;  
 Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd  
 shields,  
 And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.  
 With shame repulsed, with grief and fury  
 driven,  
 The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven:  
 'In powers immortal who shall now believe?  
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?  
 What man could doubt but Troy's victorious  
 power  
 Should humble Greece, and this her fatal  
 hour?  
 But like when wasps from hollow crannies  
 drive,  
 To guard the entrance of their common  
 hive,  
 Darkening the rock, while with unwearied  
 wings  
 They strike the assailants, and infix their  
 stings;

A race determined, that to death contend:  
 So fierce these Greeks their last retreats de-  
 fend.  
 Gods! shall two warriors only guard their  
 gates,  
 Repel an army, and defraud the fates?'  
 These empty accents mingled with the  
 wind,  
 Nor moved great Jove's unalterable mind;  
 To godlike Hector and his matchless might  
 Was owed the glory of the destined fight.  
 Like deeds of arms through all the forts were  
 tried,  
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;  
 Through the long walls the stony showers  
 were heard,  
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms ap-  
 pear'd.  
 The spirit of a god my breast inspire,  
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!  
 While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the  
 war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;  
 And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,  
 With unassisting arms deplored the day.  
 Even yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain  
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the  
 slain.  
 First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel,  
 Pierced through his helmet's brazen visor,  
 fell;  
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and  
 gore!  
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!  
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:  
 Nor less Leonteus strews the field with  
 death;  
 First through the belt Hippomachus he  
 gored,  
 Then sudden waved his unresisted sword  
 Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,  
 The falchion struck, and fate pursued the  
 stroke;  
 Ilimenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;  
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew  
 Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ;  
 Pierce with impatience on the works to fall,  
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.  
 These on the farther bank now stood and  
 gazed,

By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amazed :  
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,  
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the  
 skies ;

A bleeding serpent of enormous size,  
 His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round,  
 He stung the bird, whose throat received the  
 wound :

Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,  
 In airy circles wings his painful way,  
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven  
 with cries :

Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.  
 They, pale with terror, mark its spires un-  
 roll'd,  
 And Jove's portent with beating hearts be-  
 hold.

Then first Polydamas the silence broke,  
 Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector  
 spoke :

'How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,  
 For words well meant, and sentiments sin-  
 cere ?

True to those counsels which I judge the best,  
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.

To speak his thoughts is every freeman's  
 right,

In peace, in war, in council, and in fight ;  
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,  
 But tends to raise that power which I obey.  
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be  
 vain !

Seek not this day the Grecian ships to gain ;  
 For sure, to warn us, Jove his omen sent,  
 And thus my mind explains its clear event :  
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight  
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with  
 fright,

Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,  
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ;  
 Thus, though we gird with fires the Grecian  
 fleet,

Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our  
 feet,

Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;  
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes  
 bleed.

So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ;  
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.'

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :  
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)  
 'Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?  
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong :  
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,  
 Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent.  
 What coward counsels would thy madness  
 move

Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?  
 The leading sign, the irrevocable nod,  
 And happy thunders of the favouring god,  
 These shall I slight, and guide my wavering  
 mind

By wandering birds that flit with every wind ?  
 Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,  
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend ;  
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,  
 While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.  
 Without a sign his sword the brave man  
 draws,

And asks no omen but his country's cause.  
 But why shouldst thou suspect the war's suc-  
 cess ?

None fears it more, as none promotes it less :  
 Though all our chiefs amidst yon ships expire,  
 Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.  
 Troy and her sons may find a general grave,  
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.  
 Yet should the fears that wary mind sug-  
 gests

Spread their cold poison through our soldiers'  
 breasts,

My javelin can revenge so base a part,  
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.'

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,  
 Calls on his host ; his host obey the call ;  
 With ardour follow where their leader flies :  
 Re-tumbling clamours thunder in the skies.  
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of  
 Ide,  
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide :  
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,  
 And gives great Hector the predestined day.  
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,  
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.  
 In vain the mounds and massy beams de-  
 fend,  
 While these they undermine, and those they  
 rend ;  
 Uplcave the piles that prop the solid wall,  
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.  
 Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce  
 alarms ;  
 The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving  
 arms,  
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row ;  
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.  
 The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,  
 And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian  
 power.  
 The generous impulse every Greek obeys ;  
 Threats urge the fearful ; and the vallant,  
 praise.  
 ' Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known  
 to fame,  
 And you, whose ardour hopes an equal name !  
 Since not alike endued with force or art ;  
 Behold a day when each may act his part !  
 A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,  
 To gain new glories, or augment the old.  
 Urge those who stand, and those who faint,  
 excite ;  
 Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations  
 of fight ;  
 Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ;  
 Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall ;  
 So Jove once more may drive their routed  
 train,  
 And 'Troy lie trembling in her walls again.'

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian  
 powers ;  
 And now the stones descend in heavier  
 showers.  
 As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,  
 And opes his cloudy magazine of storms ;  
 In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,  
 A snowy inundation hides the plain ;  
 He still the winds, and bids the skies to  
 sleep ;  
 Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep :  
 And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,  
 Then the green fields, and then the sandy  
 shore ;  
 Bent with the weight, the nodding woods  
 are seen,  
 And one bright waste hides all the works of  
 men :  
 The circling seas, alone absorbing all,  
 Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall :  
 So from each side increased the stony rain,  
 And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.  
 Thus godlike Hector and his troops con-  
 tend  
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend :  
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks  
 would yield,  
 Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field ;  
 For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame  
 His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.  
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;  
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were  
 roll'd,  
 Ponderous with brass, and bound with due-  
 tile gold :  
 And while two pointed javelins arm his  
 hands,  
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lyeian  
 bands.  
 So press'd with hunger, from the moun-  
 tain's brow  
 Descends a lion on the flocks below ;  
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,  
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain :

In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,  
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;  
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;  
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting  
prey.

Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows  
With generous rage that drives him on the  
foes.

He views the towers, and meditates their  
fall,

'To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall;  
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,  
Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:

'Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended  
reign,

Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian  
plain,

Our numerous herds that range the fruitful  
field,

And hills where vines their purple harvest  
yield,

Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly  
sound?

Why on those shores are we with joy sur-  
vey'd,

Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,  
Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?

'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;  
The first in valour, as the first in place;  
That when with wondering eyes our martial  
bands

Behold our deeds transcending our com-  
mands,

Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign  
state,

Whom those that envy dare not imitate!  
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
Which claims no less the fearful than the  
brave,

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,

The life, which others pay, let us bestow,  
And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we  
live,

Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the listening chief in-  
spire

With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's  
fire;

The troops pursue their leaders with delight,  
Rush to the foe, and claim the promised  
fight.

Menestheus from on high the storm beheld  
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the  
field:

Around the walls he gazed, to view from far  
What aid appear'd to avert the approaching  
war,

And saw where Teucer with the Ajaces stood,  
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.

In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields  
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the  
fields,

The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,  
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thun-  
ders all the ground.

Then thus to Thoös: 'Hence with speed  
(he said)

And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;  
Their strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:

Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
The best and bravest of the hostile force.

But if too fiercely there the foes contend,  
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'

Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along  
The lofty ramparts, through the martial  
throng,

And finds the heroes bathed in sweat and  
gore,

Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.

'Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!  
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands;

Your strength, united, best may help to bear  
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :  
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,  
The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,  
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,  
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow  
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his  
care,

And thus bespoke his brothers of the war :  
'Now, valiant Lyeomede ! exert your might,  
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight ;  
To you I trust the fortune of the field,  
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd ;  
That done, expect me to complete the day—'  
Then, with his sevenfold shield, he strode  
away.

With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the  
shore,

Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian  
powers,

Like some black tempest gathering round  
the towers :

The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force  
unite,

Prepared to labour in the unequal fight :

The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans  
arise ;

Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens  
in the skies.

Fierce Ajax first the advancing host invades,  
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,  
Sarpedon's friend ; across the warrior's way,  
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay ;  
In modern ages not the strongest swain  
Could heave the unwieldy burden from the  
plain.

He poised, and swung it round ; then toss'd  
on high,

It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky ;  
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,  
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd  
crown.

As skilful divers from some airy steep  
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,  
So falls Epicles ; then in groans expires,  
And murmuring to the shades the soul re-  
tires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus  
drew,

From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew ;  
The bearded shaft the destined passage  
found,

And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.

The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting  
boast

Might stop the progress of his warlike host,  
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his  
height,

Retired reluctant from the unfinish'd fight.

Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld

Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field ;

His beating breast with generous ardour  
glows,

He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel ;

Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed  
steel ;

Then from the yawning wound with fury tore  
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of  
gore :

Down sinks the warrior with a thundering  
sound,

His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,

Tugs with full force, and every nerve ap-  
plies :

It shakes ; the ponderous stones disjointed  
yield,

The rolling ruins smoke along the field.

A mighty breach appears ; the walls lie bare ;

And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

At once bold Teucer draws the twanging  
bow,

And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe ;

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,

And through his buckler drove the trembling  
wood ;



But Jove was present in the dire debate,  
 To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.  
 The prince gave back, not meditating flight,  
 But urging vengeance, and severer fight ;  
 Then raised with hope, and fired with glory's  
 charms,  
 His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.  
 'O where, ye Lycians ! is the strength you  
 boast,  
 Your former fame and ancient virtue lost !  
 The breach lies open, but your chief in vain  
 Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain :  
 Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall ;  
 The force of powerful union conquers all.'  
 This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew ;  
 They join, they thicken, and the assault re-  
 new :  
 Unmoved the embodied Greeks their fury  
 dare,  
 And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;  
 Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian  
 powers,  
 Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian  
 towers.  
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,  
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute  
 their bounds ;  
 They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor  
 yield,  
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field :  
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ;  
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the  
 wall.  
 Their manly breasts are pierced with many  
 a wound,  
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms  
 resound ;  
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,  
 And the high ramparts drip with human gore.  
 As when two scales are charged with  
 doubtful loads,  
 From side to side the trembling balance  
 nods,  
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,  
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)

Till poised aloft, the resting beam suspends  
 Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, de-  
 scends :  
 So stood the war, till Hector's matchless  
 might,  
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of  
 fight.  
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,  
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries.  
 'Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant  
 hands,  
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing  
 brands !'  
 They hear, they run ; and, gathering at his  
 call,  
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :  
 Around the works a wood of glittering  
 spears  
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.  
 A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to  
 throw,  
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below :  
 Not two strong men the enormous weight  
 could raise,  
 Such men as live in these degenerate days :  
 Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear  
 The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in  
 air ;  
 For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load  
 The unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.  
 Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,  
 Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;  
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung :  
 Then thundering through the planks with  
 forceful sway,  
 Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give  
 way,  
 The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling  
 door  
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges  
 roar  
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
 Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining  
 spears :

A dreadful gleam from his bright armour  
came,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living  
flame.  
He moves a god, resistless in his course,  
And seems a match for more than mortal  
force.  
Then pouring after, through the gaping  
space,  
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;  
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they  
fly;  
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult  
rends the sky.

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### BOOK XIII.

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#### ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH  
NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS: THE ACTS  
OF IDOMENEUS.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaces, assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed: Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Olhryoneus, Asius, and Alcaethous: Delphobus and Aeneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pirander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaces, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat  
coast  
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering  
host,  
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray  
To toil and struggle through the well-fought  
day.  
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight  
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,  
To where the Mysians prove their martial  
force,  
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;  
And where the far-famed Hippemolgian  
strays,  
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;  
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,  
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:  
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene  
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:  
No aid, he deems, to either host is given.  
While his high law suspends the powers of  
Heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the watery main  
Observed the Thunderer, nor observed in  
vain.

In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,  
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps be-  
low,

He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes  
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;  
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;  
The crowded ships and sable seas between.  
There, from the crystal chambers of the main  
Emerged, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives  
slain.

At Jove incensed, with grief and fury stung,  
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;  
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,  
The forest shakes; earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.  
From realm to realm three ample strides he  
took,

And, at the fourth, the distant Æge shook.  
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
Eternal frame! not rous'd by mortal hands:

This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds  
he reins,

Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden  
manes.

Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge ap-  
plies,

He sits superior, and the chariot flies :

His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;

The enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep

Gambol around him on the watery way,

And heavy whales in awkward measures play;

The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,

Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;

The parting waves before his coursers fly ;

The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,

Between where Tenedos the surges lave,

And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave :

There the great ruler of the azure round

Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds un-  
bound,

Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,

And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,

Infrangible, immortal : there they stay :

The father of the floods pursues his way :

Where, like a tempest darkening heaven  
around,

Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,

The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,

Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along :

To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry

The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply :

They vow destruction to the Grecian name,

And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas pro-  
found,

The god whose earthquakes rock the solid  
ground,

Now wears a mortal form ; like Calchas seen,

Such his loud voice, and such his manly  
mien ;

His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,

But most the Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to  
raise ;

Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise !

'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ;

Flight, more than shameful, is destructive  
here.

On other works though Troy with fury fall,  
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall ;

There Greece has strength : but this, this  
part o'erthrown,

Her strength were vain ; I dread for you  
alone :

Here Hector rages like the force of fire,

Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his  
sire :

If yet some heavenly power your breast ex-  
cite,

Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms  
to fight,

Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet  
maintain :

And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be  
vain.'

Then with his sceptre, that the deep con-  
trols,

He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly  
souls :

Strength, not their own, the touch divine  
imparts,

Prompts their light limbs, and swells their  
daring hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,

Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,

Forth-springing instant, darts herself from  
high,

Shoots on the wing, and skims along the  
sky :

Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew ;

The wide horizon shut him from their view.

The inspiring god Oileus' active son

Perceived the first, and thus to Telamon :

'Some god, my friend, some god in human  
form

Favouring descends, and wills to stand the  
storm.

Not Calchas this, the venerable seer ;  
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear :  
 I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;  
 His own bright evidence reveals a god.  
 Even now some energy divine I share,  
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in  
     air !'  
 ' With equal ardour (Telamon returns)  
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns ;  
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.  
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;  
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart :  
 Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,  
 And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.'  
 Full of the god that urged their burning  
     breast,  
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth ex-  
     press'd.  
 Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks in-  
     spired ;  
 Who breathless, pale, with length of labours  
     tired,  
 Pant in the ships ; while Troy to conquest  
     calls,  
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding  
     walls ;  
 Trembling before the impending storm they  
     lie.  
 While tears of rage stand burning in their  
     eye.  
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their  
     fatal hour ;  
 But breathe new courage as they feel the  
     power.  
 Teucer and Leitus first his words excite ;  
 Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight ;  
 Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,  
 And Merion next, the impulsive fury found ;  
 Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,  
 While thus the god the martial fire awakes :  
 ' Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace  
 To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race !  
 I trusted in the gods, and you, to see  
 Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free :

Ah, no—the glorious combat you disclaim,  
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
 Heavens ! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day !  
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd  
     bands ?  
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ?  
 A rout undisciplined, a straggling train,  
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain ;  
 Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursued,  
 A prey to every savage of the wood :  
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your  
     name,  
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in  
     flame ?  
 A change so shameful, say, what cause has  
     wrought ?  
 The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault ?  
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ;  
 The purchase infamy, and life the price ?  
 'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injured fame :  
 Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.  
 Grant that our chief offend through rage or  
     lust,  
 Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust ?  
 Prevent this evil, and your country save :  
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the  
     brave.  
 Think, and subdue I on dastards dead to  
     fame  
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :  
 But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,  
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost !  
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;  
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
 Let each reflect, who prides fame or breath,  
 On endless infamy, on instant death :  
 For, lo ! the fated time, the appointed shore :  
 Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers  
     roar !  
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;  
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.'  
 These words the Grecians' fainting hearts  
     inspire,  
 And listening armies catch the godlike fire.

Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,  
With well-ranged squadrons strongly circled  
round :

So close their order, so disposed their fight,  
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight ;  
Or had the god of war inclined his eyes.  
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.  
A closen phalanx, firm, resolved as fate,  
Descending Hector and his battle wait.  
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in  
shields,  
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets  
throng,

Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man  
along.

The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding  
grove ;

And level'd at the skies with pointing rays,  
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
The close-compacted legions urged their way:  
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy ;  
Troy charged the first, and Hector first of  
Troy.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead  
torn,

A rock's round fragment flies, with fury  
borne,

(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent  
rends)

Precipitate the ponderous mass descends ;  
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds ;  
At every shock the crackling wood resounds ;  
Still gathering force, it smokes ; and urged  
again,

Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous  
to the plain :

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force  
he proved,

Resistless when he raged, and, when he  
stopp'd, unmoved.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,  
And all their falchions wave around his head :

Repulsed he stands, nor from his stand re-  
tires ;

But with repeated shouts his army fires.

'Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make  
your way

Through yon square body, and that black  
array :

Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatter-  
ing power,

Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower ;  
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,  
'The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.'

He said ; and roused the soul in every  
breast :

Urged with desire of fame, beyond the rest,  
Forth march'd Deiphobus ; but, marching,  
held

Before his wary steps his ample shield.

Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it  
wide ;)

The glittering javelin pierced the tough bull-  
hide ;

But pierced not through : unfaithful to his  
hand,

The point broke short, and sparkled in the  
sand.

The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,  
On the raised orb to distance bore the spear.

The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate  
blow,

And cursed the treacherous lance that spared  
a foe ;

Then to the ships with surly speed he went,  
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle  
glows,

The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.  
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,

'The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.  
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were  
led,

In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,

The youth had dwelt, remote from war's  
alarms,

And blest in bright Medesicæste's arms :

(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,  
 Alied the warrior to the house of Troy)  
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,  
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:  
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,  
 He lived, beloved and honour'd as his own.  
 Him Teucer pierced between the throat and ear:  
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.  
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,  
 Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,  
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground;  
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.  
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,  
 From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:  
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart  
 Sung on, and pierced Amphimachus's heart,  
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;  
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine!  
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,  
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.  
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,  
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,  
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;  
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;  
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,  
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.  
 Repulsed he yields; the victor Greeks obtain  
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.  
 Between the leaders of the Athenian line,  
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)  
 Deplored Amphimachus, sad object lies;  
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.  
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn,  
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,  
 In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,  
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;

So these, the chief: great Ajax from the dead  
 Strips his bright arms; Oileus lops his head:  
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fired with stern disdain,  
 And pierced with sorrow for his grandson slain,

Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,

And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.

Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
 He finds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete.  
 His pensive brow the generous care express'd  
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,

Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,  
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;  
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;  
 'That office paid, he issued from his tent  
 Fierce for the fight: to whom the god begun,  
 In Thoas' voice, Andromon's valiant son,  
 Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise,  
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:

'Where's now the imperious vaunt, the daring boast,  
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?'

To whom the king: 'On Greece no blame be thrown;  
 Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.

Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains  
 Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains:

'Tis heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,

That far, far distant from our native home  
 Wills us to fall inglorious! O! my friend!  
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend

Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,  
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.'

Thus he: and thus the god whose force can make

The solid globe's eternal basis shake:

' Ah ! never may he see his native land,  
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,  
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,  
Nor dares to combat on this signal day !  
For this, behold ! in hoſrid arms I ſhine,  
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine.  
Together let us battle on the plain ;  
Two, not the worſt ; nor even this ſuccour  
vain :

Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite ;  
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.'

This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat  
burns ;

Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns :  
From thence, two javelins glittering in his  
hand,

And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,  
Fierce on the foe the impetuous hero drove ;  
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,  
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven de-  
clares,

Or terrifies the offending world with wars ;  
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,  
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies :  
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled  
throng

Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch ſhaſh'd  
along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends ;  
Whom thus he queſtions : ' Ever beſt of  
friends !

O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,  
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a  
field ?

On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,  
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound ?  
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,  
And glows with proſpects of the approaching  
day.'

' O prince ! (Meriones replies) whoſe care  
Leads forth the embattled ſons of Crete to  
war ;

This ſpeaks my grief : this headleſs lance I  
wield ;

The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.'

To whom the Cretan : ' Enter, and receive  
The wanted weapons ; thoſe my tent can  
give ;

Spears I have ſtore, (and Trojan lances all)  
That ſhed a luſtre round the illumined wall,  
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,  
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim the uncertain  
ſpear,

Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain ;  
And thence theſe trophies, and theſe arms I  
gain.

Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,  
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame  
with gold.'

' Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial  
toils ;

We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils :  
But thoſe my ſhip contains ; whence diſtant  
far,

I fight conſpicious in the van of war.

What need I more ? If any Greek there be  
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.'

To this, Idomeneus : ' The fields of fight  
Have proved thy valour, and unconquer'd  
might :

And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,  
Even there thy courage would not lag behind.  
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,  
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſs'd.  
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward  
ſhows ;

He ſhifts his place ; his colour comes and  
goes :

A dropping ſweat creeps cold on every part ;  
Againſt his boſom beats his quivering heart ;  
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare ;  
With chattering teeth he ſtands, and ſtiffen-  
ing hair,

And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair !

Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the  
ſame,

Unchanged his colour, and unmoved his  
frame ;

Compoſed his thought, determin'd is his eye,  
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die :

If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,  
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.  
 'In such assays thy blameless worth is  
     known,  
 And every art of dangerous war thy own.  
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you  
     bore,  
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all be-  
     fore;  
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave de-  
     light  
 To oppose thy bosom where the foremost  
     fight.  
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's  
     charms,  
 Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?  
 Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest  
     take,  
 And to their owners send them nobly back.'  
 Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a  
     spear,  
 And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.  
 So Mars omnipotent invades the plain,  
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man)  
 Terror, his best loved son, attends his course,  
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous  
     force;  
 'The pride of haughty warriors to confound,  
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:  
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire  
     alarms  
 Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;  
 Invoked by both, relentless they dispose,  
 To these glad conquest, murderous rout to  
     those.  
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,  
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the  
     plain.  
 Then first spake Merion: 'Shall we join  
     the right,  
 Or combat in the centre of the fight?  
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend?  
 Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.'  
 'Not in the centre (Idomen replied),  
 Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;

Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,  
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,  
 Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant  
     field,  
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.  
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:  
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame,  
 'Till Jore himself descends, his bolts to shed,  
 And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.  
 Great must he be, of more than human birth,  
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,  
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can  
     wound,  
 Whom Ajax fells not on the ensanguined  
     ground.  
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,  
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.  
 Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
 And live with glory, or with glory die.'  
 He said; and Merion to the appointed  
     place,  
 Fierce as the god of battles, urged his pace.  
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld  
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,  
 Their force embodied in a tide they pour;  
 The rising combat sounds along the shore.  
 As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,  
 From different quarters sweep the sandy  
     plain;  
 On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:  
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,  
 Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd  
     heaven.  
 All dreadful glared the iron face of war,  
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;  
 Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms,  
     and shields,  
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming  
     fields:  
 Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,  
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.  
 Saturn's great sons in fierce contention  
     vied,  
 And crowds of heroes in their anger died.



The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won  
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,  
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,  
But spared a while the destined Trojan  
towers :

While Neptune, rising from his azure main,  
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern dis-  
dain,  
And breathed revenge, and fired the Grecian  
train.

Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,  
Alike divine, and heaven their native place ;  
But Jove the greater ; first-born of the skies,  
And more than men, or gods, supremely  
wise.

For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,  
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.  
These powers infold the Greck and Trojan  
train

In war and discord's adamant chain,  
Indissolubly strong ; the fatal tie  
Is stretch'd on both, and close compell'd they  
die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats  
grey,

The bold Idomeneus controls the day.  
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition  
vain ;

Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
From high Cabeus' distant walls he came ;  
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of  
power,

And promised conquest was the proffer'd  
dower.

The king consented, by his vaunts abused ;  
The king consented, but the fates refused.  
Proud of himself, and of the imagined bride,  
The field he measured with a larger stride.  
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found ;  
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound :  
His dream of glory lost, he plunged to hell ;  
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;  
'And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !

Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,  
And such the contract of the Phrygian king !  
Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ;  
For such an aid what will not Argos give ?  
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,  
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.  
Meantime, on further methods to advise,  
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ;  
There hear what Greece has on her part to  
say.'

He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.  
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,  
Before his chariot warring on the plain ;  
(His crowded coursers, to his squire con-  
sign'd,

Impatient panted on his neck behind)  
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,  
He hoped the conquest of the Cretan king.  
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,  
Full on his throat discharged the forceful  
spear :

Beneath the chin the point was seen to  
glide,

And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.  
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
Groans to the oft-heaved axe, with many a  
wound,

Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the  
ground :

So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,  
And stretch'd before his much-loved coursers  
lay.

He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming  
gore,

And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the  
shore.

Deprived of motion, stiff with stupid fear,  
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,  
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,  
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey :  
Pierced by Antilochus, he pants beneath  
The stately car, and labours out his breath.  
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)  
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,  
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon  
 fly.  
 The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caused to  
 glance  
 From his slope shield the disappointed lance.  
 Beneath the spacious targe, (a blazing round,  
 Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits  
 bound,  
 On his raised arm by two strong braces  
 stay'd)  
 He lay collected in defensive shade.  
 O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,  
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly  
 rung.  
 Even then the spear the vigorous arm con-  
 fess'd,  
 And pierced, obliquely, king Hypenor's  
 breast:  
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
 The chief, his people's guardian now no  
 more!  
 'Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)  
 Nor unrevenged, lamented Asius lies:  
 For thee, though hell's black portals stand  
 display'd,  
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.'  
 Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty  
 boast,  
 Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the  
 most.  
 Grieved as he was, his pious arms attend,  
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd  
 friend;  
 Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore  
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.  
 Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;  
 Resolved to perish in his country's cause,  
 Or find some foe whom heaven and he shall  
 doom  
 To wall his fate in death's eternal gloom.  
 He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:  
 Great Æsycetes was the hero's sire;  
 His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,  
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care:

Who charm'd her parents' and her husband's  
 heart  
 With beauty, sense, and every work of art:  
 He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,  
 The fairest she of all the fair of Troy.  
 By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,  
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous  
 eyes,  
 And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet  
 His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of  
 Crete.  
 Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,  
 While the winds sleep; his breast received  
 the stroke.  
 Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields,  
 Long used to ward the death in fighting  
 fields.  
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound;  
 His labouring heart heaves with so strong a  
 bound,  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the  
 wound;  
 Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,  
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.  
 Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:  
 'Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain:  
 See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts at-  
 tend,  
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.  
 Approaching now thy boasted might approve,  
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.  
 From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,  
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:  
 Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir;  
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:  
 O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I  
 reign,  
 And thence my ships transport me through  
 the main:  
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,  
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.  
 The Trojan heard; uncertain or to meet,  
 Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete,  
 Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed  
 To call some hero to partake the deed,

Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :  
 For him in Troy's remotest lines he sought,  
 Where he, incensed at partial Priam, stands,  
 And sees superior posts in meaner hands.  
 To him, ambitious of so great an aid,  
 The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:  
 'Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious  
 arms,  
 If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.  
 Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend ;  
 Come, and the warrior's loved remains de-  
 fend.  
 Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
 One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.  
 This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;  
 Haste, and revenge it on the insulting foe.'  
 Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd  
 To tender pity all his manly mind ;  
 Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:  
 The Greek awaits him with collected might.  
 As the fell boar, on some rough mountain's  
 head,  
 Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter  
 bred,  
 When the loud rustics rise, and shout from  
 far,  
 Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;  
 O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,  
 Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine  
 eyes,  
 His foaming tusks both dogs and men en-  
 gage ;  
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :  
 So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,  
 And met the Trojan with a lowering look.  
 Antiloehus, Deïpyrus, were near,  
 The youthful offspring of the god of war,  
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :  
 To these the warrior sent his voice around.  
 'Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;  
 Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight :  
 Sprung from a god, and more than mortal  
 bold ;  
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown  
 old.

Else should this hand, this hour, decide the  
 strife,  
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.'  
 He spoke, and all, as with one soul, obey'd ;  
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade  
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands  
 The assisting forces of his native bands ;  
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, join ;  
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)  
 In order follow all the embodied train,  
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;  
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,  
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold :  
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads  
 To the cool fountains, through the well-  
 known meads :  
 So joys Æneas, as his native band  
 Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.  
 Round dead Alcathous now the battle  
 rose ;  
 On every side the steely circle grows ;  
 Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd hel-  
 mets ring,  
 And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.  
 Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear,  
 There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.  
 Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,  
 And burn'd to drench the ground with  
 mutual blood.  
 The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,  
 The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen  
 spear :  
 Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood  
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it  
 stood.  
 But Ænomas received the Cretan's stroke ;  
 The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke,  
 It ripp'd his beny with a ghastly wound,  
 And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.  
 Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his  
 breath,  
 And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.  
 The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;  
 His spoils he could not, for the shower of  
 spears.

Though now unfit an active war to wage,  
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold  
age,  
His listless limbs unable for the course,  
In standing fight he yet maintains his force ;  
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,  
His tired slow steps he drags from off the  
field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,  
And, fired with hate, a parting javelin east :  
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,  
And pierced Ascalaphus, the brave and  
young :

The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,  
And gasht'd the dust, all bloody with his  
wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall ;  
High-throned amidst the great Olympian  
hall,

On golden clouds the immortal synod sate ;  
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero  
lay,

For slain Ascalaphus commenced the fray.  
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,  
And from his temples rends the glittering  
prize ;

Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,  
And on his loaded arm discharged his spear :  
He drops the weight, disabled with the  
pain ;

The hollow helmet rings against the plain.  
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away  
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.  
His wounded brother good Polites tends ;  
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,  
And from the rage of battle gently drew :  
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,  
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the  
war ;

To Troy they drove him, groaning from the  
shore,  
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with  
gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the san-  
guine ground,

Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth  
resound.

Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled ;  
Astoward the chief he turn'd his daring head,  
He pierced his throat ; the bending head,  
depress'd

Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast ;  
His shield reversed o'er the fallen warrior  
lies,

And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.  
Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round,  
Transpierced his back with a dishonest  
wound :

The hollow vein, that to the neck extends  
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends :  
Supine he falls, and to his social train  
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in  
vain.

The exulting victor, leaping where he lay,  
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils  
away ;

His time observed ; for closed by foes around,  
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.  
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sus-  
tains,

But he impervious and untouch'd remains.  
(Great Neptune's care preserved from hostile  
rage

Thus youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)  
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,  
Faced every foe, and every danger sought ;  
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,  
Obeys each motion of the master's mind ;  
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,  
And meditates the distant enemy.

The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,  
And struck his target with the brazen spear  
Fierce in his front : but Neptune wards the  
blow,

And blunts the javelin of the eluded foe :  
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood,  
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken  
wood.

Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ;  
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,  
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,  
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.

Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,  
Lay panting. Thus an ox in fetters tied,  
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,

His bulk enormous on the field displays ;  
His heaving heart beats thick as ebbing life decays.

The spear the conqueror from his body drew,  
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.

Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid :  
King Helenus waved high the Thracian blade,

And smote his temples with an arm so strong,

The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng ;  
There for some luckier Greek it rests a prize ;  
For dark in death the godlike owner lies !  
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,  
And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns :

That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw ;

And this stood adverse with the bended bow :  
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,  
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.  
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,  
(The winds collected at each open door)  
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,

Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground :

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,  
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.  
Atrides, watchful of the unwary foe,  
Pierced with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,

And nail'd it to the yew : the wounded hand  
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand :

But good Agenor gently from the wound  
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ;  
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,

At once the tent and ligature supplied.

Behold ! Pisander, urged by fate's decree,  
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,

Great Menelais ! to enhance thy fame,  
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.  
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;  
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.  
Nor pierced Pisander through Atrides' shield ;  
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.

Not so discouraged, to the future blind,  
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;

Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord  
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.

His left arm high opposed the shining shield :  
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held ;  
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
Distinct with studs, and brazen was the blade)  
This on the helm discharged a noble blow ;  
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,

Shorn from the crest. Atrides waved his steel :  
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell ;

The crashing bones before its force gave way ;  
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay :  
Forced from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,

The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.

The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,  
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said :

' Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ;

O race perfidious, who delight in war !  
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd ;  
A princess raped transcends a navy storm'd :  
In such bold feats your impious might approve,

Without the assistance, or the fear of Jove.

The violated rites, the ravish'd dame ;  
 Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on  
 flame,  
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your  
 glory down,  
 And overwhelm in ruins yon flagitious town.  
 O thou, great father ! lord of earth and skies,  
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise !  
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
 From whence this favour to an impious  
 foe ?  
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?  
 The best of things, beyond their measure,  
 cloy ;  
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;  
 The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind de-  
 sire,  
 Even the sweet charms of sacred numbers  
 tire.  
 But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight  
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.'  
 This said, he seized (while yet the carcase  
 heaved) .  
 The bloody armour, which his train received :  
 Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,  
 And the bold son of Pyrræmenes slew.  
 Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,  
 Following his martial father to the war :  
 Through filial love he left his native shore,  
 Never, ah, never to behold it more !  
 His unsuccessful spear he chanced to fling  
 Against the target of the Spartan king ;  
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he  
 flies,  
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.  
 Him, through the hip-transpiercing as he  
 fled,  
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.  
 Beneath the bone the glancing point de-  
 scends,  
 And, driving down, the swelling bladder  
 rends :  
 Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,  
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;

(Like some vile worm extended on the  
 ground)  
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the  
 wound.  
 Him on his car the Paphlagonian train  
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.  
 The pensive father, father now no more !  
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;  
 And unavailing tears profusely shed ;  
 And, unrevenged, deplored his offspring  
 dead.  
 Paris from far the moving sight beheld,  
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :  
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless  
 grace,  
 And loved of all the Paphlagonian race !  
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the  
 foe.  
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor named,  
 For riches much, and more for virtue famed,  
 Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town ;  
 Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.  
 Oft had the father told his early doom,  
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :  
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
 And chose the certain glorious path to death.  
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;  
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :  
 His limbs, unnerved, drop useless on the  
 ground,  
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.  
 Nor knew great Hector how his legions  
 yield,  
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field :)  
 Wide on the left the force of Greece com-  
 mands,  
 And conquest hovers o'er the Achaian bands ;  
 With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,  
 And he, that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.  
 But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,  
 Where first the gates were forced, and bul-  
 warks gain'd ;  
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,  
 (There naval station where the Ajaces keep,

And where low walls confine the beating  
tides,  
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes di-  
vides ;  
Where late in fight both foot and horse en-  
gaged,  
And all the thunder of the battle raged)  
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength re-  
mains,  
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,  
Loerians and Phthians, and the Epæan force ;  
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.  
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led ;  
Bias and great Menestheus at their head :  
Meges the strong the Epæan bands con-  
troll'd,  
And Draecius prudent, and Amphion bold :  
The Phthians, Medon, famed for martial  
might,  
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.  
This drew from Phylæus his noble line ;  
Iphiclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine :  
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace ;  
He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign  
Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain)  
These rule the Phthians, and their arms em-  
ploy,  
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.  
Now side by side, with like unwearied care,  
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war :  
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,  
Force the bright ploughshare through the  
fallow soil,  
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they  
tear,  
And trace large furrows with the shining  
share ;  
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in  
snow,  
And streams of sweat down their sour fore-  
heads flow.  
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,  
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold  
shield ;

When'er he breathed, remissive of his might,  
Tired with the incessant slaughters of the  
fight.  
No following troops his brave associate grace :  
In close engagement an unpraetis'd race,  
The Loerian squadrons nor the javelin wield,  
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony  
shield ;  
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,  
Dexterous with these they aim a certain  
wound,  
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.  
Thus in the van the Telamonian train,  
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight  
maintain ;  
Far in the rear the Loerian archers lie,  
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,  
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;  
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.  
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired,  
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retired ;  
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,  
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel  
gave :  
' Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to  
lend  
Impartial audience to a faithful friend ;  
To gods and men thy matchless worth is  
known,  
And every art of glorious war thy own ;  
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,  
How widely differs this from warring well !  
Content with what the bounteous gods have  
given,  
Seek not alone to engross the gifts of Heaven.  
To some the powers of bloody war belong,  
To some, sweet music, and the charm of  
song ;  
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove as-  
sign'd  
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind ;  
Their guardians these, the nations round  
confess,  
And towns and empires for their safety bless.

If Heaven have lodged this virtue in my breast,

Attend, O Hector ! what I judge the best.

See, as thou movest, on dangers dangers spread,

And war's whole fury burns around thy head.

Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall,

How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall !

What troops, outnumber'd, scarce the war maintain !

And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain !

Here cease thy fury : and, the chiefs and kings

Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things.

Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)

To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;

Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,

Contented with the conquest of the day.

I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,

Pay the large debt of last revolving sun ;

Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains

On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

The counsel pleas'd ; and Hector, with a bound,

Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ;

Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.

'To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,

And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy ;

Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,

And hasten back to end the doubtful day.'

This said, the towering chief prepares to go,

Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,

And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.

Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,

And bids anew the martial thunder rise.

To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,

Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :

But round the battlements, and round the plain,

For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;

Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,

Nor Asius, son, nor Asius' self appear :

For these were pierced with many a ghastly wound,

Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;

Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay ;

High on the wall some breathed their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found  
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)

The graceful Paris ; whom, with fury moved,  
Opprobrious, thus, the impatient chief re-  
proved :

' Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind,

As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !

Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone ?

The godlike father, and the intrepid son ?

The force of Helenus, dispensing fate ;

And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of hate ?

Black fate hangs o'er thee from the avenging gods,

Imperial Troy from her foundations nods ;

Whelm'd in thy country's ruin shalt thou fall,

And one devouring vengeance swallow all.'

When Paris thus : ' My brother and my friend,

Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.

In other battles I deserved thy blame,

Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :

But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,

I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.

The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;

Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;

Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer,

Each now disabled by a hostile spear.



Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires :  
This heart and hand shall second all thy  
fires :

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,  
Till death for death be paid, and blow for  
blow.

But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own  
To combat : strength is of the gods alone.'  
These words the hero's angry mind assuage :  
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest  
rage.

Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,  
Cebrión, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,  
Palmas, with Polypoetes the divine,  
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line  
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,  
The former day ; the next engaged in war.)  
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind  
springs,

That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful  
wings,  
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest  
sweeps ;

Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;  
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and  
roar ;

The waves behind impel the waves before,  
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to  
the shore :

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions  
throng,

Chief urged on chief, and man drove man  
along.

Far o'er the plains, in dreadful order bright,  
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :

Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,  
Like Mars commission'd to confound man-  
kind.

Before him flaming his enormous shield,  
Like the broad sun, illumined all the field ;  
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;  
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,  
And, while beneath his large he flash'd along,  
Shot terrors round, that wither'd even the  
strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in  
his look :

Whole nations fear'd ; but not an Argive  
shook.

The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,  
Advanced the first, and thus the chief defied :  
'Hector ! come on ; thy empty threats  
forbear ;

'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:  
The skill of war to us not idly given,  
Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but  
Heaven.

Vain are the hopes that haughty mind im-  
parts,

To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands  
and hearts.

Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,  
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,  
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the  
ground ;

And spread a long unmeasured ruin round.  
The time shall come, when, chased along  
the plain,

Even thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;  
Even thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate  
course,

The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;  
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,  
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy  
shame.'

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,  
On sounding winds a dexter eagle flew.  
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,  
And hail, with shouts, his progress through  
the skies :

Far-echoing clamours bound from side to  
side ;

They ceased ; and thus the chief of Troy re-  
plied :

'From whence this menace, this insulting  
strain ?

Enormous boaster I doom'd to vaunt in vain.  
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,  
(Not that short life which mortals lead be-  
low,

But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,  
The blue-eyed maid, or he that gilds the  
morn)

As this decisive day shall end the fame  
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.  
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait  
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy  
fate :

That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said ; and like a lion stalk'd along ;  
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
Sent from his following host : the Grecian  
train

With answering thunders fill'd the echoing  
plain ;

A shout that tore heaven's concave, and,  
above,

Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of  
Jove.

#### BOOK XIV.

#### ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF  
VENUS.

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands : to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him : she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter : this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks : Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle :

several actions succeed : till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way : the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT, nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,  
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful  
soul ;

His startled ears the increasing cries attend ;  
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend :

'What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,  
What mix'd events attend this mighty day ?  
Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they  
meet,

And now come fill, and thicken to the fleet !  
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,  
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath pre-  
pare,

Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted  
gore ;

While I the adventures of the day explore.'  
He said : and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield,  
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;  
(That day the son his father's buckler bore)  
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the  
door.

Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,  
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;  
Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight,  
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.

As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps :  
While yet the expected tempest hangs on  
high,

Weights down the cloud, and blackens in the  
sky,

The mass of waters will no wind obey ;  
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.

While wavering counsels thus his mind en-  
gage,

Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian  
sage,

To join the host, or to the general haste ;  
Debating long, he fixes on the last :

Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms,  
The field rings dreadful with the clang of  
arms ;

'The gleaming falchions flash, the javelin fly,  
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes  
meet,

By tardy steps ascending from the fleet :

The king of men, Ulysses the divine,  
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.

(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,  
In lines advanced along the shelving strand:

Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain  
At length, beside the margin of the main,  
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they  
moor :

Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)  
Supported on their spears, they took their  
way,

Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.

Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian  
breast,

Whom thus the general of the host address'd :

'O grace and glory of the Achaian name!  
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of  
fame?

Shall then proud Hector see his boast ful-  
fill'd,

Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?

Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made  
good,

On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.

Is every heart inflamed with equal rage

Against your king, nor will one chief en-  
gage?

And have I lived to see with mournful eyes  
In every Greek a new Achilles rise ?'

Gereñian Nestor then : ' So fate has will'd ;  
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Not he that thunders from the aerial bower,

Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

The wall, our late inviolable bound,

And best defence, lies smoking on the  
ground :

Even to the ships their conquering arms ex-  
tend,

And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven  
ascend.

On speedy measures then employ your  
thought

In such distress ; if counsel profit aught :

Arms cannot much : though Mars our souls  
incite,

These gaping wounds withhold us from the  
fight.'

To him the monarch : ' That' our army  
bends,

That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,

And that the rampart, late our surest trust

And best defence, lies smoking in the dust ;

All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,

Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.

Past are the days when happier Greece was  
blest,

And all his favour, all his aid confess'd ;

Now heaven averse, our hands from battle  
ties,

And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.

Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,

And launch what ships lie nearest to the  
main ;

Leave these at anchor till the coming night :

Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,

Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.

Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,

Than perish in the danger we may shun.'

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,

While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes :

' What shameful words (unkingly as thou  
art)

Fall from that trembling tongue and timorous  
heart ?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,

And thou the shame of any host but ours !

A host, by Jove endued with martial might,

And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight :

Adventurous combats and bold wars to  
wage,

Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our  
age.

And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?

And have whole streams of blood been spilt  
in vain ?

In such base sentence if thou conch thy fear,  
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should  
hear.

Lives there a man so dead to fame, who  
dares

To think such meanness, or the thought  
declares?

And comes it even from him whose sovereign  
sway

The banded legions of all Greece obey?

Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,

While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers  
fight?

What more could Troy? What yet their  
fate denies

Thou givest the foe: all Greece becomes  
their prize.

No more the troops (our hoisted sails in  
view,

Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pur-  
sue;

But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;  
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.'

'Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)  
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are  
wise.

Unwilling as I am to lose the host,

I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast;

Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young, or old,

Aught, more conducive to our weal, un-  
fold.'

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began:

'Such counsel if you seek, behold the man

Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,

Young though he be, disdain not to obey:

A youth, who from the 'mighty Tydeus  
springs,

May speak to councils and assembled kings.

Hear then in me the great Ænides' son,

Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)

Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;

Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.

With three bold sons was generous Pro-  
thous bless'd,

Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd;

Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd  
The rest in courage) Æneus was the last.  
From him, my sire. From Calydon ex-  
pell'd,

He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;

The monarch's daughter there (so Jove or-  
dain'd)

He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus  
reign'd;

There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,

Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,

And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the  
field.

Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in  
fame!

Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.

Then, what for common good my thoughts  
inspire,

Attend, and in the son respect the sire.

Though sore of battle, though with wounds  
oppress'd,

Let each go forth and animate the rest,

Advance the glory which he cannot share,

Though not partaker, witness of the war.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower  
us quite,

Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,

Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult  
far,

Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the listening kings obey,

Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)

Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;

Press'd in his own, the general's hand he  
took,

And thus the venerable hero spoke:

'Atrides! lo! with what disdainful eye

Achilles sees his country's forces fly;

Blind impious man! whose anger is his  
guide,

Who glories in unutterable pride.

So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim

The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with  
shame!

But Heaven forsakes not thee : o'er yonder  
sands  
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan  
bands  
Fly diverse ; while proud kings, and chiefs  
renown'd,  
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involved  
around

Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.'

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior  
crew,

And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield  
When twice ten thousand shake the labour-  
ing field ;

Such was the voice, and such the thundering  
sound

Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.  
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the sight,  
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,  
High-throned in gold, beheld the fields  
below ;

With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the Grecians  
aid.

But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height  
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.  
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,  
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye ?

At length she trusts her power ; resolved to  
prove

The old, yet still successful, cheat of love ;  
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
And hilt the lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,  
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares :  
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the  
bower,

Safe from access of each intruding power.

Touch'd with her secret key, the doors un-  
fold :

Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of  
gold.

Here first she bathes ; and round her body  
pours

Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:  
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey  
Through heaven, through earth, and all the  
ærial way :

Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets  
The sense of gods with more than mortal  
sweets.

Thus while she breathed of heaven, with  
decent pride

Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied ;  
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted  
gold.

Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,  
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours  
glow'd :

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd  
round,

A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.

Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,

Each gem illumined with a triple star.

Then o'er her head she casts a veil more  
white

Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the  
light.

Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.

Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,

Forth from the dome the imperial goddess  
moves,

And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

'How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)  
Shall human strife celestial minds divide ?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,

And set aside the cause of Greece and  
Troy ?

'Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa  
said)

Speak her request, and deem her will  
obey'd.'

'Then grant me (said the queen) those  
conquering charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals  
warms,

That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires !

'For lo ! I haste to those remote abodes,  
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods !)

Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,  
On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past ;

What time old Saturn, from Olympus east,  
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,  
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,  
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.

What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,  
If I compose those fatal feuds again ;

Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,

And, what my youth has owed, repay their age !'

She said. With awe divine, the queen of love

Obeys'd the sister and the wife of Jove ;

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbraced,

With various skill and high embroidery graced.

In this was every art, and every charm,

To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,

The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid :

'Take this, and with it all thy wish ;' she said.

With smiles she took the charm ; and smiling press'd

The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;

Whilst from Olympus pleased Saturnia flew.  
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,  
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,  
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;

Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,  
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,  
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.

'Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began)

Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man ;

If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,

O power of slumbers ! hear, and favour still.

Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,

While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.

A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine

With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;

The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,

When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.'

'Imperial dame (the balmy power replies),  
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !

O'er other gods I spread my easy chain ;

The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,

And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.

But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep

Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep ?

Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,

On those eternal lids I laid my hand ;

What time, deserting Ilion's wasted pain,

His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.

When lo ! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,

And drive the hero to the Coan shore :

Great Jove, awaking, shook the blest abodes

With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods ;

Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high  
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,  
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,  
 (The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd ;  
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,  
 Even Jove revered the venerable dame.'  
 'Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies,  
 And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)  
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,  
 Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son ?  
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,  
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize ;  
 For know, thy loved-one shall be ever thine,  
 'The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.'  
 'Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods  
 That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods :  
 Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,  
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main :  
 Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,  
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell ;  
 That she, my loved-one, shall be ever mine,  
 'The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.'  
 The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers  
 Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,  
 And those who rule the inviolable floods,  
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.  
 Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle  
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil ;  
 Through air, unseen, involved in darkness glide,  
 And light on Lætos, on the point of Ide ;  
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills ;)

Fair Ida trembles underneath the god ;  
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.  
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise  
 To join its summit to the neighbouring skies ;  
 Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,  
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.  
 (Chaleis his name by those of heavenly birth,  
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)  
 To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;  
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes :  
 The god, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,  
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;  
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seized her charms,  
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms ;  
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke :  
 'Why comes my goddess from the ethereal sky,  
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ?'  
 Then she — 'I haste to those remote abodes  
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,  
 The reverend Ocean and grey Tetliys, reign,  
 On the last limits of the land and main.  
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares  
 I owe the nursing of my tender years :  
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease  
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.  
 The steeds, prepared my chariot to convey  
 O'er earth and seas, and through the aerial way,  
 Wait under Ide : of thy superior power  
 To ask consent, I leave the Olympian bower ;  
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.'  
 'For that (said Jove) suffice another day !  
 But eager love denies the least delay.

Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.  
 Never did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
 Of for an earthly, or a heavenly love :  
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,  
 Whence rose Pirithous like the gods in fame:  
 Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold  
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.  
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame :  
 (Placebus from this, from that Alcides came)  
 Nor Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,  
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos  
 sprang ;  
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,  
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.  
 Not thus even for thyself I felt desire,  
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.'

He spoke ; the goddess with the charming  
 eyes

Glow with celestial red, and thus replies :  
 ' Is this a scene for love ? On Ida's height,  
 Exposed to mortal and immortal sight !  
 Our joys profaned by each familiar eye ;  
 The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky :  
 How shall I e'er re-view the blest abodes,  
 Or mix among the senate of the gods ?  
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd  
 charms,  
 All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms ?  
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy  
 bower,

Sacred to love and to the genial hour ;  
 If such thy will, to that recess retire,  
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.'

She ceased ; and, smiling with superior  
 love,

Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling  
 Jove :

' Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold ;  
 Not even the sun, who darts through heaven  
 his rays,  
 And whose broad eye the extended earth  
 surveys.'

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,  
 His eager arms around the goddess threw.  
 Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom  
 pours

Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers :

Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,  
 And clustering lotos swell'd the rising hed,  
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,  
 And stony crocus made the mountain glow.  
 There golden clouds conceal the heavenly  
 pair,

Steep'd in soft joys and circumfused with air ;  
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,  
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia  
 round.

At length, with love and sleep's soft power  
 oppress'd,

The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to  
 rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,  
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message  
 brings ;

Beside him sudden, unperceived, he stood,  
 And thus with gentle words address'd the  
 god :

' Now, Neptune ! now, the important hour  
 employ,

To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy :  
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours  
 shed

The golden vision round his sacred head ;  
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,  
 Have closed those awful and eternal eyes.'

Thus having said, the power of slumber  
 flew,

On human lids to drop the balmy dew.

Neptune, with zeal increased, renews his care,  
 And towering in the foremost ranks of war,  
 Indignant thus—' Oh, once of martial fame !  
 O Greeks ! if yet ye can deserve the name !  
 This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain ?  
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ?

Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with  
 fires,

While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.



One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
 Be still yourselves, and ye shall need no more.  
 Oh, yet, if glory any bosom warms,  
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms :  
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,  
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;  
 Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,  
 The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.  
 Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay ;  
 Myself, ye Greeks ! myself will lead the way.  
 The troops assent ; their martial arms they change :  
 The busy chiefs their banded legions range.  
 The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train.  
 The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,  
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.  
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array  
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :  
 His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,  
 Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.  
 Clad in his might, the earth-shaking power appears ;  
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.  
 Troy's great defender stands alone unawed,  
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god :  
 And lo ! the god, and wondrous man, appear :  
 The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.  
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,  
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall

Around the ships : seas hanging o'er the shores,  
 Both armies join : earth thunders, ocean roars.  
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,  
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound :  
 Less loud the winds that from the Æolian hall  
 Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall ;  
 Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,  
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour :  
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,  
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.  
 The first bold javelin, urged by Hector's force,  
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course ;  
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,  
 (One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)  
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,  
 And cursed the lance that unavailing flew :  
 But 'scaped not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand  
 A ponderous stone up-heaving from the sand,  
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,  
 Or served to ballast, or to prop the fleet)  
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;  
 On the razed shield the falling ruin rings,  
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;  
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.  
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,  
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,

The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
 Blasted from the blow, and smokes of sulphur  
 rise;  
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,  
 And own the terrors of the almighty hand !  
 So low great Hector prostrate on the shore ;  
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;  
 His following shield the fallen chief o'er-  
 spread ;  
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ;  
 His load of armour, sinking to the ground,  
 Clanks on the field ; a dead and hollow  
 sound.  
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded  
 plain ;  
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender  
 slain :  
 All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly,  
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky.  
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;  
 He lies protected, and without a wound.  
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,  
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,  
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band,  
 With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.  
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,  
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear ;  
 His snorting coursers, swifter than the wind,  
 Sped to the town, and leave the war behind.  
 When now they touch'd the mead's  
 enamel'd side,  
 Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,  
 With watery drops the chief they sprinkle  
 round,  
 Placed on the margin of the flowery ground.  
 Raised on his knees, he now ejects the gore ;  
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore ;  
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting  
 skies,  
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.  
 Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat be-  
 held,  
 With double fury each invades the field.  
 Oilean Ajax first his javelin sped,  
 Pierced by whose point the son of Enops bled ;

(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs  
 bore  
 Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore ;)  
 Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior  
 lies  
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.  
 An arduous battle rose around the dead ;  
 By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans  
 bled.  
 Fired with revenge, Polydamas drew near,  
 And at Prothœnor shook the trembling  
 spear ;  
 The driving javelin through his shoulder  
 thrust,  
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody  
 dust.  
 ' Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,  
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus  
 wield :  
 From this unerring hand there flies no dart  
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.  
 Propp'd on that spear to which thou owest  
 thy fall,  
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's  
 dreary hall.'  
 He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive  
 breast :  
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.  
 As by his side the groaning warrior fell,  
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing  
 steel ;  
 The foe, reclining, shunn'd the flying death ;  
 But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath :  
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,  
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart ;  
 Swift to perform heaven's fatal will, it fled  
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,  
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in  
 twain :  
 The dropping head first tumbled on the plain.  
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.  
 ' Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy  
 eyes !  
 (The towering Ajax loud-insulting cries :)

Say, is this chief extended on the plain  
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?  
Mark well his port! his figure and his face  
Nor speak him vulgar, nor, of vulgar race;  
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage  
known,

Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.'

He spake, and smiled severe, for well he knew

The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.

But furious Acamas avenged his cause;

As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,  
He pierc'd his heart——'Such fate attends

you all,

Proud Argives! destined by our arms to fall.

Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share

The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.

Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,

A victim owed to my brave brother's death.

Not unappeased he enters Pluto's gate,

Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.'

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,

But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;

At the proud boaster he directs his course;

The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.

But young Ilioneus received the spear;

Ilioneus, his father's only care:

(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train

Whom Hermes loved, and taught the arts of gain:)

Full in his eye the weapon chanced to fall,

And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,

Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:

He lifts his miserable arms in vain!

Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,

And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;

To earth at once the head and helmet fly;  
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,

The victor seiz'd; and, as aloft he shook

The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

'Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!

Haste, to his father let the tale be told:

Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,

Such as the house of Promachus must know;

Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,

Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,

When we victorious shall to Greece return,

And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.'

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;

The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:

Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,

And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,

Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,

What chief, what hero first embued the field?

Of all the Grecians what immortal name,

And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on the ensanguined plain

Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.

Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,

Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.

Strong Periphaetes and Prothoön bled,

By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.

Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,

His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;

Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,

And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,

Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;

Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race

Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, replying to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his egis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;  
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.  
Meanwhile, awakened from his dream of love,  
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:  
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,  
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;  
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;  
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.  
'Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)  
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
His senses wandering to the verge of death.  
The god beheld him with a pitying look,  
And thus, incensed, to fraudulent Juno spoke:  
'O thou, still adverse to the eternal will,  
For ever studious in promoting ill!

Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,  
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.

Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles I withstand  
Our power immense, and brave the almighty hand?

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,

From the vast concave of the spangled sky,  
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,  
And all the raging gods opposed in vain?

Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,

Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.

For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,  
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:

When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd

The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,  
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,

And sent to Argos, and his native shore.

Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,  
Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head;

Lest arts and blandishments successful prove,

Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.'

The thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,

And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:

'By every oath that powers immortal ties,

The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies;

By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow

Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;

By the dread honours of thy sacred head,

And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!

Not by my arts the ruler of the main

Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:

By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd,  
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd :  
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,  
And taught submission to the sire of heaven.'

'Think'st thou with me? fair empress of  
the skies !

(The immortal father with a smile replies ;)   
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,  
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.  
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our  
will

To yon bright synod on the Olympian hill ;  
Our high decree let various Iris know,  
And call the god that bears the silver bow.  
Let her descend, and from the embattled  
plain

Command the sea-god to his watery reign :  
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to pre-  
pare

To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,  
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,  
And calls his senses from the verge of death.  
Greece chased by Troy, even to Achilles'  
fleet,

Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.  
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain  
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.  
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's  
walls !

Even my loved son, divine Sarpedon, falls !  
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.  
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise :  
And lo ! that instant, godlike Hector dies.  
From that great hour the war's whole fortune  
turns,

Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.  
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,  
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage  
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god  
I gave, and seal'd it with the almighty nod,  
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise ;

Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.'  
The trembling queen (the almighty order  
given)

Swift from the Idæan summit shot to heaven.

As some wayfaring man, who wanders o'er  
In thought a length of lands he trod before,  
Sends forth his active mind from place to  
place,

Joins hill to dale, and measures space with  
space :

So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,  
If thought of man can match the speed of  
gods.

There sat the powers in awful synod placed ;  
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she  
pass'd

Through all the brazen dome : with goblets  
crown'd

They hail her queen ; the nectar streams  
around.

Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,  
And anxious asks what cares disturb her  
soul ?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus  
replies :

'Enough, thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,  
Unmoved his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy  
call ;

Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall :  
But Jove shall thunder through the ethereal  
dome

Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to  
come,

As soon shall freeze mankind with dire sur-  
prise,

And damp the eternal banquets of the skies.'

The goddess said, and sullen took her  
place ;

Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.

To see the gathering grudge in every breast,  
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express ;

While on her wrinkled front, and eyebrow  
bent,

Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.

Thus she proceeds—'Attend, ye powers  
above !

But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove :

Supreme he sits ; and sees, in pride of sway,  
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey :  
Ere in the majesty of power controls ;  
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends  
the poles.

Submit, immortals ! all he wills, obey :  
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the  
way.

Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,  
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;  
Thy own loved boasted offspring lies o'er-  
thrown,

If that loved boasted offspring be thy own.  
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaugh-  
ter'd son,

Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun :  
'Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars  
obey ;

Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance  
way :

Descending first to yon forbidden plain,  
The god of battles dares avenge the slain ;  
Dare, though the thunder bursting o'er my  
head

Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of  
dead.'

With that he gives command to Fear and  
Flight

To join his rapid coursers for the fight :

Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance  
flies ;

Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies,  
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,  
Discharged his wrath on half the host of  
heaven ;

But Pallas, springing through the bright  
abode,

Starts from her azure throne to calm the  
god.

Struck for the immortal race with timely  
fear,

From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield  
and spear :

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
Thus to the impetuous homicide she said :

'By what wild passion, furious ! art thou  
toss'd ?

Strivest thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.  
Shall not the thunderer's dread command  
restrain,

And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?

Back to the skies would'st thou with shame  
be driven,

And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?

Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage,

The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage ;

Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,

And one vast ruin whelm the Olympian state.

Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to  
call ;

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.

Why should heaven's law with foolish man  
comply,

Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ?'

This menace fix'd the warrior to his  
throne ;

Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.

Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)

The winged Iris, and the god of day.

'Go wait the thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)

On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide :

There in the father's awful presence stand,

Receive, and execute his dread command.'

She said, and sat : the god that gilds the  
day,

And various Iris, wing their airy way.

Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,

(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)

There sat the eternal ; he whose nod controls

The trembling world, and shakes the steady  
poles.

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,

With clouds of gold and purple circled round.

Well-pleased the thunderer saw their earnest  
care,

And prompt obedience to the queen of air ;

Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)

Commands the goddess of the showery bow.

'Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain

Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.

Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of  
air.

If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.  
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?  
Strives he with me, by whom his power was  
given,

And is there equal to the lord of heaven?'

The almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd  
her flight

To sacred Ilion from the Idæan height.

Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,  
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely  
blows,

So from the clouds descending Iris falls,  
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:

'Attend the mandate of the sire above I

In me behold the messenger of Jove:

He bids thee from forbidden wars repair

To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air.

This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh

His elder birthright, and superior sway.

How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,

If heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?

Strivest thou with him by whom all power is  
given?

And art thou equal to the lord of heaven?'

'What means the haughty sovereign of the  
skies?

(The king of ocean thus, incensed, replies;)

Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;

No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.

Three brother deities from Saturn came,

And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;

Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;

O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry  
plain,

Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,

And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:

Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;

What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?

Far in the distant clouds let him control,  
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;  
There to his children his commands be given,  
The trembling, servile, second race of  
heaven.'

'And must I then (said she), O sire of  
floods!

Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?

Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;

A noble mind disdains not to repent.

To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,

To scourge the wretch insulting them and  
heaven.'

'Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)

When ministers are bless'd with prudent  
mind:

Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I  
yield,

And quit, though angry, the contended field:

Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,

The same our honours, and our birth the  
same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise given

To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heaven,

To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,

He breaks his faith with half the ethereal  
race;

Give him to know, unless the Grecian train

Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,

Howe'er the offence by other gods be past,

The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.'

Thus speaking, furious from the field he  
strode,

And plunged into the bosom of the flood.

The lord of thunders, from his lofty height

Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:

'Behold! the god whose liquid arms are  
hur'd

Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock  
the world,

Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,

Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;

Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all  
shaking round,

Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound;

And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell  
 Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.  
 Well was the crime, and well the vengeance  
     spared ;  
 Even power immense had found such battle  
     hard.  
 Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks  
     alarm,  
 Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,  
 Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,  
 Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength  
     to war :  
 Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train  
 Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :  
 'Then Greece shall breathe from toils.' The  
     godhead said ;  
 His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.  
 Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,  
 That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,  
 As Phœbus, shooting from the Idaean brow,  
 Glides down the mountain to the plain below.  
 There Hector seated by the stream he sees,  
 His sense returning with the coming breeze ;  
*Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;*  
 Again his loved companions meet his eyes ;  
 Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away.  
 To whom the god who gives the golden day :  
     'Why sits great Hector from the field so  
     far ?  
 What grief, what wound, withholds thee  
     from the war ?'  
 The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
 Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his  
     sight :  
 'What blest immortal, with commanding  
     breath,  
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?  
 Has fame not told, how, while my trusty  
     sword  
 Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle  
     gored.  
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow  
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?  
 Even yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,  
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.'

To him Apollo : 'Be no more dismay'd ;  
 See, and be strong ! the thunderer sends  
     thee aid.  
 Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,  
 Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.  
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :  
 Even I will make thy fiery coursers way,  
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.'  
 Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,  
 And breathed immortal ardour from above.  
 As when the pamper'd steed, with reins un-  
     bound,  
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the  
     ground ;  
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,  
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;  
 His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;  
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies :  
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
 And springs exulting, to his fields again :  
 Urged by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,  
 Full of the god ; and all his hosts pursue.  
*As when the force of men and dogs com-  
     bined*  
 Invade the mountain goat, or branching  
     hind ;  
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie  
 Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)  
 When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !  
 They fly : at once the chasers and the prey.  
 So Greece, that late in conquering troops  
     pursued,  
 And mark'd their progress through the ranks  
     in blood,  
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.  
 Thoas with grief observed his dreadful  
     course,  
 Thoüs, the bravest of the Ætolian force ;  
 Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,  
 And bold to combat in the standing fight,  
 Not more in councils famed for solid sense,  
 Than winning words and heavenly elo-  
     quence.



' Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes  
invades?

Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!  
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:  
What god restores him to the frighted field;  
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,  
Pours new destruction on her sons again?  
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful  
will;

Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!  
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst with-  
stand:

The Greeks' main body to the fleet com-  
mand;

But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.  
Thus point your arms; and when such foes  
appear,

Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.'

The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks  
obey,

Thickening their ranks, and form a deep  
array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave com-  
mand,

The valiant leader of the Cretan band;  
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,  
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,  
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.

Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,  
And Hector first came towering to the war.  
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;  
A veil of clouds involved his radiant head:  
High held before him, Jove's enormous  
shield

Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;  
Vulcan to Jove the immortal gift consign'd,  
To scatter hosts and terrify mankind.

The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours  
rise

From different parts, and mingle in the skies.  
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,  
And arrows leaping from the bow-string  
sung;

These drink the life of generous warriors  
slain;

Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in  
vain.

As long as Phœbus bore unmoved the shield,  
Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field;  
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,  
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their  
eyes,

Deep horror seizes every Greeian breast,  
Their force is humbled, and their fear con-  
fess'd.

So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
No swain to guard them, and no day to  
guide,

When two fell lions from the mountain  
come,  
And spread the carnage through the shady  
gloom.

Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,  
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.

Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector  
leads,

First great Arceſilas, then Stichius bleeds;  
One to the bold Boœotians ever dear,  
And one Menestheus' friend and famed com-  
peer.

Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;  
This sprang from Phelus, and the Athenians  
led;

But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;  
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,  
Though born of lawless love: from home  
expell'd,

A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,  
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;  
Troy ends at last his labours and his life.

Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew;  
And thee, brave Clonius, great Ägenor slew.  
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,  
Pierced through the shoulder as he basely  
flies.

Polites' arm laid Echiüs on the plain;  
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the  
skin.

The Greeks dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall,  
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.  
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.  
 On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;  
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
 Points to the fleet: 'For, by the gods I who flies,  
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;  
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.  
 Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,  
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.'  
 Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;  
 The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds;  
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;  
 The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!  
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,  
 Push'd at the bank: down sank the enormous mound:  
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;  
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.  
 O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)  
 Now steeds, and men, and cars tumultuous pass.  
 The wondering crowds the downward level trod;  
 Before them flamed the shield, and march'd the god.  
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;  
 And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall:  
 Easy as when ashore an infant stands,  
 And draws imagined houses in the sands;  
 The sportive wanton, pleased with some new play,  
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away;

Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;  
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls.  
 The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,  
 Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer:  
 Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;  
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.  
 Experienced Nestor chief obtests the skies,  
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.  
 'O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,  
 One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;  
 If e'er, in hope our country to behold,  
 We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;  
 If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;  
 Perform the promise of a gracious god!  
 This day preserve our navies from the flame,  
 And save the relics of the Grecian name.'  
 Thus pray'd the sage: the eternal gave consent,  
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
 Presumptuous Troy mistook the accepting sign,  
 And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.  
 As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,  
 The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,  
 Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,  
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:  
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,  
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;  
 Legions on legions from each side arise:  
 Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.  
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,  
 These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.  
 While thus the thunder of the battle raged,  
 And labouring armies round the works engaged,

Still in the tent Patroclus sat to tend  
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.  
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.  
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,  
With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly  
breast.

' Though yet thy state require redress (he  
cries)

Depart I must : what horrors strike my eyes!  
Charged with Achilles' high command I go,  
A mournful witness of this scene of woe :  
I haste to urge him by his country's care  
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.  
Perhaps some favouring god his soul may  
bend ;

The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.'

He spoke ; and, speaking, swifter than the  
wind

Sprung from the tent, and left the war be-  
hind.

The embodied Greeks the fierce attack sus-  
tain,

But strive, though numerous, to repulse in  
vain :

Nor could the Trojans, through that firm  
array,

Force to the fleet and tents the impervious  
way.

As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,  
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every  
part ;

With equal hand he guides his whole de-  
sign,

By the just rule, and the directing line :

The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
Preserved their line, and equal kept the war.  
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks  
were tried,

And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.

At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the  
fleet,

Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet ;

For one bright prize the matchless chiefs  
contend,

Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend :  
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod ;  
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.

The son of Clytius in his daring hand,  
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming  
brand ;

But pierced by Telamon's huge lance, ex-  
pires :

Thundering he falls, and drops the extin-  
guish'd fires.

Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,  
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.

' Oh ! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race !

Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous  
space :

Lo ! where the son of royal Clytius lies ;

Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies !'

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe ;  
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.

Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown ;  
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lyncophron :

An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,

A faithful servant to a foreign lord ;

In peace, and war, for ever at his side,

Near his loved master, as he lived, he died.

From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,  
And lies a lifeless load along the land.

With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,  
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

' Teucer, behold ! extended on the shore  
Our friend, our loved companion ! now no  
more !

Dear as a parent, with a parent's care  
To fight our wars he left his native air.

This death deplored, to Hector's rage we  
owe ;

Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.

Where are those darts on which the fates at-  
tend ?

And where the bow which Phœbus taught to  
bend ?'

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,  
Before the chief his ample bow display'd ;

The well-stored quiver on his shoulders hung:  
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring  
sung.

Cyclus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,  
(To thee, Polydamas ! an honour'd name)  
Drove through the thickest of the embattled  
plains

The startling steeds, and shook his eager  
reins.

As all on glory ran his ardent mind,  
The pointed death arrests him from behind :  
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow  
flies ;

In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.  
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,  
The headlong couriers spurn his empty car ;  
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,  
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand ;  
Then, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the  
foe :

Rage edged his sword, and strengthen'd  
every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's  
cause,

At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws ;  
And had the weapon found the destined  
way,

Thy fall, great Trojan ! had renown'd that  
day.

But Hector was not doom'd to perish then :  
The all-wise disposer of the fates of men  
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands ;  
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.

At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two ;  
Down dropp'd the bow : the shaft with  
brazen head

Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.

The astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries ;

' Some god prevents our destined enterprise :

Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,

Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,  
And broke the nerve my hands had twined  
with art,

Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.'

' Since heaven commands it (Ajax made  
reply)

Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by ;  
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,  
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield.  
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,  
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.  
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain ;  
To force our fleet, or even a ship to gain,  
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood : their ut-  
most might

Shall find its match—No more : 'tis ours to  
fight.'

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside ;  
The fourfold huckler o'er his shoulder tied ;  
On his brave head a crested helm he placed,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably grace'd ;  
A dart, whose point with brass resplendent  
shines,

The warrior wields ; and his great brother  
joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his  
joy :

' Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !  
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,  
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.  
Jove is with us ; I saw his hand, but now,  
From the proud archer strike his vaunted  
bow :

Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favours shine,  
When happy nations bear the marks divine !  
How easy then, to see the sinking state  
Of realms accursed, deserted, reprobate !  
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours :  
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.  
Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;  
And for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.

The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,  
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ;  
Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;  
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ;  
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed ;  
And late posterity enjoy the deed !'

This roused the soul in every Trojan breast :  
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd :

'How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,  
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace !)  
How long, on these cursed confines will ye lie,  
Yet undetermined or to live or die !  
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,  
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire ?  
Mark how the flames approach, how near  
they fall,

How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call !  
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,  
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.  
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;  
To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;  
And better far in one decisive strife,  
One day should end our labour or our life,  
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious  
hands.'

The listening Grecians feel their leader's  
flame,  
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.  
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ;  
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died ;  
There, pierced by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,  
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.  
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,  
The fierce commander of the Epeian band.  
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;  
The victor, stooping, from the death with-  
drew ;

(That valued life, O Phœbus ! was thy care)  
But Croesmus' bosom took the flying spear :  
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore ;  
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.  
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,  
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,  
And famed for prowess in a well-fought field ;  
He pierced the centre of his sounding shield :  
But Meges Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,  
(Well-known in fight on Scæle's winding  
shore ;

For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,  
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,  
Had saved the father, and now saves the son.

Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance,  
Where the high plumes above the helmet  
dance,

New tinged with Tyrian dye : in dust below,  
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours  
glow.

Meantime their fight the Spartan king sur-  
vey'd,

And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid.  
Through Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful  
dart,

Which held its passage through the panting  
heart,

And issued at his breast. With thundering  
sound

The warrior falls, extended on the ground.  
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the  
slain :

But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;  
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,  
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and  
young.

He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the  
main)

Fed his large oxen on Percoté's plain ;  
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his  
care,

Return'd to Ilium, and excell'd in war ;  
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,  
Beloved no less than Priam's royal race.

Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,  
And thus inflamed him, pointing to the dead.

'Lo, Melanippus ! lo, where Dolops lies ;  
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ?  
O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,  
And lo ! they bear the bloody arms away !  
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,  
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage :  
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end ;  
Or Ilium from her towery height descend,  
Heaved from the lowest stone ; and bury all  
in one sad sepulchre, one common fall.'

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the  
foes :

With equal ardour Melanippus glows :

Then Ajax thus—' O Greeks I respect your  
fame,

Respect yourselves, and learn an honest  
shame :

Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,  
And catch from breast to breast the noble  
fire.

On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;  
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,  
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal  
shame.'

His generous sense he not in vain imparts ;  
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts :  
They join, they throng, they thicken at his  
call,

And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;  
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by  
Jove.

The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,  
Warns the bold son of Nestor in his cause.

'Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
So strong to fight, so active to pursue ?

Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?  
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan  
bleed.'

He said ; and backward to the lines re-  
tired ;

Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury  
fir'd.

Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he  
threw,

And round the black battalions cast his  
view.

The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,  
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.

Advancing Melanippus met the dart  
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :

Thundering he falls ; his falling arms re-  
sound,

And his broad buckler rings against the  
ground.

The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize :  
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,

And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the  
dart

The distant hunter sent into his heart.

Observing Hector to the rescue flew ;

Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,  
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's  
swain,

While conscious of the deed, he glares  
around,

And hears the gathering multitude resound,  
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,

And gains the friendly shelter of the wood :  
So fears the youth ; all Troy with shouts

pursue,  
While stones and darts in mingled tempest  
flew ;

But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns  
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

' Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,  
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :

The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,  
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep de-  
spair ;

But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,  
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all

their hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,  
To view the navy blazing to the skies ;

Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.

These fates revolved in his almighty mind,  
He raises Hector to the work design'd,

Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.

So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance  
call,

Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies  
fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the

poles.

He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy  
brow

Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow ;

The radiant helmet on his temples burns,  
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he  
turns :

For Jove his splendour round the chief had  
thrown,

And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.

Unhappy glories ! for his fate was near,

Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear :

Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,

And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a  
day !

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his  
eyes

Burn at each foe, and single every prize ;

Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,

He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,

On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power :

So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,

By winds assail'd, by billows bent in vain,

Unmoved it hears, above, the tempest blow,

And sees the watery mountains break below.

Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall

Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them  
all :

Bursts as a wave that from the clouds im-  
pend,

And, swell'd with tempests, on the ship de-  
scends ;

White are the decks with foam ; the winds  
aloud

Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every  
shroud :

Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with  
fears ;

And instant death on every wave appears.

So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,

The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,

Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,

At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)

Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's  
eyes ;

The trembling herdsman far to distance flies :

Some lordly bull (the rest dispersed and fled)  
He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.

Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew  
All Greece in heaps ; but one he seized, and  
slew :

Myceanian Periphes, a mighty name,

In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;

The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire

Against Aleides, Copreus was his sire :

The son redeem'd the honours of the race,

A son as generous as the sire was base ;

O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far

In every virtue, or of peace or war :

But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to  
yield !

Against the margin of his ample shield

He struck his hasty foot : his heels up-sprung ;

Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.

On the fallen chief the invading Trojan  
press'd,

And plunged the pointed javelin in his breast.

His circling friends, who strove to guard too  
late

The unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate.

Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian  
train

Now man the next, receding toward the  
main :

Wedged in one body at the tents they stand,

Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate  
band.

Now manly shame forbids the inglorious  
flight ;

Now fear itself confines them to the fight :

Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor  
most

(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)

Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost  
shores ;

And by their parents, by themselves, im-  
plores.

'O friends ! be men : your generous  
breasts inflame

With mutual honour, and with mutual  
shame !

Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care  
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :  
 Think of each living father's reverend head ;  
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;  
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;  
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :  
 'The gods their fates on this one action lay,  
 And all are lost, if you desert the day.'  
 He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires ;  
 Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.  
 The mist of darkness Jove around them threw  
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;  
 A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,  
 And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main :  
 Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,  
 The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.  
 First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,  
 His port majestic, and his ample size :  
 A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,  
 Full twenty cubits long, he swings around ;  
 Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,  
 But looks a moving tower above the bands ;  
 High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,  
 The godlike hero stalks from side to side.  
 So when a horseman from the watery mead  
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
 Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,  
 To some great city through the public way ;  
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;  
 And now to this, and now to that he flies ;  
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.  
 From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,  
 No less the wonder of the warring crew.  
 As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,  
 And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd ;

Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky proes  
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.  
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
 Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,  
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
 And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.  
 Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,  
 And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.  
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars,  
 Thick beats the combat on the sounding proes.  
 Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ;  
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun.  
 Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair :  
 Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain :  
 Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,  
 And each contends, as his were all the war.  
 'Twas then, bold Hector ! whose restless hand  
 First seized a ship on that contested strand :  
 The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,  
 The first that touch'd the unhappy Trojan shore :  
 For this in arms the warring nations stood,  
 And bathed their generous breasts with mutual blood.  
 No room to poise the lance or bend the bow ;  
 But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow :  
 Wounded, they wound ; and seek each other's hearts  
 With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.



The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,  
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;  
With streaming blood the slippery shores  
are dyed,

And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful  
tide.

Still raging, Hector with his ample hand  
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud  
command :

'Haste, bring the flames ! that toil of ten  
long years

Is finish'd ; and the day desired appears !

This happy day with acclamations greet,  
Bright with destruction of you hostile fleet.

The coward councils of a timorous throng  
Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long :  
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,  
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :  
In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our  
fires.'

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce com-  
mand,

Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.

Even Ajax paused, (so thick the javelins fly)  
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.

Yet, where the oars are placed, he stands to  
wait

What chief approaching dares attempt his  
fate :

Even to the last his naval charge defends,

Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now  
protends ;

Even yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts  
inspires,

Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and  
fires.

'O friends ! O heroes ! names for ever dear,  
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !  
Alas ! yet be mindful of your old renown,  
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.  
What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?  
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ?  
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,  
No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;  
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the  
deep.

'Tis hostile ground you tread ; your native  
lands

Far, far from hence : your fates are in your  
hands.'

Raging he spoke ; nor further waster his  
breath,

But turns his javelin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands

Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,

The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead :

Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,

Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

## BOOK XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE SIXTH BATTLE : THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers, are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation ; he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described : in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy : where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him : which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on the ensanguined  
shore,

While the black vessels smoked with human  
gore.

Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies ;  
 The streaming tears fall copious from his  
   eyes :  
 Not faster, trickling to the plains below,  
 From the tall rock the sable waters flow.  
 Divine Pelides, with compassion moved,  
 Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best beloved.  
 ' Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom  
   bears,  
 That flows so fast in these unmanly tears ?  
 No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps  
 From her loved breast, with sonder passion  
   weeps ;  
 Not more the mother's soul that infant  
   warms,  
 Clung to her knees, and reaching at her  
   arms,  
 Than thou hast mine ! Oh tell me, to what  
   end  
 Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend ?  
 ' Grieve'st thou for me, or for my martial  
   band ?  
 Or come sad tidings from our native land ?  
 Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),  
 Thy good Menætiüs breathes the vital air,  
 And hoary Peleüs yet extends his days ;  
 Pleased in their age to hear their children's  
   praise.  
 Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim ?  
 Perhaps you relics of the Grecian name,  
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and  
   sword,  
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord ?  
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,  
 And speak those sorrows which a friend  
   would share.'  
 A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,  
 Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.  
 ' Let Greece at length with pity touch thy  
   breast,  
 Thyself a Greek ; and, once, of Greeks the  
   best !  
 Lo ! every chief that might her fate prevent,  
 Lies pierced with wounds, and bleeding in  
   his tent :

Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,  
 And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,  
 More for their country's wounds, than for  
   their own.  
 Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.  
 May never rage like thine my soul enslave,  
 O great in vain ! unprofitably brave !  
 ' Thy country slighted in her last distress,  
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope  
   redress ?  
 No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.  
 ' O man unpitying ! if of man thy race ;  
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft em-  
   brace,  
 Nor ever amorous hero caused thy birth,  
 Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth ;  
 Some rugged rock's hard entralls gave thee  
   form,  
 And raging seas produced thee in a storm,  
 A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,  
 So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.  
 ' If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,  
 If aught from Jove, or 'Theïs, stop thy arm,  
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may  
   shine,  
 If I but lead the Myrmidonian line ;  
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the  
   war ;  
 Without thy person Greece shall win the day,  
 And thy mere image chase her foes away.  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd  
   train  
 Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire  
   again.'  
 Thus, blind to fate ! with supplicating  
   breath,  
 Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy  
   death.  
 Unfortunately good ! a boding sigh  
 Thy friend return'd ; and with it, this reply.  
 ' Patroclus ! thy Achilles knows no fears ;  
 Nor words from Jove nor oracles he hears ;

Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest ;  
 The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.  
 My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought  
     engage,  
 Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage :  
 I made him tyrant : gave him power to  
     wrong  
 Even me : I felt it ; and shall feel it long.  
 The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forced  
     away,  
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought day ;  
 Due to my conquest of her father's reign ;  
 Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.  
 From me he forced her ; me, the bold and  
     brave ;  
 Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the meanest  
     slave.  
 But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are  
     past ;  
 'Tis time our fury should relent at last :  
 I fix'd its date ; the day I wish'd appears :  
 Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,  
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my  
     ears.  
 Go then, Patroclus ! court fair honour's  
     charms  
 In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms :  
 Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,  
 Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.  
 See the thin relics of their baffled band  
 At the last edge of yon deserted land !  
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;  
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm im-  
     pend !  
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed,  
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet  
     blazed :  
 Had not the injurious king our friendship  
     lost,  
 Yon ample trench had buried half her host.  
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans  
     fear,  
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there ;  
 No longer flames the lance of 'Tydeus' son ;  
 No more your general calls his heroes on :

Hector, alone, I hear ; his dreadful breath  
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your  
     • death.  
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain ;  
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,  
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.  
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's  
     command,  
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,  
 And from thy deeds expects the Achaian host  
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost :  
 Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile  
     crew,  
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.  
 Though Jove in thunder should command  
     the war,  
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.  
 The fleet once saved, desist from further  
     chase,  
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;  
 Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy ;  
 Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.  
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive  
     strait,  
 Do her own work ; and leave the rest to fate.  
 O ! would to all the immortal powers above,  
 Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove !  
 That not one Trojan might be left alive,  
 And not a Greek of all the race survive :  
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,  
 And only we destroy the accursed town !  
     Such conference held the chiefs ; while on  
     the strand  
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan  
     band.  
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,  
 So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :  
 On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung ;  
 His hollow helm with falling javelins rung ;  
 His breath, in quick short pantings, comes  
     and goes ;  
 And painful sweat from all his members flows.  
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at  
     most ;  
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post :

<p>Dangers on dangers all around him grow, And to ill to toil, and woe succeeds to woe. Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame, How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame? Stern Hector waved his sword : and stand- ing near, Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear, Fell on the lance a stroke so justly sped, That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head : His pointers spear the warrior shakes in vain ; The brazen head falls sounding on the plain. Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine, Confering Jove, and trembling at the sign ; Warn'd he retreats, Then swift from all sides pour The hissing brands ; thick streams the fiery shower ; O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise, And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies. Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames, And smote his thigh, and thus aloud ex- claims : 'Arm, arm, Patroclus ! Lo, the blaze aspires ! The glowing ocean reddens with the fires. Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ; Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name ; I haste to bring the troops.'—The hero said ; The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd. He eased his limbs in brass ; and first around His manly legs with silver buckles bound The clasp'd greaves ; then to his breast ap- plies The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes ; Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone In the rich belt, as in a starry zone : Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread, Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head : Adorn'd in all his terrible array, He flash'd around intolerable day.</p>	<p>Alone untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands, Not to be poised but by Pelides' hands : From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire ; Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields, The death of heroes, and the dread of fields. Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name, The second to his lord in love and fame, In peace his friend, and partner of the war) The winged coursers harness'd to the car ; Xanthus and Balios, of immortal breed, Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed ; Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore, By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore : Swift Pegasus was added to their side, (Once great Atten's, now Achilles' pride) Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace, A mortal courser, match'd the immortal race. Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms. All breathing death, around the chief they stand, A grim, terrific, formidable band : Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs When 'calding thirst their burning bowels wings ; When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood, Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood, 'To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng, With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue, Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore, And, gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more.</p>
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Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,  
Such their dread strength, and such their  
deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,  
Directs their order, and the war commands.  
He, loved of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's  
shores

Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :  
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial  
birth,  
Derived from thee, whose waters wash the  
earth,

Divine Sperchius ! Jove-descended flood !  
A mortal mother mixing with a god.  
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame  
The son of Borus, that espoused the dame.

Eudorus next ; whom Polymele the gay,  
Famed in the graceful dance, produced to  
day.

Her, sly Cyllenius loved ; on her would gaze,  
As with swift step she form'd the running  
maze :

To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,  
The god pursued her, urged, and crown'd  
his fire.

The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,  
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the  
chase.

Strong Echeclæus, bless'd in all those charms  
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms ;  
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from  
fame,

With gifts of price he sought and won the  
dame ;

Her secret offspring to her sire she bare ;  
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art  
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;  
No hand so sure of all the Emathian line,  
Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.

The fourth by Phoenix' grave command  
was graced,  
Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles with superior care  
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,  
This stern remembrance to his troops he  
gave :

'Ye far-famed Myrmidons, ye fierce and  
brave !

Think with what threats you dared the  
Trojan throng,

Think what reproach these ears endured so  
long ;

'Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye used to say,  
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)  
Oh nursed with gall, unknowing how to  
yield ;

Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field :  
If that dire fury must for ever burn,  
What make we here ? Return, ye chiefs, re-  
turn !'

Such were your words—Now, warriors !  
grieve no more.

Lo there the Trojans ; bathe your swords in  
gore !

This day shall give you all your soul de-  
mands,

Glut all your hearts, and weary all your  
hands !'

Thus while he roused the fire in every  
breast,

Close and more close the listening cohorts  
press'd ;

Ranks wedged in ranks ; of arms a steely  
ring

Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round  
the king.

As when a circling wall the builder forms,  
Of strength defensive against winds and  
storms,

Compacted stones the thickening work com-  
pose,

And round him wide the rising structure  
grows :

So helm to helm, and crest to crest they  
throng,

Shield urged on shield, and man drove man  
along ;

Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together  
 join'd,  
 Flot in one sea, and wave before the wind.  
 Far o'er the rest in glittering pomp appear,  
 There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ;  
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired ;  
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul in-  
 spired.  
 But mindful of the gods, Achilles went  
 To the rich coffer in his shady tent :  
 There lay on heaps his various garments  
 roll'd,  
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold,  
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame)  
 From thence he took a bowl, of antique  
 frame,  
 Which never man had stain'd with ruddy  
 wine,  
 Nor raised in offerings to the powers divine,  
 But Peleus' son ; and Peleus' son to none  
 Had raised in offerings, but to Jove alone.  
 This tinged with sulphur, sacred first to  
 flame,  
 He purged ; and wash'd it in the running  
 stream.  
 Then cleansed his hands ; and fixing for a  
 space  
 His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place  
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd  
 Forth in the midst ; and thus the god im-  
 plored.  
 ' O thou supreme ! high-throned all height  
 above !  
 O great Pelasgie, Dodonæan Jove !  
 Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours  
 chill,  
 Presidest on bleak Dodona's vocal hill :  
 (Whose groves the Selli, race austere ! sur-  
 round,  
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the  
 ground ;  
 Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark de-  
 crees ;  
 And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the  
 breeze ;)

Hear, as of old ! Thou gavest, at Thetis'  
 prayer,  
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.  
 Lo to the dangers of the fighting field  
 The best, the dearest of my friends I yield ;  
 Though still determined, to my ships con-  
 fined ;  
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.  
 O ! be his guard thy providential care,  
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war :  
 Press'd by his single force let Hector see  
 His fame in arms not owing all to me.  
 But when the fleets are saved from foes and  
 fire,  
 Let him with conquest and renown retire ;  
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
 And safe return him to these eyes again !'  
 Great Jove consents to half the chief's re-  
 quest,  
 But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest ;  
 To free the fleet was granted to his prayer ;  
 His safe return, the winds dispersed in air.  
 Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,  
 And waits the combat with impatient eyes.  
 Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus'  
 care  
 Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.  
 As wasps, provoked by children in their  
 play,  
 Pour from their mansions by the broad high-  
 way,  
 In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,  
 Whet all their stings, and call forth all their  
 rage :  
 All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,  
 Assert their waven domes, and buzzing pro-  
 geny.  
 Thus from the tents the fervent legion  
 swarms,  
 So loud their clamours, and so keen their  
 arms :  
 Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,  
 Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.  
 ' O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise !  
 Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days ;

Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,  
And add new glories to his mighty name.  
Think your Achilles sees you fight : be brave,  
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.'

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,

Flew to the fleet, involved in fire and smoke.  
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,

The hollow ships return a deeper sound.

The war stood still, and all around them gazed,

When great Achilles' shining armour blazed:  
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,

At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,  
Where the war raged, and where the tumult grew.

Close to the stern of that famed ship which bore

Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,

The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood ;  
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood ;)

His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;  
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.  
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,  
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.  
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,  
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires ;

Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies ;  
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;  
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,

And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,

O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread ;

Sudden the thunderer, with a flashing ray,  
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day :

The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;

The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,  
And all the unmeasured ether flames with light.

But Troy repulsed, and scatter'd o'er the plains,

Forced from the navy, yet the fight maintains.  
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,  
But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew :  
As Areilycus had turn'd him round,  
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;  
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,

The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :

Headlong he fell. Next, Thoïs, was thy chance ;

Thy breast, unarm'd, received the Spartan lance.

Phylides' dart (as Amphielus drew nigh)

His blow prevented, and transpierced his thigh,

Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;  
In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,  
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :  
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,  
Pierced in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies.  
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,  
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground ;  
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage :

But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,  
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ;  
His arm falls spouting on the dust below :  
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er ;  
And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,

Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed ;

Amisodarus, who, by furies led,

The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred ;

Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,

And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,  
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize ;  
A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;  
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood :  
Flung in his throat the smoking weapon  
lies ;  
Black death, and fate un pitying, seal his  
eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,  
Lycen the brave, and fierce Peneus came ;  
In vain their javelins at each other flew,  
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they  
drew.

On the plumed crest of his Boeotian foe  
The daring Lycen aim'd a noble blow ;  
The sword broke short ; but his, Peneus  
sped

Full on the juncture of the neck and head :  
The head, divided by a stroke so just,  
Hung by the skin : the body sunk to dust.

O'er taken Neïmas by Merion bleeds,  
Pierced through the shoulder as he mounts  
his steeds ;

Back from the car he tumbles to the ground ;  
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,  
His open'd mouth received the Cretan steel :  
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,  
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the  
teeth in gore :

His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a  
flood ;

He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain  
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,  
A troop of wolves the unguarded charge sur-  
vey,

And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :  
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;  
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,  
Still, pointed at his breast, his javelin flamed.  
The Trojan chief, experienced in the field,  
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy  
shield,

Observed the storm of darts the Grecians  
pour,

And on his buckler caught the ringing  
shower :

He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,  
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his loved allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,  
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with  
storms,

Dark o'er the fields the ascending vapour flies,  
And shades the sun, and blots the golden  
skies :

So from the ships, along the dusky plain,  
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan  
train.

Even Hector fled ; through heaps of disarray  
The fiery coursers forced their lord away :

While far behind his Trojans fall confused ;  
Wedge'd in the trench, in one vast carnage  
bruised :

Chariots on chariots roll : the clashing spokes  
Shock ; while the madding steeds break short  
their yokes,

In vain they labour up the steepy mound ;  
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.  
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus  
flies ;

Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;  
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;  
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd  
from sight.

The affrighted steeds their dying lords cast  
down,

Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the  
town.

Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,  
Where the war bleeds, and where the thick-  
est die,

Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'er-  
thrown,

And bleeding heroes under axles groan.

No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus  
knew :

From bank to bank the immortal coursers  
flew,



High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling  
car  
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the fly-  
ing war,

And thunders after Hector : Hector flies,  
Patroclus shakes his lance : but fate denies.  
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate  
course,

Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant showers ;  
(When guilty mortals break the eternal laws,  
Or judges, bribed, betray the righteous  
cause ;)

From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :  
The impetuous torrents from their hills obey,  
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains  
swept away ;

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main ;  
And trembling man sees all his labours vain !

And now the chief (the foremost troops re-  
pell'd)

Back to the ships his destined progress held,  
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,  
And forced the routed ranks to stand the day.  
Between the space where silver Simois flows,  
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires  
rose,

All grim in dust and blood Patroclus stands,  
And turns the slaughter on the conquering  
bands.

First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,  
Which pierced below the shield his valiant  
heart.

Hector was next, who saw the chief appear,  
And fell the victim of his coward fear ;  
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,  
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly :  
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,  
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,  
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt  
the jaws,

The javelin sticks, and from the chariot  
draws.

As on a rock that overhangs the main,  
An angler, studious of the line and cane,  
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore :  
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore  
The gaping dastard ; as the spear was shook,  
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies ; a stone,  
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown :  
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment  
flew,

And burst the helm, and cleft the head in  
two :

Prone to the ground the breathless warrior  
fell,

And death involved him with the shades of  
hell.

Then low in dust Epaltès, Echiüs, lie ;

Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die ;

Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed ;

And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.

Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters  
spread

In heaps on heaps ; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends be-  
held

Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,  
With this reproach his flying host he warms :

' Oh stain to honour ! oh disgrace to arms !

Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain ;

This hand unaided shall the war sustain :

The task be mine, this hero's strength to  
try,

Who mows whole troops, and makes an  
army fly.'

He spake ; and, speaking, leaps from off  
the car :

Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.

As when two vultures on the mountain's  
height

Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight ;

They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming  
cry ;

The desert echoes, and the rocks reply :

The warriors thus opposed in arms, engage

With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat ; whose event fore-  
seen,

He thus bespoke his sister and his queen :

' The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain,  
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian  
plain :

Already on the verge of death he stands,  
His life is owed to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What passions in a parent's breast debate I  
Say, shall I snatch him from impending  
fate,

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far  
From all the dangers and the toils of war ;  
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field ?'

Then thus the goddess with the radiant  
eyes :

' What words are these, O sovereign of the  
skies ?

Short is the date prescribed to mortal man ;  
Shall Jove for one extend the narrow span,  
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race be-  
gan ?

How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to  
death,

Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath !  
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
And murmuring powersecondemn their partial  
Jove.

Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight ;  
And when the ascending soul has wing'd her  
flight,

Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy com-  
mand,

The breathless body to his native land.  
His friends and people, to his future praise,  
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,  
And lasting honours to his ashes give ;  
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall  
live.

She said : the cloud-compeller, overcome,  
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.

' Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens  
distill'd

A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field :

The god, his eyes averting from the plain,  
Laments his son, predestined to be slain,  
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native  
reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear ;  
Each heaved the shield, and poised the lifted  
spear :

From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,  
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed ;  
The nerves unbraced no more his bulk sus-  
tain,

He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.  
Two sounding darts the Lyeian leader threw ;  
The first aloof with erring fury flew,  
The next transpierced Achilles' mortal steed,  
The generous Pegasus of Theban breed,  
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint ; he reel'd around,  
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the  
slippery ground.

His sudden fall the entangled harness broke ;  
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook ;  
When bold Automedon, to disengage  
The starting coursers, and restrain their  
rage,

Divides the traces with his sword, and freed  
The encumber'd chariot from the dying steed :  
The rest move on, obedient to the rein ;  
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight ad-  
vance ;

And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its  
course,

And spent in empty air its dying force.

Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart ;  
Aim'd at his breast, it pierced a mortal  
part,

Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.  
Then as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)  
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound  
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the  
ground :

Thus fell the king ; and laid on earth supine,  
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine :

He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,  
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws

The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood ;

Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band  
The dying chief address'd his last command :  
' Glaucus, be bold ; thy task be first to dare  
The glorious dangers of destructive war,  
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
Incite the living, and supply the dead.  
Tell 'em, I charged them with my latest breath

Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.  
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,

If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe !  
Then as a friend and as a warrior fight ;  
Defend my body, conquer in my right ;  
That, taught by great examples, all may try  
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.'

He ceased ; the fates suppress'd his labouring breath,  
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.

The insulting victor with disdain bestrode  
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod ;  
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,

The reeking fibres clinging to the dart ;  
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,

And the soul issued in the purple flood.  
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,  
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.  
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,  
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief :  
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart  
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,

Supported on his better hand he stay'd :  
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd :

'All-seeing monarch ! whether Lycia's coast,

Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,  
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart ;  
O hear me ! god of every healing art !

Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierced with pain,

That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,

I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.  
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,  
Nor Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid ;

But thou, O god of health ! thy succour lend,  
To guard the relics of my slaughter'd friend :  
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,

To head my Lycians, and support the fight.'  
Apollo heard ; and, suppliant as he stood,  
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood ;

He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
And breathed a spirit in his rising heart.  
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
And owns the assistance of immortal hands.  
First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms ;  
With ample strides he stalks from place to place ;

Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas ;  
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts ;  
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

'What thoughts, regardless chief ! thy breast employ ?

Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy !  
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,  
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.

See ! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,  
In action valiant, and in council wise,

Who guarded right, and kept his people free;  
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee !  
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,  
O save from hostile rage his loved remains !  
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies  
boast,

Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost !'

He spoke ; each leader in his grief partook :  
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions  
shook.

Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'er-  
thrown

At once his country's pillar, and their own ;  
A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'rd wall  
A host of heroes, and outshined them all.

Fired, they rush on ; first Hector seeks the  
foes,

And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus  
stands,

And rousing Ajax, roused the listening bands.

'Heroes, be men ; be what you were be-  
fore ;

Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.  
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,  
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body Troy in numbers flies ;

'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round  
him spread,

And send the living Lycians to the dead.'

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;

The martial squadrons close on either hand :

Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud  
alarms,

Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their  
arms.

With horrid shouts they circle round the  
slain ;

The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.

Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,

O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,

And round his son confounds the warring  
hosts,

His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus  
falls ;

Agadeus' son, from Budium's lofty walls ;

Who chased for murder thence a suppliant  
came

To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame ;

Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,

He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's  
shade.

Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the  
dead,

A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his  
head ;

Hurl'd by Hectorean force it cleft in twain

His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er  
the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came ;

And, like an eagle darting at his game,

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.

What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy  
hand,

O generous Greek ! when with full vigour  
thrown,

At Sthenelais flew the weighty stone,

Which sunk him to the dead : when Troy,  
too near

That arm, drew back ; and Hector learn'd  
to fear.

Far as an able hand a lance can throw,

Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe :

So far the Trojans from their lines retired ;

Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired.

Then Bathycleus fell beneath his rage,

The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age :

Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large  
domain,

With stately seats and riches blest in vain :

Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue

The flying Lycians, Glaucus met and slew ;

Pierced through the bosom with a sudden  
wound,

He fell, and falling made the fields resound.

The Achæians sorrow for their hero slain ;

With conquering shouts the Trojans shake  
the plain,

And crowd to spoil the dead : the Greeks oppose ;

An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,  
Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:  
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,

The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.  
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went ;  
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,  
Who stooping forward from the death with-drew ;

The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,

And trembling struck, and rooted in the field ;

There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,

Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain,

' Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)

And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,

My spear, the destined passage had it found,  
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.'

' O valiant leader of the Dardan host !  
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)

Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.

And if to this my lance thy fate be given,  
Vain are thy vaunts ; success is still from heaven :

This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast ;

Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.'

' O friend ! (Menæti'us' son this answer gave)

With words to combat, ill befits the brave ;  
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,  
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.

To speak, becoms the council ; but to dare  
In glorious action, is the task of war.'

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies ;  
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise :  
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close ;

And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.

As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,

The labours of the woodman's axe resound ;  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,

While crackling forests fall on every side :  
' Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,  
His heavenly form defaced with dust and gore,

And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.

His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,  
On every side the busy combat grows ;

Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode

(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)

The buzzing flies, a persevering train,

Incessant swarm, and chased return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,

And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates  
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:

Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,

This instant see his short-lived trophies won,  
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;

Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,  
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.

To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise  
At length he dooms ; and, that his last of days

Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe ;  
Nor unattended see the shades below.

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ;

He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,  
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline

The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lyeinns fled,  
And left their monarch with the common  
dead :

Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed !) At length the Greeks  
obtain

The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
'The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne ;  
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,  
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling  
Jove.

'Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian  
plain,

And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;  
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,

With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with  
blood ;

O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,  
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.

Those rites discharged, his sacred corse be-  
queath

To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.

They to his friends the mournful charge  
shall bear ;

His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear :

What honours mortals after death receive,

Those unavailing honours we may give !'

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,  
Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;

Thence from the war the breathless hero  
bore,

Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore ;

There bathed his honourable wounds, and  
dress'd

His manly members in the immortal vest ;

And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews

Restores his freshness, and his form re-  
news.

Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged  
race,

Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,

Received Sarpedon, at the god's command,

And in a moment reach'd the Lyeian land ;

The corse amidst his weeping friends they  
laid,

Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the  
plains,

With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd  
reins.

Fierce on the Trojan and the Lyeian crew,

Ah blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew :

Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,

Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage  
vain :

For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd

Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold,

The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,

He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was  
slain,

Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the  
plain ;

When heaven itself thy fatal fury led,

And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?

Adrestus first ; Autonous then succeeds ;

Echeclus follows ; next young Megas bleeds ;

Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground ;

The slaughter, Elusus and Mulus crown'd :

Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;

The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to  
flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his match-  
less power,

But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.

Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook ;

His blazing ægis three Apollo shook :

He tried the fourth ; when, bursting from  
the cloud,

A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

'Patroclus ! cease ; this heaven-defended  
wall

Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall with-  
stand,

Troy shall not stoop even to Achilles' hand.'

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires ;

The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires :

While Hector, cheeking at the Scæan gates  
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,  
Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.  
Thus while he thought, 'beside him Phœbus

stood,

In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's  
flood ;

(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young ;)   
Thus he accosts him : 'What a shameful  
sight !

Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?  
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a  
fear.

Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.  
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,  
And heaven ordains him by thy lance to  
bleed.'

So spoke the inspiring god ; then took his  
flight,

And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight.  
He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car ;  
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.  
The god the Grecians' sinking souls de-  
press'd,  
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan  
breast.

Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;  
A spear his left, a stone employs his right :  
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;  
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :  
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,  
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed ;  
His front, brows, eyes, one undislinguish'd  
wound,

The bursting balls drop sightless to the  
ground.

The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,  
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the  
plain.

To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

' Good heaven ! what active feats yon artist  
shows !

What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !  
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !  
Pity ! that all their practice is by land.'

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate  
prize,

To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies :  
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold ;  
Pierced through the dauntless heart, then  
tumbles slain,

And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
At once bold Hector, leaping from his car,  
Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal  
rage,

Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ;  
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey in-  
vades,

And echoing roars rebellow through the  
shades.

Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,  
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead :  
While all around, confusion, rage, and  
fright,

Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;  
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,  
The broad oaks crackle, and the silvans  
groan ;

This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous  
rage,

In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.  
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the car-  
case ring,

Now flights of arrows bounding from the  
string :

Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the  
fields,

Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding  
shields.

But where the rising whirlwind clouds the  
p'ains,  
Sunl. in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding  
reins.

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had  
driven  
H's fervid orb through half the vault of  
heaven ;

While on each host with equal tempests fell  
The showering darts, and numbers sank to  
hell.

But when his evening wheels o'erhung the  
main,

Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.  
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant  
arms.

Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,  
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the  
foes.

Thrice on the press like Mars himself he  
flew,

And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.  
There ends thy glory ! there the fates un-  
twine

The last, black remnant of so bright a line :  
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way ;  
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer  
day !

For lo ! the god in dusky clouds enshrined,  
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.  
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders  
feel ;

His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses  
reel

In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,  
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.  
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and  
gore ;

That plume which never stoop'd to earth be-  
fore ;

Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to  
shine,

And shade the temples of the man divine.

Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;  
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls : his ample shield  
Drops from his arm : his baldric strows the  
field :

The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes :  
Loose is each joint ; each nerve with horror  
shakes.

Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands :  
Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well known to  
fame,

From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his  
name ;

Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,  
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the  
course :

Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.  
His venturesous spear first drew the hero's gore ;  
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no  
more ;

Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood ;  
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
And turn'd him short, and herded in the  
crowd.

Thus by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,  
Retires for succour to his social train,  
And flies the fate which heaven decreed in  
vain.

Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,  
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat  
pursues :

The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;  
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.  
With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment  
all

Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.  
So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,  
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,  
Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the  
flood,

With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with  
blood ;



At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,  
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.  
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
So many lives effused, expires his own.  
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,  
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :  
'Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the  
joy

Thy pride once promised, of subverting Troy ;  
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,  
And thy soft pleasures served with captive  
dames !

Unthinking man ! I fought, those towers to  
free,

And guard that beauteous race from lords  
like thee :

But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;

Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;

Though much at parting that great chief  
might say,

And much enjoin thee, this important day :

"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he  
said),

Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."

He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he  
sped.'

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,  
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:

'Vain boaster ! cease, and know the  
powers divine !

Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine ;

To heaven is owed whate'er your own you  
call,

And heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,

Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight :

By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,

Euphorbus next ; the third mean part thy own.

But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;

The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death :

Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I ;

Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour  
draws nigh ;

Even now on life's last verge I see thee stand,  
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.'

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her  
way,

(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;

A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed  
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead :

'From whence this boding speech, the  
stern decree

Of death denounced, or why denounced to  
me ?

Why not as well Achilles' fate be given

To Hector's lance ? Who knows the will of  
heaven !'

Pensive he said ; then pressing as he lay

His breathless bosom, tore the lance away ;

And upwards cast the corse : the reeking  
spear

He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.

But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins

Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

Far from his rage the immortal coursers  
drove ;

The immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

## BOOK XVII.

### ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF  
PATROCLUS. THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy : Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires ; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a slight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them : Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus : Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness : the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death : then returns

to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaces, bore off the body to the ships.

The scene is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,  
Lies pierced with wounds among the vulgar  
dead.

Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,  
Springs to the front, and guards him from  
the foe.

Thus round her new-fallen young the heifer  
moves,

Front of her throes, and first-born of her  
lows ;

And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)  
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.  
Opposed to each that near the carcase came,  
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances  
flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,  
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.

' This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low ;  
Warrior ! desist, nor tempt an equal blow :  
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign :  
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.'

The Trojan thus : the Spartan monarch  
burn'd

With generous anguish, and in scorn re-  
turn'd :

' Laugh'st thou not, Jove ! from thy superior  
throne,

When mortals boast of prowess not their  
own ?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,  
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,  
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain) ;  
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in  
vain.

But far the vainest of the boastful kind,  
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty  
mind.

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering  
steel

This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell ;

Against our arm which rashly he defied,  
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.  
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,  
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his  
sire.

Presumptuous youth ! like his shall be thy  
doom,

Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom ;  
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd  
fate ;

Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.'

Unmoved, Euphorbus thus : ' That action  
known,

Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.  
His weeping father claims thy destined head,  
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.

On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,  
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.

No longer then defer the glorious strife,  
Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and  
life.'

Swift as the word the missile lance he  
slings ;

The well-aimed weapon on the buckler rings,  
But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.

On Jove the father great Atrides calls,  
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,  
It pierced his throat, and bent him to the  
plain ;

Wide through the neck appears the grisly  
wound,

Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms re-  
sound.

The shining circlets of his golden hair,  
Which even the Graces might be proud to  
wear,

Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the  
shore,

With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with  
gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,  
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal  
green,

Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,  
And plays and dances to the gentle air ;

When lo ! a whirlwind from high heaven invades  
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;  
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,  
 A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead :  
 Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,  
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.  
 Proud of his deed, and gl'rious in the prize,  
 Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies :  
 Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire  
 The village curs and trembling swains retire,  
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear  
 him roar,  
 And sec his jaws distil with smoking gore :  
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,  
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound.  
 Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious  
 eyes,  
 And urged great Hector to dispute the prize ;  
 (In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial  
 care  
 The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of  
 war ;)   
 'Forbear (he cried) with fruitless speed to  
 chase  
 Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race ;  
 They stoop not, these, to mortal man's com-  
 mand,  
 Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.  
 Too long amused with a pursuit so vain,  
 Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain ;  
 By Sparta slain ! for ever now suppress'd  
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted  
 breast !'  
 Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his  
 flight,  
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight :  
 His words infix'd unutterable care  
 Deep in great Hector's soul : through all the  
 war  
 He darts his anxious eye ; and, instant, view'd  
 The breathless hero in his blood imbrued,  
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he  
 lay)  
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.

Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving  
 ranks he flies,  
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies :  
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,  
 It flew, and fired the nations as it went.  
 Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,  
 And thus explored his own unconquer'd  
 mind :  
 'Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,  
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain !  
 Desert the arms, the relics, of my friend ?  
 Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend ?  
 Sure where such partial favour heaven be-  
 stow'd,  
 To brave the hero were to brave the god :  
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field ;  
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.  
 Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give  
 me fear,  
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear :  
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,  
 And give Achilles all that yet remains  
 Of his and our Patroclus—' This, no more,  
 The time allow'd : Troy thicken'd on the  
 shore,  
 A sable scene ! The terrors Hector led.  
 Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.  
 So from the fold the unwilling lion parts,  
 Forced by loud clamours, and a storm of  
 darts ;  
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,  
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes.  
 Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd  
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,  
 O'er all the black battalions sent his view,  
 And through the cloud the godlike Ajax  
 knew ;  
 Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,  
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood ;  
 There breathing courage, where the god of  
 day  
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dis-  
 may.  
 To him the king : 'Oh Ajax, oh my friend !  
 Haste, and Patroclus' loved remains defend :

The body to Achilles to restore,  
Demands our care ; alas, we can no more !  
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies ;  
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.  
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging  
pair  
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the  
war.

Already had stern Hector seized his head,  
And doom'd to Trojan dogs the unhappy  
dead ;  
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,  
Sprung to his ear, and measured back the  
field.

His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,  
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhilc great Ajax (his broad shield  
display'd)  
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;  
And now before, and now behind he stood :  
'Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,  
With many a step, the lioness surrounds  
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds ;  
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,  
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-  
brow lours.

Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows  
With great revenge, and feeds his inward  
woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,  
On Hector frowning, thus his slight upbraids :  
'Where now in Hector shall we Hector  
find ?

A manly form, without a manly mind.  
Is this, O chief ! a hero's boasted fame ?  
How vain, without the merit, is the name !  
Since battle is renounced, thy thoughts em-  
ploy

What other methods may preserve thy Troy :  
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand  
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand :  
Mean, empty boast ! but shall the Lycians  
stake  
Their lives for you ? those Lycians you for-  
sake ?

What from thy thankless arms can we ex-  
pect ?

Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect :  
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your  
walls,

While unrevenged the great Sarpedon falls ?  
Even where he died for Troy, you left him  
there,

A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.  
On my command if any Lycian wait,  
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to  
fate.

Did such a spirit as the gods impart  
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,  
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws  
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)  
Even yet our mutual arms we might employ,  
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.  
Oh ! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain  
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again !  
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,  
And thus due honours purchased to his shade.

But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,  
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear ;  
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ;  
And lo ! already thou preparest to fly.'

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment  
ey'd

The Lycian leader, and sedate replied :  
'Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear  
From such a warrior such a speech should  
hear ?

I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,  
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.  
I shun great Ajax ? I desert my train ?  
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;  
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,  
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.  
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,  
The strong he withers, and confounds the  
bold ;

Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and  
now  
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's  
brow !

Come, through you squadrons let us hew the way,

And thou be witness, if I fear to-day ;  
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,  
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.'

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:  
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lyeians, and allies!  
Be men, my friends, in action as in name,  
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.  
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,  
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest  
mine.'

He strode along the field, as thus he said :

(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head :)  
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look ;

One instant saw, one instant overtook  
The distant band, that on the sandy shore  
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.  
There his own mail unbraced the field be-  
stow'd ;

His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.  
Now blazing in the immortal arms he stands ;  
The work and present of celestial hands ;  
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,  
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven :  
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,  
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from  
afar,

The god whose thunder rends the troubled  
air

Beheld with pity ; as apart he sat,  
And, conscious, look'd through all the scene  
of fate.

He shook the sacred honours of his head ;  
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said :

'Ah, wretched man ! unmindful of thy end !  
A moment's glory ! and what fates attend !  
In heavenly panoply divinely bright  
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy  
sight,

As at Achilles' self ! beneath thy dart  
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part :

Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast  
torn,

Which once the greatest of mankind had  
worn.

Yet live ! I give thee one illustrious day,  
A blaze of glory ere thou fadest away.  
For ah ! no more Andromachè shall come  
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home ;  
No more officious, with endearing charms,  
From thy tired limbs unbrace Pelides' arms !'

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod  
That seals his word ; the sanction of the  
god.

The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dis-  
posed)

Conform'd spontaneous, and around him  
closed :

Fill'd with the god, enlarged his members  
grew,

Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,  
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,  
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.  
Exhorting loud through all the field he  
strode,

And look'd, and moved, Achilles, or a god.  
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,  
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippotholus  
fires ;

The great Thersilochus like fury found,

Asteropæus kindled at the sound,

And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.

'Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd  
bands

Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands !

'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,

To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war :

Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chase,

To save our present, and our future race.

For this, our wealth, our products, you en-  
joy,

And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.

Now then, to conquer or to die prepare ;

To die or conquer are the terms of war.

Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,

Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,

With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;  
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.'

Fired by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,  
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;

Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,  
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:  
Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,

What victims perish round the mighty dead!  
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,

And thus bespoke his brother of the war:  
'Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend;  
And all our wars and glories at an end!

'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,  
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;  
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall

On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.  
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,  
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!  
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,  
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.'

The warrior raised his voice, and wide around

The field re-echoed the distressful sound.  
'O chiefs! O princes, to whose hand is given

The rule of men; whose glory is from heaven!

Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:  
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!  
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,

All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;

Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,

And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.'

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,  
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;

Next him Idomencus, more slow with age,  
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.

The long-succeeding numbers who can name?  
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.  
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;

Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.

Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,

Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,

Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,  
The boiling ocean works from side to side,  
The river trembles to his utmost shore,  
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolved, the firm Achaian band  
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand,  
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,  
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:  
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend

Had lived not hateful, for he lived a friend:  
Dead he protects him with superior care,  
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,

Repulsed, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:

Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on  
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.

(Ajax to Pelcus' son the second name,  
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)  
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;

So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,

And rudely scatters, far to distance round,  
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.

The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,  
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcase through the war;

The sinewy ankles bored, the feet he bound  
With thongs inserted through the double wound;

Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;  
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed ;  
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ;  
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain :  
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground :  
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound :  
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread  
 Now lies a sad companion of the dead :  
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,  
 And ill requites his parents' tender care.  
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,  
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.  
 Once more at Ajax Hector's javelin flies ;  
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,  
 Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,  
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,  
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind  
 The boldest warrior and the noblest mind :  
 In little Panopè, for strength renown'd,  
 He held his seat, and ruled the realms around,  
 Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,  
 And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood ;  
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all  
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.  
 Phoreys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,  
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;  
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,  
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke :  
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands  
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.  
 Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train :  
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.  
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,  
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field ;  
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,  
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :

But Phœbus urged Æneas to the fight ;  
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight :  
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,  
 Revered for prudence, and with prudence bold.)  
 Thus he—'What methods yet, O chief ! remain,  
 To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain ?  
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,  
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,  
 Have forced the powers to spare a sinking state,  
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate,  
 But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares  
 His partial favour, and assists your wars,  
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,  
 And force the unwilling god to ruin Troy.'  
 Æneas through the form assumed deseries  
 The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries :  
 'Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey,  
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.  
 A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,  
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.'  
 He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew :  
 The bold example all his hosts pursue.  
 Then, first, Leoceritus beneath him bled,  
 In vain beloved by valiant Lycomedè ;  
 Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,  
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance ;  
 The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd,  
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast ;  
 From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,  
 Next thee, Asteropeus ! in place and fame.  
 Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,  
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain :  
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,  
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,

And helm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood,  
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.  
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,  
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,  
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,  
And stands the centre and the soul of all :  
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded,  
wound ;

A sanguine torrent steepes the reeking ground :  
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans  
bled,  
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of  
dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,  
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering  
fight ;

Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost ;  
The sun, the moon, and all the ethereal host  
Seem'd as extinct : day ravish'd from their  
eyes,  
And all heaven's splendours blotted from the  
skies.

Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,  
The rest in sunshine fought and open light ;  
Unclouded there, the ærial azure spread,  
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,  
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,  
And all the broad expansion flamed with day.  
Dispersed around the plain, by fits they fight,  
And here and there their scatter'd arrows  
light :

But death and darkness o'er the carcase  
spread,  
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty  
bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,  
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,  
And skirmish wide : so Nestor gave com-  
mand,

When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.  
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,  
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend ;

In thought they view'd him still, with martial  
joy,

Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.  
But round the corse the heroes pant for  
breath,

And thick and heavy grows the work of death :  
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and  
gore,

Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd  
o'er ;

Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds  
arise,

And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness  
fills their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking  
hide,

Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side  
to side,

The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er  
The extended surface, drunk with fat and  
gore :

So tugging round the corse both armies stood ;  
The mangled body bathed in sweat and  
blood ;

While Greeks and Ilions equal strength em-  
ploy,

Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.  
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,  
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,  
Could blame this scene ; such rage, such  
horror reign'd ;

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,  
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;  
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,  
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,  
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd  
plain,

And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;  
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion  
bend

Was more than heaven had destined to his  
friend,

Perhaps to him : this Thetis had reveal'd ;  
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.



Still raged the conflict round the hero dead,  
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.

'Cursed be the man (even private Greeks would say)

Who dares desert this well-disputed day !  
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes  
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice;  
First perish all, ere haughty 'Troy shall boast  
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost !'

Thus they : while with one voice the Trojans said,

'Grant this day, Jove ! or heap us on the dead !'

Then clash their sounding arms ; the clangours rise,

And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,

The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood ;  
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
They wept, and shared in human miseries.  
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,  
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threatens in vain ;

Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go.  
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe :  
Still as a tombstone, never to be moved,  
On some good man or woman unreprieved  
Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd, as stands  
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,  
Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face

The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,

Conglobing on the dust. 'Their manes, that late

Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,

'Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,

And prone to earth was hung their languid head :

Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,  
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke :

'Unhappy coursers of immortal strain,  
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;  
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,  
Only, alas ! to share in mortal woe ?

For ah ! what is there of inferior birth,  
'That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth ;

What wretched creature of what wretched kind,

Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind ?  
A miserable race ! but cease to mourn :

For not by you shall Priam's son be borne  
High on the splendid car : one glorious prize  
He rashly boasts : the rest our will denies.

Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,  
Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.  
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear  
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.

For yet 'tis given to Troy to ravage o'er  
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore ;

The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall  
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.'

He said ; and breathing in the immortal horse

Excessive spirit, urged them to the course ;  
From their high manes they shake the dust,  
and bear

The kindling chariot through the parted war:  
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train  
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.

From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,

And now to conquest with like speed pursue ;  
Sole in the seat the chariotceer remains,  
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins :  
Him brave Automedon beheld distress'd,  
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd :

'What god provokes thee rashly thus to dare,

Alone, unaided, in the thickest war ?

Alas ! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields  
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.'

'In happy time (the charioteer replies)  
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes ;  
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds re-  
strains,  
Or holds their fury in suspended reins :  
Patroclus, while he lived, their rage could tame,  
But now Patroclus is an empty name !  
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign  
The ruling charge : the task of fight be mine.'  
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,  
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.  
His friend descends. The chief of Troy de-  
scribed,  
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.  
'Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restored,  
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !  
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,  
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through  
the fight :  
Can such opponents stand when we assail ?  
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.'  
The son of Venus to the counsel yields ;  
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid  
shields ;  
With brass-reflecting the broad surface shined,  
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave  
lined.  
Them Chromlus follows, Aretus succeeds ;  
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds :  
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye  
burn,  
In vain advance ! not fated to return.  
Unmoved, Automedon attends the fight,  
Implores the Eternal, and collects his might.  
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless  
mind :  
'Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind !  
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,  
For hard the fight, determined is the foe ;  
'Tis Hector comes ; and when he seeks the  
prize,  
War knows no mean ; he wins it or he dies.'  
Then through the field he sends his voice  
aloud,  
And calls the Ajaces from the warring crowd,

With great Atrides. 'Hither turn, (he said)  
Turn where distress demands immediate aid ;  
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,  
And save the living from a fiercer foe.  
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage  
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage :  
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove  
Is only mine : the event belongs to Jove.'  
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin  
slung,  
Which pass'd the shield of Arctus the young :  
It pierced his belt, emboss'd with curious art ;  
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.  
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,  
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny  
bull :  
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many  
a bound,  
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground :  
Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul received,  
And the spear trembled as his entrails heaved.  
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe  
Discharged his lance ; the meditated blow,  
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the javelin idly fled,  
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head ;  
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear  
In long vibrations spent its fury there.  
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had  
closed,  
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed ;  
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,  
But left their slain companion in his blood :  
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,  
'Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice :  
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus  
have paid,  
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade.'  
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,  
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore ;  
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,  
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.  
And now Minerva from the realms of air  
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;  
For, pleased at length the Grecian arms to aid,  
The lord of thunders sent the blue-eyed maid.

As when high Jove denouncing future woe,  
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,  
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,  
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)  
The drooping cattle dread the impending  
skies,  
And from his half-till'd field the labourer  
flies :

In such a form the goddess round her drew  
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.  
Assuming Phœnix' shape on earth she falls,  
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls :  
' And lies Achilles' friend, beloved by all,  
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?  
What shame to Greece for future times to  
tell,

To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell !'  
' O chief, O father ! (Atreus' son replies)  
O full of days ! by long experience wise !  
What more desires my soul, than here un-  
moved

To guard the body of the man I loved ?  
Ah, would Minerva send me strength to rear  
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of  
war !

But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,  
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head !  
Pleased to be first of all the powers ad-  
dress'd,

She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,  
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,  
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.  
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er)  
Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still of gore ;  
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings  
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and  
stings.

Fired with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,  
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to  
fame,

Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name :  
With riches honour'd, and with courage  
bless'd,

By Hector loved, his comrade, and his guest ;

Through his broad belt the spear a passage  
found,

And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.  
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,  
Like Phœnops, Asius' son, appear'd the god ;  
(Aslus the great, who held his wealthy reign  
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)

' Oh prince (he cried), Oh foremost once in  
fame !

What Greeian now shall tremble at thy name ?  
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,  
A chief once thought no terror of the field ;  
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize  
He bears victorious, while our army flies :  
By the same arm illustrious Podes' bled ;  
The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead !'  
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of  
woe,

Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the  
foe.

But now the Eternal shook his sable shield,  
That shaded Ido and all the subject field  
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud  
Involved the mount ; the thunder roar'd  
aloud ;

The affrighted hills from their foundations  
nod,

And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god :  
At one regard of his all-seeing eye  
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece : the flight Peneleus  
led ;

For as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head  
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,  
And razed his shoulder with a shorten'd spear :  
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,  
Pierced through the wrist ; and raging with  
the pain,

Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd  
The flaming javelin to his manly breast ;  
The brittle point before his corslet yields ;  
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields :  
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,  
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood,

<p>But erring from its aim, the impetuous spear Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer Of martial Merion : Corranus his name, Who left fair Lyetus for the fields of fame. On foot bold Merion fought ; and now laid low, Had graced the triumphs of his Trojan foe ; But the brave squire the ready coursers brought, And with his life his master's safety bought. Between his cheek and ear the weapon went, The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent. Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ; His dying hand forgets the falling rein : This Merion reaches, bending from the car, And urges to desert the hopeless war : Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ; And the swift chariot to the navy flies. Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven desierd, And conquest shifting to the Trojan side, Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus be- gun, To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon : ' Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ? Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart, He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart : Not so our spears ; incessant though they rain, He suffers every lance to fall in vain. Deserted of the god, yet let us try What human strength and prudence can supply ; If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne, May glad the fleets that hope not our return, Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates, And still hear Hector thundering at their gates. Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear The mournful message to Pelides' ear ; For sure he knows not, distant on the shore, His friend, his loved Patroclus, is no more.</p>	<p>But such a chief I spy not through the host : The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost In general darkness—Lord of earth and air ! Oh king ! Oh father ! hear my humble prayer : Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore ; Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more : If Greece must perish, we thy will obey, But let us perish in the face of day !' With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer The god relenting clear'd the clouded air ; Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray ; The blaze of armour flash'd against the day. ' Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy sight ; If yet Antilochus survives the fight, Let him to great Achilles' ear convey The fatal news'—Atrides hastes away. So turns the lion from the nightly fold, Though high in courage, and with hunger bold, Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds, Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds ; The darts fly round him from a hundred hands, And the red terrors of the blazing brands : Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey. So moved Atrides from his dangerous place With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace ; The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain, And much admonish'd, much adjured his train : ' O guard these relics to your charge con- sign'd, And bear the merits of the dead in mind ; How skill'd he was in each obliging art ; The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart ; He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end, In death a hero, as in life a friend !' So parts the chief ; from rank to rank he flew, And round on all sides sent his piercing view.</p>
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As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye  
Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,  
The sacred eagle, from his walks above  
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket  
move ;

Then stoops, and sousing<sup>f</sup> on the quivering  
hare,

Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.  
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight  
Pass'd this and that way, through the ranks  
of fight :

Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,  
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths  
around :

To him the king : ' Beloved of Jove ! draw  
near,

For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;  
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn !  
How Ilium triumphs, and the Achæians  
mourn.

This is not all : Patroclus, on the shore  
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no  
more.

Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell  
The sad Achilles, how his loved-one fell :  
He too may haste the naked corse to gain :  
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the  
slain.'

The youthful warrior heard with silent  
woe,

From his fair eyes the tears began to flow :  
Big with the mighty grief he strove to say  
What sorrow dictates, but no word found  
way.

To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,  
Who, near him whiceling, drove his steeds  
along ;

Then ran the mournful message to impart,  
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : nor Menelaüs stands  
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian  
bands ;

But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sus-  
tain ;

Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

' Gone is Antiloehus (the hero said :)

But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid :

Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,  
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,

'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,

And save ourselves, while with impetuous  
hate

Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.'

' 'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,  
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear ;

Myself, and my bold brother, will sustain

The shock of Hector and his charging train:

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ;

What Troy can dare, we have already tried,

Have tried it, and have stood.' The hero  
said.

High from the ground the warriors heave the  
dead.

A general clamour rises at the sight :

Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.

Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,

With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,

Voracious hounds, that many a length before

Their furious hunters, drive the wounded  
boar ;

But if the savage turns his glaring eye,

They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.

Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,

Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins  
shower ;

But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,

All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,

Behind them rages all the storm of war :

Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng

Of men, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along:

Less fierce the winds with rising flames con-  
spire

To overwhelm some city under waves of fire ;

Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,

Now crack the blazing temples of the gods ;

The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,

And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the  
poles.

The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load;  
As when two mules, along the rugged road,  
From the steep mountain with exerted  
strength

Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy  
length ;

Only they groan, big drops of sweat distil,  
The enormous timber lumbering down the  
hill :

So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,  
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.  
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains  
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,  
Some interposing hill the stream divides,  
And breaks its force, and turns the winding  
tides.

Still close they follow, close the rear engage ;  
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:  
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat main-  
tains,

Wedge'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,  
That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung  
High on poised pinions, threatens their callow  
young.

So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,  
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry :  
Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and arm-  
our lay ;

Such horror Jove impress'd ! yet still proceeds  
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

## BOOK XVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR  
MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought  
to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his  
lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to  
comfort him. The speeches of the mother and  
son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by

the command of Juno, and orders him to show  
himself at the head of the intrenchments. The  
sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the  
body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks.  
The Trojans call a council, where Hector and  
Polydamas disagree in their opinions ; but the  
advice of the former prevails, to remain en-  
camped in the field. The grief of Achilles over  
the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain  
new arms for her son. The description of the  
wonderful works of Vulcan ; and, lastly, that noble  
one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day,  
and the night ensuing, take up this book. The  
scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from  
whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns,  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns,  
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters  
• flow,

Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe :  
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,  
On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;  
Pensive he sat ; for all that fate design'd  
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.  
Thus to his soul he said : ' Ah ! what con-  
strains

The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the  
plains ?

Is this the day, which heaven so long ago  
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe ?  
(So Thetis warn'd ;) when by a Trojan hand  
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band  
Should lose the light ! Fulfill'd is that decree ;  
Fallen is the warrior, and Patroclus he !  
In vain I charged him soon to quit the plain,  
And warn'd to shun Hector's force in vain !

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,  
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.  
' Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;  
And wretched I, the unwilling messenger !  
Dead is Patroclus ! For his corse they fight ;  
His naked corse : his arms are Hector's right.'

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,  
And wrapp'd his senses in the cloud of grief ;  
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he  
spread

The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
Those he deforms with dust, and these he  
tears ;

On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,  
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he  
grew.

The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,  
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)

Rush'd from the tents with éries ; and gather-  
ing round,

Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the  
ground :

While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,  
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's  
heart ;

Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,  
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,  
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,  
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne  
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for  
groan.

The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,  
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.

Thalia, Glauçè (every watery name),  
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came :

Cymothoë and Cymodocè were nigh,  
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.

Their looks Actæa and Limnoria rear,

Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,

Thoä, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;

Agavè gentle, and Amphithoë gay :

Next Callianira, Callianassa show

Their sister looks ; Dexamenè the slow,

And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides :

Iæra now the verdant wave divides :

Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,

Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed ;

These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,

Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend ;

And black Janira, and Janassa fair,

And Amatheia with her amber hair.

All these, and all that deep in ocean held

Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto  
fill'd ;

Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,  
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow :

'Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the  
main !

How just a cause has Thetis to complain !

How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !

How more than wretched in the immortal  
state !

Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,

The bravest far that ever bore the name ;

Like some fair olive, by my careful hand

He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land :

To Troy I sent him ; but the fates ordain

He never, never must return again.

So short a space the light of heaven to view,

So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too !

Hear how his sorrows eecho through the  
shore !

I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;

I go at least to bear a tender part,

And mourn my loved-one with a mother's  
heart.'

She said, and left the caverns of the main,  
All bathed in tears ; the melancholy train  
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the  
tides,

While the long pomp the silver wave divides.  
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan  
land ;

Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.

The immortal mother, standing close beside

Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied ;

Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,

And thus the silver-footed dame began.

'Why mourns my son ? thy late preferr'd  
request

The god has granted, and the Grecks dis-  
tress'd :

Why mourns my son ? thy anguish let me  
share,

Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'

He, deeply groaning—'To this cureless  
grief,

Not even the Thunderer's favour brings  
relief.

Patroclus—Ah I—say, goddess, can I boast  
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;  
Patroclus, loved of all my martial train,  
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!  
Lost are those arms the gods themselves  
bestow'd

On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.  
Cursed be that day, when all the powers  
above

Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:  
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,  
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;  
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led  
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!  
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
Had caused such sorrows past, and woes to  
come.

For soon, alas! that wretched offspring  
slain,

New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.

'Tis not in fate the alternate now to give;

Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.

Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,

Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;

On these conditions will I breathe: till then,  
I blush to walk among the race of men.'

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed:

'Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!

When Hector falls, thou diest.'—'Let Hector  
die,

And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!

He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.

Ah then, since from this miserable day

I cast all hope of my return away;

Since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts de-  
mand

The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;

Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,

I live an idle burden to the ground,

(Others in council famed for nobler skill,

More useful to preserve, than I to kill)

Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!

Wrath and revenge from men and gods re-  
move:

Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,  
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste:  
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind  
From fiery blood, and darkening all the  
mind.

Me Agamemnon urged to deadly hate;

'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.

Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;

Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.

The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:

The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,

To Juno's hate, at length resign'd his breath,

And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.

So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and  
dead,

No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!

Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,

And reap what glory life's short harvest  
yields.

Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear

With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?

Shall I not force her breast to heave with  
sighs,

And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?

Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful  
charms—

In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my  
arms!—

Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so  
wide,

That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.

'My son (ecrerulean Thetis made reply,

To fate submitting with a secret sigh),

The host to succour, and thy friends to save,

Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.

But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?

Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.

Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,

But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.

Yet, yet awhile thy generous ardour stay;

Assured, I meet thee at the dawn of day,

Charged with refulgent arms, (a glorious load)

Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.'

Then turning to the daughters of the main,

The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.



'Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;  
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;  
 I go to find the architect divine,  
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:  
 So tell our hoary sire'—This charge she  
     gave:  
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the  
     wave:  
 Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,  
 And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.  
 And now the Greeks from furious Hector's  
     force,  
 Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong  
     course;  
 Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore  
 Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.  
 The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close be-  
     hind:  
 And like a flame through fields of ripen'd  
     corn,  
 The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.  
 Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;  
 Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours  
     flew  
 As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain;  
 But check'd, he turns; repulsed, attacks  
     again.  
 With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he  
     fires,  
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:  
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain.  
 Even yet Patroclus had he borne away,  
 And all the glories of the extended day,  
 Had not high Juno from the realms of air,  
 Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.  
 The various goddess of the showery bow,  
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;  
 To great Achilles at his ships she came,  
 And thus began the many-colour'd dame.  
 'Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!  
 Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:  
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,  
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,

To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:  
 Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:  
 A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,  
 And marks the place to fix his head on high.  
 Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)  
 Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal  
     shame!'

'Who sends thee, goddess, from the eth-  
     real skies?'

Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:

'I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,  
 'The immortal empress of the realms above;  
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,  
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky.'

'Thou comest in vain (he cries, with fury  
     warm'd),

Arms I have none; and can I fight unarm'd?  
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,

Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day  
 Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;  
 Except the mighty Telamonian shield?

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,  
 While his strong lance around him heaps the  
     dead;

The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,  
 And does what his Achilles should have  
     done.'

'Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we  
     know;

But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!  
 Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,  
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;  
 Greece from one glance of that tremendous  
     eye

Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.'

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero  
     rose:

Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;  
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;  
 A stream of glory flamed above his head.

As when from some beleagu'ring town arise  
 The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies;  
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,  
 When men distress'd hang out the sign of  
     war;)

Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,  
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;  
With long-projected beams the seas are  
bright,  
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy  
light;  
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.  
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from  
the crowd  
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;  
With her own shout Minerva swells the  
sound;  
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores re-  
bound.  
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far  
With shrilling clangour sounds the alarm of  
war,  
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on  
high,  
And the round bulwarks and thick towers  
reply;  
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:  
Hosts dropt their arms, and trembled as they  
heard:  
And back the chariots roll, and coursers  
bound,  
And steeds and men lie mingled on the  
ground.  
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,  
And turn their eyeballs from the flashing  
ray.  
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he  
rais'd;  
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.  
Twelve in the tumult wedged, untimely rush'd  
On their own spears, by their own chariots  
crush'd:  
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks  
obtain  
The long-contented carcass of the slain.  
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:  
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.  
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,  
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,

Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and  
car,  
He sent refulgent to the field of war;  
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he  
found,  
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a  
gaping wound.  
Meantime, unwearied with his heavenly  
way,  
In ocean's waves the unwilling light of day  
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high com-  
mand,  
And from their labours eased the Achaian  
band.  
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,  
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)  
A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd  
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.  
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;  
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.  
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,  
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,  
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears;  
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:  
The self-same night to both a being gave,  
One wise in council, one in action brave.)  
'In free debate, my friends, your sentence  
speak;  
For me, I move, before the morning break,  
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our  
post,  
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.  
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while en-  
gaged  
In mutual feuds her king and hero rag'd;  
Then, while we hop'd our armies might pre-  
vail,  
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.  
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind  
Not long continues to the shores confined,  
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray  
Contending nations won and lost the day;  
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the  
strife,  
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.

Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night  
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from  
fight ;

If but the morrow's sun behold us here,  
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not  
fear ;

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with  
joy,

If heaven permit them then to enter Troy.

Let not my fatal prophecy be true,

Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.

Whatever be our fate, yet let us try

What force of thought and reason can sup-  
ply ;

Let us on counsel for our guard depend ;

The town her gates and bulwarks shall de-  
fend.

When morning dawns, our well-appointed  
powers,

Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.

Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,

Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,

Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,

Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again :

So may his rage be tired, and labour'd down ;

And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.'

'Return? (said Hector, fired with stern  
disdain)

What, coop whole armies in our walls again?

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,

Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?

Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old

For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:

But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,

Sunk were her treasures, and her stores de-  
cay'd,

The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,

And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.

Great Jove at length my arms to conquest  
calls,

And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:

Darest thou dispirit whom the gods ineite?

Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.

To better counsel than attention lend ;

Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.

If there be one whose riches cost him care,  
Forth let him bring them for the troops to  
share ;

'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,  
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,

Fiercer on yon navy will we pour our arms.

If great Achilles rise in all his might,

His be the danger : I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye gods ! or let me gain or give ;

And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live !

Mars is our common lord, alike to all ;

And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.'

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd ;

So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind ;

To their own sense condemn'd, and left to  
choose

The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable  
reign,

Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.

Stern in superior grief Pelides stood ;

Those slaughtering arms, so used to bathe in  
blood,

Now clasp his clay-cold limbs : then gushing  
start

The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling  
heart.

The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,  
Roars through the desert, and demands his  
young ;

When the grim savage, to his rifled den

Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,

And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds ;

His clamorous grief the bellowing wood re-  
sounds.

So grieves Achilles ; and, impetuous, vents

To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

'In what vain promise, gods ! did I engage,

When to console Menœtius' feeble age,

I vowed his much-loved offspring to restore,

Charged with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's  
shore ?

But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,

The long, long views of poor designing man !

One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,  
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike ;  
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,  
An aged father never see me more !  
Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,  
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.  
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,  
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade ;  
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine,  
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,  
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ;  
Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre.  
Thus let me lie till then ! thus, closely press'd,  
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !  
While Trojan captives hear thy mourners stay,  
Weep all the night and murmur all the day :  
Spoils of my arms, and thine ; when, wasting wide,  
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.  
He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round  
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.  
A massy caldron of stupendous frame  
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame :  
Then heap'd the lighted wood ; the flame divides  
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides :  
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream ;  
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.  
The body then they bathe with pious toil,  
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,  
High on a bed of state extended laid,  
And decent cover'd with a linen shade ;

Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw ;  
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.  
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,  
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove.  
'At last thy will prevails : great Peleus' son  
Rises in arms : such grace thy Greeks have won.  
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,  
And thou the mother of that martial line ?'  
'What words are these ? (the imperial dame replies,  
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)  
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,  
And such success mere human wit attend :  
And shall not I, the second power above,  
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,  
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,  
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ?'  
So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame  
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame !  
High-eminent amid the works divine,  
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.  
There the lame architect the goddess found,  
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,  
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew ;  
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.  
That day no common task his labour claim'd :  
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,  
That placed on living wheels of massy gold,  
(Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd  
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes,  
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods :  
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,  
In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours.

Just as responsive to his thought the frame  
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess  
came -

Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,  
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)  
Observed her entering ; her soft hand she  
press'd,  
And, smiling, thus the watery queen ad-  
dress'd :

'What, goddess ! this unusual favour  
draws ?

All hail, and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause :  
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour,  
Approach, and taste the dainties of the  
bower.'

High on a throne, with stars of silver  
graced,  
And various artifice, the queen she placed ;  
A footstool at her feet : then calling, said,  
'Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your  
aid.'

'Thetis (replied the god) our powers may  
claim,

An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name !  
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the  
sky,

(My awkward form, it seems, displeased her  
eye)

She, and Eurynomè, my griefs redress'd,  
And soft received me on their silver breast.  
Even then these arts employ'd my infant  
thought ;

Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I  
wrought.

Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,  
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god :  
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;  
The rushing ocean murrur'd o'er my head.  
Now, since her presence glads our mansion,  
say,

For such desert what service can I pay ?  
Vouchsafe, O Thetis ! at our board to share  
The genial rites, and hospitable fare ;  
While I the labours of the forge forego,  
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.'

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose ;  
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,  
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)  
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.  
Then with a sponge the sooty workman  
dress'd

His brawny arms embrown'd, and hairy  
breast.

With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,  
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire :  
The monarch's steps two female forms up-  
hold,

That moved and breathed in animated gold ;  
To whom was voice, and sense, and science  
given,

Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven!)  
On these supported, with unequal gait,  
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis  
sate ;

There placed beside her on the shining frame,  
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

'Thee, welcome goddess ! what occasion  
calls

(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls ?  
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,  
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.'

To whom the mournful mother thus replies :  
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her  
eyes :)

'O Vulcan ! say, was ever breast divine  
So pierced with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as  
mine ?

Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare  
For Thetis only such a weight of care ?

I, only I, of all the watery race,  
By force subjected to a man's embrace,

Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays  
The mighty fine imposed on length of days.

Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,  
The bravest sure that ever bore the name ;

Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand  
He grew, he flourish'd, and he graced the  
land :

To Troy I sent him ! but his native shore  
Never, ah never, shall receive him more ;

(Even while he lives, he wastes with secret woe :)

Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow !  
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,  
The king of nations forced his royal slave :  
For this he grieved ; and, till the Greeks  
oppress'd

Required his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.  
Large gifts they promise, and their elders  
send ;

In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend  
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ :  
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy :  
Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)  
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.  
But thou, in pity, by my prayer he won :  
Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son,  
And to the field in martial pomp restore,  
To shine with glory, till he shines no more !

To her the artist-god : ' Thy griefs resign,  
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,  
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,  
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze  
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze !'

Thus having said, the father of the fires  
To the black labours of his forge retires.

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
Their iron mouths ; and where the furnace  
burn'd,

Resounding breathed : at once the blast ex-  
pires,

And twenty forges catch at once the fires ;  
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,  
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow ;  
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,  
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold ;  
Before, deep fix'd, the eternal anvils stand ;  
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,  
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,  
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults  
rebound.

Then first he form'd the immense and solid  
shield ;

Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field ;

Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;

A silver chain suspends the massy round ;

Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,  
And godlike labours on the surface rose.

There shone the image of the master-mind :  
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he  
design'd ;

The unwearied sun, the moon completely  
round ;

The starry lights that heaven's high convex  
crown'd ;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team ;  
And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;

To which, around the axle of the sky,

The Bear, revolving points his golden eye,

Still shines exalted on the ethereal plain,

Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,

The image one of peace, and one of war.

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,

And solemn dance and hymeneal rite ;

Along the street the new-made brides are led,

With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :

The youthful dances in a circle bound

To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :

Through the fair streets the matrons in a  
row

Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous  
train ;

The subject of debate, a townsman slain :

One pleads the fine discharged, which one  
denied.

And bade the public and the laws decide :

The witness is produced on either hand :

For this, or that, the partial people stand :

The appointed heralds still the noisy bands,

And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands :

On seats of stone, within the sacred place,

The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;

Alternate, each the attesting sceptre took,

And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke :

Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,

The prize of him who best adjudged the  
right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)  
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.  
 Two mighty hosts a leagu'd town embrace,  
 And one would pillage, one would burn the  
 place.  
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent  
 care,  
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare :  
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful  
 band  
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.  
 They march ; by Pallas and by Mars made  
 bold :  
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments  
 gold.  
 And gold their armour : these the squadron  
 led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head !  
 A place for ambush fit they found, and  
 stood  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful  
 seem  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the  
 plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd  
 swains ;  
 Behind them piping on their reeds they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.  
 In arms the glittering squadron rising round  
 Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the  
 ground ;  
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the  
 plains,  
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd  
 swains !  
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ;  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet  
 the war ;  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.  
 There Tumult, there Contention, stood con-  
 fess'd ;  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast ;

One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a  
 dead ;  
 Now here, now there, the carcases they tore ;  
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human  
 gore.  
 And the whole war came out, and met the  
 eye ;  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.  
 A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,  
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;  
 The shining shares full many ploughmen  
 guide,  
 And turn their crooked yokes on every side.  
 Still as at either end they wheel around,  
 The master meets them with his goblet  
 crown'd ;  
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,  
 Then back the turning ploughshares cleave  
 the soil :  
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd ;  
 And sable look'd, though form'd of molten  
 gold.  
 Another field rose high with waving grain ;  
 With bended sickles stand the reaper train :  
 Here stretch'd in ranks the level'd swarths  
 are found,  
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up  
 the ground.  
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the  
 lands ;  
 The gatherers follow, and collect in bands ;  
 And last the children, in whose arms are  
 borne  
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves  
 of corn.  
 The rustic monarch of the field describes,  
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.  
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.  
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare ;  
 The reapers' due repast, the women's care.  
 Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard  
 shines,  
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ;

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:  
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place;  
And pales of glittering tin the enclosure grace.  
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,  
Where march a train with baskets on their  
heads,

(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear

The purple product of the autumnal year.  
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
Whose tender lay the fate of Linnæus sings;  
In measured dance behind him move the train,

Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,  
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,

And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores

A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:  
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,

And nine-sour dogs complete the rustic band.  
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;  
And seized a bull, the master of the herd:  
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;

They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.

The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,

Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads  
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;

And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;

And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen

In lofty Gnosus for the Cretan queen,  
Form'd by Dædalean art; a comely band  
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.

The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd;  
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:  
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths in-  
roll'd;

Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
With well-taught feet: now shape in oblique ways,

Confusedly regular, the moving maze:  
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,

And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:  
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,

And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.

The gazing multitudes admire around:  
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;  
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend;

And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd

With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires  
He forged; the cuirass that outshone the fires,

The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd  
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.

At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:  
She, as a falcon cuts the ærial way,

Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,  
And bears the blazing present through the skies.



## BOOK XIX.

## ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND  
AGAMEMNON.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired by prophesy his fate: but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

SOON as Aurora heaved her orient head  
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,  
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)

The immortal arms the goddess-mother bears  
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears  
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest

Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express'd.

A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,  
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said:  
'Suppress, my son, this rage of grief, and know

It was not man, but heaven, that gave the blow;

Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,  
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.'

Then drops the radiant burden  
ground;

Clang the strong arms, and ring the  
around;

Back shrink the Myrmidons with di-  
prise,

And from the broad effulgence turn their  
Unmoved, the hero kindles at the show  
And feels with rage divine his bosom gl-  
From his fierce eyeballs living flames  
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:  
He turns the radiant gift: and feeds his  
On all the immortal artist had design'd.

'Goddess! (he cried,) these glorious  
that shine

With matchless art, confess the hand di-  
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:  
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend  
In those wide wounds through which  
spirit fled,

Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute  
dead?'

'That unavailing care be laid aside,  
(The azure goddess to her son replied)  
Whole years untouch'd, uninjured shall re-  
main,

Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.  
But go, Achilles, as affairs require,  
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:  
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,  
And heaven with strength supply the mighty  
rage!'

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd  
Nectarous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd  
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,  
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.  
Achilles to the strand obedient went:  
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.  
The heroes heard, and all the naval train  
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the  
main,

Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known  
sound,

Frequent and full, the great assembly  
crown'd;

Studious to see that terror of the plain,  
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.  
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,  
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the  
spear ;

These on the sacred seats of council placed,  
The king of men, Atrides, came the last :  
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.  
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun :

' O monarch ! better far had been the fate  
Of thee, of me, of all the Greecian state,  
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,  
Rash we contended for the black-eyed maid)  
Preventing Dian had despatch'd her dart,  
And shot the shining mischief to the heart !  
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,  
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our  
gore.

Long, long shall Greece the woes we caused  
bewail,

And sad posterity repeat the tale.  
But this, no more the subject of debate,  
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate :  
Why should, alas, a mortal man, as I,  
Burn with a fury that can never die ?  
Here then my anger ends : let war succeed,  
And even as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.  
Now call the hosts, and try if in our sight  
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night ?  
I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he  
knows,

Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy re-  
pose.'

He said : his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim  
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.  
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,  
In state unmoved, the king of men begun :

' Hear me, ye sons of Greece ! with silence  
hear !

And grant your monarch an impartial ear ;  
Awile your loud, untimely joy suspend,  
And let your rash, injurious clamours end :  
Unruly murmurs, or ill-timed applause,  
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest  
cause.

Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate :  
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,  
With fell Erinnyes, urged my wrath that day  
When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey.  
What then could I against the will of heaven ?  
Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven ;  
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest  
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.  
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,  
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads  
Of mighty men ; inflicting as she goes  
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes !  
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes ;  
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,  
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart ;  
Deceived by Juno's wiles, and female art :  
For when Alcmena's nine long months were  
run,

And Jove expected his immortal son,  
To gods and goddesses the unruly joy  
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy :  
"From us (he said) this day an infant springs,  
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings."  
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,  
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.  
The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,  
Pronounced those solemn words that blind a  
god.

The joyful goddess, from Olympus' height,  
Swift to Achaean Argos bent her flight :  
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's  
wife ;

She push'd her lingering infant into life :  
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,  
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.  
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind ;  
' A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind  
Is this day born : from Sthenelus he springs,  
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'  
Grief seized the Thunderer, by his oath en-  
gaged ;

Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he raged.  
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she  
sat,

He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,

The dread, the irrevocable oath he swore,  
The immortal seats should ne'er behold her  
more ;  
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever  
driven  
From bright Olympus and the starry heaven:  
Thence on the nether world the fury fell ;  
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to  
dwell.

Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,  
Curst the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.  
Even thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,  
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with  
dead.

What can the errors of my rage atone ?  
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own :  
This instant from the navy shall be sent  
Whate'er Ulysses promised at thy tent :  
But thou ! appeased, propitious to our prayer,  
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.'

'O king of nations ! whose superior sway  
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey !  
To keep or send the presents, be thy care ;  
To us, 'tis equal : all we ask is war.  
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun  
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.  
Let every Greek, who sees my spear con-  
found

The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,  
With emulation, what I act, survey,  
And learn from thence the business of the  
day.'

The son of Peleus thus ; and thus replies  
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise :  
'Thought, godlike, thou art by no toils op-  
press'd,

At least our armies claim repast and rest :  
Long and laborious must the combat be,  
When by the gods inspired, and led by thee.  
Strength is derived from spirits and from  
blood,

And those augment by generous wine and  
food :

What boastful son of war, without that stay,  
Can last a hero through a single day ?

Courage may prompt ; but, ebbing out his  
strength,

Mere unsupported man must yield at length ;  
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils de-  
clined,

The drooping body will desert the mind :  
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,  
With limbs and soul untamed, he tires a  
war.

Dismiss the people, then, and give command,  
With strong repast to hearten every band ;  
But let the presents to Achilles made,  
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.

The king of men shall rise in public sight,  
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)  
That, spotless, as she came, the maid re-  
moves,

Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall he  
made,

And the full price of injured honour paid.  
Stretch not henceforth, O prince ! thy sove-  
ign night

Beyond the bounds of reason and of right ;  
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings be-  
long'd,

To right with justice whom with power they  
wrong'd.'

To him the monarch : 'Just is thy decree,  
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in  
thee.

Each due atonement gladly I prepare ;  
And heaven regard me as I justly swear !  
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,  
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay.  
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,  
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.  
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear ;  
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care :

In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,  
And the fair train of captives close the rear :  
'Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,  
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.'

'For this (the stern Æacides replies)  
Some less important season may suffice,

When the stern fury of the war is o'er,  
And wrath, extinguish'd, burns my breast no  
more.

By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,  
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:  
Those call to war! and might my voice incite,  
Now, now, this instant, should commence  
the fight:

Then, when the day's complete, let generous  
bows

And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.  
Let not my palate know the taste of food,  
Till my insatiate rage be eloy'd with blood:  
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigured  
o'er,

And his cold feet are pointed to the door.  
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,  
Interest, or thought, has room to harbour  
there;

Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,  
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

'O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd),  
The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!  
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,  
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.  
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,  
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;  
Though vast the heaps that strow the crim-  
son plain,

The bloody harvest brings but little gain:  
The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,  
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!  
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,  
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.  
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?  
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the  
dead:

Enough, when death demands the brave, to  
pay

The tribute of a melancholy day.  
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,  
Our care devolves on others left behind.  
Let generous food supplies of strength pro-  
duce,

Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,

Let their warm heads with scenes of battle  
glow,

And pour new furies on the feeble foe.  
Yet a short interval, and none shall dare  
Expect a second summons to the war;  
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,  
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.  
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,  
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,  
To bear the presents from the royal tent:  
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,  
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,  
With Lyeomedes of Creionian strain,  
And Melanippus form'd the chosen train.  
Swift as the word was given, the youths  
obey'd;

Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;  
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;  
And twice the number of high-bounding  
steeds;

Seven captives next a lovely line compose;  
The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,  
Closed the bright band: great Ithacus, be-  
fore,

First of the train, the golden talents bore:  
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,  
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:  
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord  
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his  
sword:

The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow  
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.  
His hands uplifted to the attesting skies,  
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his  
eyes.

The solemn words a deep attention draw,  
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred  
awe.

'Witness thou first! thou greatest power  
above,

All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!  
And mother-earth, and heaven's revolving  
light,

And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear !  
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,  
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.  
If this be false, heaven all its vengeance  
shed,

And level'd thunder strike my guilty head !  
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the  
wound ;

The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground ;  
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain  
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles : 'Hear, ye Greeks !  
and know,

Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe ;  
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,  
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.  
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'erruling all,  
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the  
Greeks to fall.

Go then, ye chiefs ! indulge the genial rite ;  
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.'

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd :  
To their black vessels all the Greeks re-  
turn'd.

Achilles sought his tent. His train before  
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they  
bore.

Those in the tents the squires industrious  
spread :

The foaming coursers to the stalls they led ;  
To their new seats the female captives move :  
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,  
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey  
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus  
lay.

Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,  
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden  
hair ;

All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes  
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries :

' Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,  
Once tender friend of my distracted mind !  
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay ;  
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !

What woes my wretched race of life attend !  
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !  
The first loved consort of my virgin bed  
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled :  
My three brave brothers in one mournful  
day

All trod the dark, irremeable way :  
Thy friendly, hand uprear'd me from the  
plain,

And dried my sorrows for a husband slain ;  
Achilles' care you promised I should prove,  
The first, the dearest partner of his love ;  
That rites divine should ratify the band,  
And make me empress in his native land.  
Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they  
flow,

For thee, that ever felt another's woe !'

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,  
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their  
own.

The leaders press'd the chief on every side ;  
Unmoved he heard them, and with sighs  
denied.

' If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care  
Is bent to please him, this request forbear :  
Till yonder sun descend, ah, let me pay  
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.'

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd  
his face ;

Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,  
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,  
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and  
rage :

His rage they calm not, nor his grief control ;  
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his  
soul.

' Thou too, Patroclus ! (thus his heart he  
vents)

Once spread the inviting banquet in our  
tents :

Thy sweet society, thy winning care,  
Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.  
But now, alas ! to death's cold arms resign'd,  
What banquet but revenge can glad my  
mind?

What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,  
 What more, if hoary Peleus were deceased?  
 Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear  
 His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.  
 What more, should Neoptolemus the brave,  
 My only offspring, sink into the grave?  
 If yet that offspring lives; (I distant far,  
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)  
 I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;  
 Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his  
 friend.

I hoped Patroclus might survive, to rear  
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,  
 From Seyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,  
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,  
 The lofty palace, and the large domain.  
 For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;  
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,  
 But till the news of my sad fate invades  
 His hastening soul, and sinks him to the  
 shades.'

Sighing he said: his grief the heroes  
 join'd,  
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind.  
 Their mingled grief the sire of heaven sur-  
 vey'd,  
 And thus with pity, to his blue-eyed maid:  
 'Is then Achilles now no more thy care,  
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war?  
 Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,  
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:  
 Ere thirst and want his forces have op-  
 press'd,

Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.'  
 He spoke; and sudden, at the word of  
 Jove,  
 Shot the descending goddess from above.  
 So swift through ether the shrill harpy  
 springs,  
 The wide air floating to her ample wings.  
 To great Achilles she her flight address'd,  
 And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,  
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!)  
 Then, swift ascending, sought the bright  
 abodes.

Now issued from the ships the warrior-  
 train,  
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.  
 As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,  
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;  
 From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,  
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies;  
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from  
 shields,  
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the  
 fields;

Broad glittering breastplates, spears with  
 pointed rays,  
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:  
 Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound;  
 With splendour flame the skies, and laugh  
 the fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the  
 rest,

His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd;  
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
 Forged on the eternal anvils of the god.  
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
 His glowing eyeballs roll with living fire;  
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay  
 O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the  
 bloody day.

The silver cuirasses first his thighs infold;  
 Then o'er his breast was brace'd the hollow  
 gold:

The brazen sword a various baldrick tied,  
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at  
 his side;

And, like the moon, the broad refulgent  
 shield

Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart  
 the field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with  
 fears,

Wide o'er the watery waste, a light ap-  
 pears,

Which on the far-seen mountain blazing  
 high,

Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the  
 sky:

With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;

Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet graced ;  
behind

The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :  
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair  
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;  
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,

Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes,

His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;  
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,

Ponderous and huge ; which not a Greek could rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire  
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire ;  
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Aleimus prepare  
The immortal coursers, and the radiant car  
(The silver traces sweeping at their side) ;  
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,  
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,  
Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,  
And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire  
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ;  
Not brighter Phœbus in the ethereal way  
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.  
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,  
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.

' Xanthus and Balius ! of Podargus' strain,  
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)

Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,  
And learn to make your master more your care :

Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,

Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.'

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,

Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head :  
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,  
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane.  
When, strange to tell ! (so Juno will'd) he broke

Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

' Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear  
Thy rage in safety through the files of war :  
But come it will, the fatal time must come,  
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.

Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,

Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force ;  
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day

(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.  
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,

Or beat the pinions of the western gale,  
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,

Due to a mortal and immortal hand.'

Then ceased for ever, by the Furies tied,  
His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied  
With unabated rage—' So let it be !

Portents and prodigies are lost on me.

I know my fate : to die, to see no more  
My much-loved parents, and my native shore—

Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night :

Now perish Troy !' He said, and rush'd to fight.

## BOOK XX

## ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF  
ACHILLES.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,  
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels  
stood;  
While near impending from a neighbouring  
height,  
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.  
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call  
The gods to council in the starry hall:  
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,  
And summons all the senate of the skies.  
These shining on, in long procession come  
To Jove's eternal adamantinè dome.  
Not one was absent, not a rural power  
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower,  
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,  
Each azure sister of the silver flood;  
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps  
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.  
On marble thrones, with lucid columns  
crown'd,  
(The work of Vulcan) sat the powers around.  
Even he whose trident sways the watery reign  
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the  
main,  
Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes,  
And question'd thus the sire of men and  
gods:

'What moves the god who heaven and  
earth commands,  
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,  
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?  
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?  
Already met, the louring hosts appear,  
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.'

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling power re-  
plies)

This day we call the council of the skies  
In care of human race; even Jove's own eye  
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.  
Far on Olympus' top in secret state  
Ourselves will sit, and see the hand of fate  
Work out our will. Celestial powers! de-  
scend,

And as your minds direct, your succour lend  
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'er-  
thrown,

If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:  
Their troops but lately durst not meet his  
eyes;

What can they now, if in his rage he rise?  
Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall  
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall.'

He said, and fired their heavenly breasts  
with rage.

On adverse parts the warring gods engage:  
Heaven's awful queen; and he whose azure  
round

Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms re-  
nown'd;

Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;  
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire:  
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;  
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.

In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,  
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,  
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents  
flow,

And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.  
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,  
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,  
While great Achilles (terror of the plain),  
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.



Dreadful he stood in front of all his host ;  
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost ;  
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,  
And trembling see another god of war.

But when the powers descending swell'd  
the fight,  
Then tumult rose : fierce rage and pale af-  
fright  
Varied each face ; then Discord sounds  
alarms,  
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.  
Now through the trembling shores Minerva  
calls,  
And now she thunders from the Grecian  
walls.  
Mars hovering o'er his Troy, his terror  
shrouds  
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds :  
Now through each Trojan heart he fury  
pours  
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost  
towers ;  
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous  
hill ;  
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood  
still.  
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.  
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid  
ground ;  
The forests wave, the mountains nod around ;  
Through all their summits tremble Ida's  
woods,  
And from their sources boil her hundred  
floods,  
Troy's hurrets totter on the rocking plain ;  
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.  
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,  
The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,  
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm  
should lay  
His dark dominions open to the day,  
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,  
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful even to  
gods.

Such war the immortals wage ; such horrors  
rend

The world's vast concave, when the gods  
contend.

First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain  
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main.  
The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,  
Opposed to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.  
Against Latona march'd the son of May.  
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,  
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)  
Saturnia, majesty of heaven, defied.

With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands  
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ;  
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly  
birth,

But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league en-  
gage,

Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage ;  
Hector he sought ; in search of Hector turn'd  
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ;  
And burst like lightning through the ranks,  
and vow'd

To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dared to stay ;  
Apollo wedged him in the warrior's way,  
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,  
Half-forced and half-persuaded to the fight.  
Like young Lycæon, of the royal line,  
In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine ;  
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn  
In distant threats he braved the goddess-  
born.

Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain :  
'To meet Pelides you persuade in vain ;  
Already have I met, nor void of fear  
Observed the fury of his flying spear ;  
From Ida's woods he chased us to the field,  
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he  
kill'd ;

Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay ;  
But (Jove assisting) I survived the day :  
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight  
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.

Where'er he moved, the goddess shone before,  
 And bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore.  
 What mortal man Achilles can sustain?  
 The immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,  
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.  
 Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,  
 Though strong in battle as a brazen tower.  
 To whom the son of Jove: 'That god implore,  
 And be what great Achilles was before.  
 From heavenly Venus thou derivest thy strain,  
 And he but from a sister of the main;  
 An aged sea-god, father of his line;  
 But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.  
 Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,  
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.'  
 This said, and spirit breathed into his breast,  
 Through the thick troops the embolden'd hero press'd;  
 His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,  
 And thus, assembling all the powers, she said:  
 'Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,  
 Lo great Æneas rushing to the war!  
 Against Pelides he directs his course,  
 Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.  
 Restrain his bold career; at least, to attend  
 Our favour'd hero, let some power descend.  
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,  
 We, the great armament of heaven, came down.  
 Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,  
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line:  
 But lest some adverse god now cross his way,  
 Give him to know what powers assist this day:  
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,  
 When heaven's resplendent host appear in arms?'

Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make  
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake:  
 'Against the might of man, so feeble known,  
 Why should celestial powers exert their own?  
 Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,  
 And leave to war the fates of mortal men.  
 But if the armipotent, or god of light,  
 Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,  
 Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:  
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,  
 And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
 Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.'  
 Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,  
 Cærulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.  
 Advanced upon the field there stood a mound  
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;  
 In elder times to guard Alcides made,  
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)  
 What time a vengeful monster of the main  
 Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.  
 Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,  
 With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:  
 The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,  
 Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.  
 In circle close each heavenly party sat,  
 Intent to form the future scheme of fate;  
 But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high  
 Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.  
 Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;  
 The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:  
 Steeds cased in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,  
 The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.  
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,  
 There great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.  
 With towering strides Æneas first advanced,  
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danced;

Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,  
 And, as he moved, his javelin flamed before.  
 Not so Pelides ; furious to engage,  
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,  
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,  
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,  
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride ;  
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,  
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone,  
 He murmurs fury with a hollow groan ;  
 He grins, he foams, he roils his eyes around ;  
 Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound ;  
 He calls up all his rage ; he grinds his teeth,  
 Resolved on vengeance, or resolved on death.  
 So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies ;  
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.  
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun  
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.

'Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far ?

Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,  
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,  
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy ?  
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,  
 The partial monarch may refuse the prize ;  
 Sons he has many ; those thy pride may quell :  
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.  
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,  
 Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land ?

And ample forest, or a fair domain,  
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain ?  
 Even this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.  
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot ?

Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,

And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear :  
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,  
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.

Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd ;  
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid :  
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast ;  
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.

Defrauded of my conquest once before,  
 What then I lost, the gods this day restore.  
 Go ; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ;

Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.'

To this Anchises' son : 'Such words employ

To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy ;  
 Such we disdain ; the best may be defied  
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride ;  
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,  
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame :  
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;  
 Each goddess-born ; half human, half divine.  
 Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,  
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes :  
 For when two heroes, thus derived, contend,  
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.  
 If yet thou further seek to learn my birth,  
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth)  
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove  
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove :  
 Dardania's walls he raised ; for Ilion, then,  
 (The city since of many-languaged men)  
 Was not. The natives were content to till  
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.

From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,  
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;  
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,

Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.  
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,  
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,  
 With voice disssembled to his loves he neigh'd,  
 And coursed the dappled beauties o'er the mead :

Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,

Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.  
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,

Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain :

And when along the level seas they flew,  
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.

Such Erichthonius was : from him there came  
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.  
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial  
 bed,  
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed :  
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,  
 Whom heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper  
 air,  
 To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,  
 The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast.)  
 The two remaining sons the line divide :  
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;  
 From him Tithonus, now in cares grown  
 old,  
 And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and  
 bold ;  
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair ;  
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.  
 From great Assaracus sprang Capys, he  
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.  
 Such is our race : 'tis fortune gives us birth,  
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth :  
 He, source of power and might ! with bound-  
 less sway,  
 All human courage gives, or takes away.  
 Long in the field of words we may contend,  
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,  
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or  
 wrong ;  
 So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;  
 Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can  
 fail,  
 For every man has equal strength to rail :  
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar,  
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war ;  
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the  
 crowd,  
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.  
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight  
 Is not to question, but to prove our might.  
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,  
 Receive this answer : 'tis my flying spear.'  
 He spoke. With all his force the javelin  
 flung,  
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.

Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held  
 (To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful  
 shield,  
 That trembled as it stuck ; nor void of fear  
 Saw, ere it fell, the immeasurable spear.  
 His fears were vain ; impenetrable charms  
 Secured the temper of the ethereal arms.  
 Through two strong plates the point its pass-  
 age held,  
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.  
 Five plates of various metal, various mould,  
 Compos'd the shield ; of brass each outward  
 fold,  
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold :  
 There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he  
 threw,  
 The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,  
 And pierced the Dardan shield's extremest  
 bound,  
 Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper  
 sound :  
 Through the thin verge the Pelican weapon  
 glides,  
 And the slight covering of expanded hides.  
 Æneas his contracted body bends,  
 And o'er him high the riven targe extends,  
 Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,  
 And at his back perceives the quivering spear:  
 A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;  
 And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd  
 light.  
 Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,  
 Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies :  
 Æneas rousing as the foe came on,  
 With force collected, heaves a mighty stone:  
 A mass enormous ! which in modern days  
 No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.  
 But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the  
 ground,  
 Saw the distress, and moved the powers  
 around :  
 ' Lo ! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,  
 An instant vietim to Achilles' hands ;  
 By Phœbus urged ; but Phœbus has bestow'd  
 His aid in vain : the man o'erpowers the god.

And can ye see this righteous chief alone  
With guiltless blood for vices not his own?  
To all the gods his constant vows were paid;  
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims  
our aid.

Fate wills not this; nor, thus can Jove resign  
The future father of the Dardan line:  
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,  
And still his love descends on all the race:  
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,  
At length are odious to the all-seeing mind;  
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,  
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line  
sustain.'

The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies

The imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:  
'Good as he is, to immolate or spare  
The Dardan prince, O Neptune! be thy care;  
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,  
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;  
Not even an instant to protract their fate,  
Or save one member of the sinking state;  
'Till her last flame be quench'd with her last  
gorc,

And even her crumbling ruins are no more.'

The king of ocean to the fight descends,  
Through all the whistling darts his course he  
bends,

Swift interposed between the warriors flies,  
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.  
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,  
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.

That done, with force divine he snatch'd on  
high

The Dardan prince, and bore him through  
the sky,

Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads  
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:  
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,  
Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.  
The godhead there (his heavenly form con-  
fess'd)

With words like these the panting chief ad-  
dress'd:

'What power, O prince! with force inferior  
far

Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?  
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,  
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.  
But when the day decreed (for come it must)  
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,  
Let then the furies of that arm be known,  
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own.'

With that, he left him wondering as he lay,  
Then from Achilles chased the mist away:  
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,  
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.  
Then thus, amazed: 'What wonders strike  
my mind!

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,  
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,  
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!  
I thought alone with mortals to contend,  
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.  
Great as he is, our arms he scarce will try,  
Content for once, with all his gods, to fly.  
Now then let others bleed.' This said, aloud  
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:  
'O Greeks, (he cries, and every rank alarms)  
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!  
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,  
To mow whole troops, and make whole  
armies fly:

No god can singly such a host engage,  
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.  
But whatsoever Achilles can inspire,  
Whatever of active force, or acting fire;  
Whatever this heart can prompt, or hand  
obey;

All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.  
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter  
fear,

And thin the squadrons with my single spear.'  
He said: nor less elate with martial joy,  
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of  
Troy:

'Trojans, to war! Think, Hector leads you  
on;

Nor dread the vaunts of Pelcus' haughty son.

Deeds must decide our fate. E'en those with words

Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:  
The weakest atheist-wretch all heaven defies,  
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.

Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,  
Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire ;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,

And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.'

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said ;

A wood of lances rises round his head,  
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,  
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.

But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun

The single fight with Thetis' godlike son ;  
More safe to combat in the mingled band,  
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.  
He hears, obedient to the god of light,  
And, plunged within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,  
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.

First falls Iphytion, at his army's head ;  
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led ;

From great Otrynteus he derived his blood,  
His mother was a Naiad of the flood ;  
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,

From Hydè's walls he ruled the lands below.

Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides :

The parted visage falls on equal sides :  
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain ;

While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain :

'Lie there, Otryntides ! the Trojan earth  
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth ;

Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,

And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,

Are thine no more.'—The insulting hero said,  
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.

The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,  
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid  
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.

The impatient steel with full-descending sway  
Forced through his brazen helm its furious way,

Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,  
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.

This sees Hippodamas, and, seized with fright,

Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight :

The lance arrests him : an ignoble wound

The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.

He groans away his soul : not louder roars,

At Neptune's shrine on Helios's high shores,

The victim bull ; the rocks rebellow round,

And ocean listens to the grateful sound.

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,  
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age:

(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast)  
Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight,

In the first folly of a youthful knight,

To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,

But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain :

Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,  
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd,

Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel ;

And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell ;

The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground  
His hands collect ; and darkness wraps him  
round.

When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,  
Thus sadly slain the unhappy Polydore,  
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,  
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:  
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,  
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.  
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,  
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:  
'And, lo ! the man, on whom black fates at-  
tend ;

The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend !  
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear  
Turn from each other in the walks of war'—  
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him  
o'er :

'Come, and receive thy fate !' He spake no  
more.

Hector, undaunted, thus : 'Such words  
employ

To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:  
Such we could give, defying and defied,  
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride !  
I know thy force to mine superior far ;  
But heaven alone confers success in war :  
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,  
And give it entrance in a braver heart.'

Then parts the lance : but Pallas' heav-  
enly breath

Far from Achilles wafts the winged death :  
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,  
And at the feet of its great master lies.  
Achilles closes with his hated foe,  
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :  
But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds  
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.  
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,  
Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart ;  
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,  
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud :

'Wretch ! thou hast 'scaped again, once  
more thy flight

Has saved thee, and the partial god of light.

But long thou shalt not thy just fate with-  
stand,

If any power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then inglorious ! but thy flight this day  
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.'

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers  
slain :

Then Dryops tumbled to the ensanguined  
plain,

Pierced through the neck : he left him pant-  
ing there,

And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,  
Gigantic chief ! deep gash'd the enormous  
blade,

And for the soul an ample passage made.

Laoganus and Dardanus expire,

The valiant sons of an unhappy sire ;

Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,

Sunk in one instant to the nether world :

This difference only their sad fates afford,

That one the spear destroy'd, and one the  
sword.

Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds ;

In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads ;

In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan,

To spare a form, an age so like thy own !

Unhappy boy ! no prayer, no moving art,

E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart !

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,

The ruthless falchion oped his tender side ;

The panting liver pours a flood of gore

That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Through Muli's head then drove the im-  
petuous spear ;

The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear,

Thy life, Echeclus ! next the sword bereaves,

Deep thro' the front the ponderous falchion  
cleaves ;

Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon  
lies,

The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.

Then brave Deucalion died : the dart was  
flung

Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow  
strung ;

He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting weight,  
And stood all impotent, expecting fate :  
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,  
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested  
head :

Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,  
And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies.  
Rlhimus, whose race from fruitful Thracia  
came,

(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)  
Succeeds to fate : the spear his belly rends ;  
Pronc from his car the thundering chief  
descends.

The squire, who saw expiring on the ground  
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds  
around ;

His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin  
gorcd,

And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.  
As when a flame the winding valley fills, \\  
And runs on crackling shrubs between the  
hills ;

Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,  
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,  
'This way, and that, the spreading torrent  
roars :

So sweeps the hero through the wasted  
shores ;

Around him wide, immense destruction  
pours,

And earth is deluged with the sanguine  
showers.

As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,  
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor ;  
When round and round, with never-wearied  
pain,

The trampling steers beat out the unnum-  
ber'd grain :

So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,  
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out  
heroes' souls.

Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead  
they fly,

Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot  
dye :

The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage  
tore ;

And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with  
gore.

High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,  
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood :  
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame ;  
Such is the lust of never-dying fame !

## BOOK XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards  
the town, others to the river Scamander ; he falls  
upon the latter with great slaughter ; takes twelve  
captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus ;  
and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Scamander  
attacks him with all his waves : Neptune and  
Pallas assist the hero : Simois joins Scamander :  
at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost  
dries up the river. This combat ended, the other  
gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles  
continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy :  
Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away  
in a cloud by Apollo ; who (to delude Achilles)  
takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he  
pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an  
opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the  
banks and in the stream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they  
drove,

Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.

The river here divides the flying train.

Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Where late their troops triumphant bore the  
fight,

Now chased, and trembling in ignoble flight :

(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,

And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)

Part plunge into the stream : old Xanthus  
roars,

The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores :



With eries promiscuous all the banks resound,  
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,  
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors  
drown'd.

As the sear'd locusts from their fields retire,  
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire ;  
Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,  
The clustering legions rush into the flood :  
So, plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force,  
Roars the resounding surge with men and  
horse.

His bloody lance the hero casts aside,  
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin  
hide)

Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,  
Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er  
the waves :

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it  
round,

Deep groan'd the waters with the dying  
sound ;

Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed,  
And the warm purple circled on the tide.

Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,  
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie :

So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,  
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,

Confusedly heap'd they seek their inmost  
caves,

Or pant and heave beneath the floating  
waves.

Now, tired with slaughter, from the Trojan  
band

Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land ;  
With their rich belts their captive arms con-  
strains

(Late their proud ornaments, but now their  
chains).

These his attendants to the ships convey'd,  
Sad victims destined to Patroclus' shade !

Then, as once more he plunged amid the  
flood,

The young Lycaon in his passage stood ;  
The son of Priam ; whom the hero's hand  
But late made captive in his father's land

(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel  
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot  
wheel) ;

To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,  
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave ;  
But kind Eëtion, touching on the shore,  
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbè bore.

Ten days were past, since in his father's reign  
He felt the sweets of liberty again ;

The next, that god whom men in vain with-  
stand,

Gives the same youth to the same conquering  
hand ;

Now never to return ! and doom'd to go  
A sadder journey to the shades below.

His well-known face when great Achilles  
ey'd,

(The helm and visor he had cast aside  
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the  
field

His useless lance and unavailing shield)

As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,  
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero  
said :

'Ye mighty gods ! what wonders strike my  
view !

Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue ?

Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd  
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the  
field :

As now the captive, whom so late I bound

And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan  
ground !

Not him the sea's unmeasured deeps detain,  
That bar such numbers from their native  
plain :

Lo ! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear !  
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer ;

If earth at length this active prince can seize,  
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down  
Hereules.'

Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with  
fears

Approach'd, and sought his knees with sup-  
pliant tears ;

Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,  
And his soul shivering at the approach of  
death.

Achilles raised the spear, prepared to wound;  
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:  
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,  
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,  
One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd  
the dart,

While thus these melting words attempt his  
heart :

' Thy well-known captive, great Achilles I  
see,

Once more Lyeaon trembles at thy knee.  
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,  
Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board;  
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos  
bore,

Far from his father, friends, and native shore;  
A hundred oxen were his price that day,  
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay. "  
Scarcely respite from woes I yet appear,  
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen  
me here :

Lo ! Jove again submits me to thy hands,  
Again, her victim cruel fate demands !  
I sprang from Priam, and Laothœe fair  
(Old Altës' daughter, and Lelegia's heir ;  
Who held in Pegasus his famed abode,  
And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd).  
Two sons (alas ! unhappy sons) she bore ;  
For ah ! one spear shall drink each brother's  
gore,

And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.  
How from that arm of terror shall I fly ?  
Some demon urges ! 'tis my doom to die !  
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,  
Ah ! think not me too much of Hector's kind !  
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant  
breath,

With his, who wrought thy loved Patroclus'  
death.'

These words, attended with a shower of  
tears,

The youth address'd to unrelenting ears :

' Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies),  
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :  
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace ;  
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.  
Die then, my friend ! what boots it to deplore ?  
The great, the good Patroclus is no more !  
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,  
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?  
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,  
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born ?  
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)  
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,  
By night, or day, by force, or by design,  
Impending death and certain fate are mine !  
Die then '—He said ; and as the word he  
spoke,

The fainting stripling sank before the stroke :  
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear,  
While all his trembling frame confess'd his  
'fear :

Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,  
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.  
Prone fell the youth ; and panting on the  
land,

The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand.  
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,  
And thus insults him, floating on the wave :  
' Lie there, Lyeaon ! let the fish surround  
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound :  
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,  
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,  
Whose every wave some watery monster  
brings,

To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.  
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line !  
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.  
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd  
stream,

His earthly honours, and immortal name ?  
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,  
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain !  
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate ;  
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete :  
Thus is atoned Patroclus' honour'd shade,  
And the short absence of Achilles paid.'

These boastful words provoked the raging  
god ;  
With fury swells the violated flood.  
What means divine may yet the power  
employ  
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy ?  
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare  
The great Asteropeus to mortal war ;  
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line  
Flows from the source of Axius, stream  
divine !  
(Fair Peribœa's love the god had crown'd,  
With all his reflux waters eireled round)  
On him Achilles rush'd : he fearless stood,  
And shook two spears, advancing from the  
flood ;  
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head  
To avenge his waters choked with heaps of  
dead.  
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began :  
'What art thou, boldest of the race of  
man ?  
Who, or from whence ? Unhappy is the sire,  
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.'  
'O son of Peleus ! what avails to trace  
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race ?  
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,  
Arm'd with protended spears, my native  
band ;  
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I  
came  
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame :  
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring  
rills,  
And wide around the floated region fills,  
Begot my sire, whose spear much glory  
won :  
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son !'  
Threatening he said : the hostile chiefs  
advance ;  
At once Asteropeus discharged each lance,  
(For both his dexterous hands the lance  
could wield)  
One struck, but pierced not, the Vulcanian  
shield ;

One razed Achilles' hand : the spouting  
blood  
Spun forth ; in earth the fasten'd weapon  
stood.  
Like lightning next the Pelean javelin flies ;  
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies ;  
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the  
spear,  
Even to the middle earth'd ; and quiver'd  
there.  
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,  
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.  
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted  
wood ;  
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood :  
The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in  
vain ;  
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain ;  
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,  
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.  
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,  
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies ;  
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,  
His radiant armour tearing from the dead :  
'So ends thy glory ! Such the fate they  
prove,  
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of  
Jove !  
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy  
line ?  
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.  
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny ?  
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I ;  
The race of these superior far to those,  
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.  
What rivers can, Scamander might have  
shown ;  
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his  
son.  
Even Achelœus might contend in vain,  
And all the roaring billows of the main.  
The eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow  
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,  
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,  
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.'

He said ; then from the bank his javelin  
tore,  
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.  
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,  
And bent against it, wave succeeding wave ;  
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food  
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.  
All scatter'd round the stream (their might-  
iest slain)

The amazed Pæonians scour along the plain :  
He vents his fury on the flying crew,  
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesus slew ;  
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænclus, fell ;  
And numbers more his lance had plunged to  
hell,  
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound  
Scamander spoke ; the shores return'd the  
sound :

' O first of mortals ! (for the gods are thine)  
In valour matchless, and in force divine !  
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,  
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.  
See ! my choked streams no more their  
course can keep,  
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.  
Turn then, impetuous ! from our injured  
flood ;

Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god.'  
In human form, confess'd before his eyes,  
The river thus ; and thus the chief replies :  
' O sacred stream ! thy word we shall obey ;  
But not till Troy the destined vengeance pay,  
Not till within her towers the perjured train  
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again ;  
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,  
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.'

He said ; and drove with fury on the foe.  
Then to the godhead of the silver bow  
The yellow flood began : ' O son of Jove !  
Was not the mandate of the sire above  
Full and express, that Phœbus should em-  
ploy

His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,  
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall  
In awful darkness hide the face of all ?'

He spoke in vain—The chief without dis-  
may  
Ploughs through the boiling surge his des-  
perate way.

Then rising in his rage above the shores,  
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,  
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,  
And round the banks the ghastly dead are  
toss'd.

While all before, the billows ranged on high,  
(A watery bulwark) screen the bands who fly.  
Now bursting on his head with thundering  
sound,

The falling deluge wheels the hero round :  
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide ;  
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood  
divide,

Slithering, and staggering. On the border  
stood

A spreading elm, that overhung the flood ;  
He seized a bending hough, his steps to stay ;  
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,  
Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;  
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall  
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk dis-  
play'd

Bridged the rough flood across : the hero  
stay'd

On this his weight, and, raised upon his hand,  
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the  
land.

Then blacken'd the wild waves ; the murmur  
rose ;

The god pursues, a huge billow throws,  
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy  
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.  
He like the warlike eagle speeds his pace  
(Swiftest and strongest of the aerial race) ;  
Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs  
At every bound ; his clanging armour rings :  
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,  
And winds his course before the following  
tide ;

The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,  
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.

So when a peasant to his garden brings  
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,  
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his  
     bowers,  
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants  
     and flowers ;  
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage  
     stay'd,  
 And marks the future current with his spade,  
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,  
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills ;  
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,  
 And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.  
 Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes  
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies :  
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods ;  
 The first of men, but not a match for gods.  
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,  
 And bravely try if all the powers were foes ;  
 So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,  
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.  
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.  
 Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil ;  
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy  
     soil ;  
 When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion  
     thrown)  
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan :  
 ' Is there no god Achilles to befriend,  
 No power to avert his miserable end ?  
 Prevent, O Jove ! this ignominious date,  
 And make my future life the sport of fate.  
 Of all heaven's oracles believed in vain,  
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain ;  
 By Phoebus' darts she prophesied my fall,  
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.  
 Oh ! had I died in fields of battle warm,  
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm !  
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom  
     rend,  
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd  
     friend !  
 Ah no ! Achilles meets a shameful fate,  
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great !

Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day  
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,  
 An unregarded carcase to the sea.'

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,  
 And thus in human form address'd the chief  
 The power of ocean first : ' Forbear th'  
     fear,

O son of Peleus ! Lo, thy gods appear !  
 Behold ! from Jove descending to thy aid,  
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eyed god  
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rage.  
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.  
 But thou, the counsel heaven suggests, attend !

Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword  
     suspend,

Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all  
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall  
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,  
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy  
     lance.

Thine is the glory doom'd.' Thus spake the  
     gods,

Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.  
 Stung with new ardour, thus by heaven  
     impell'd,

He springs impetuous, and invades the field  
 O'er all the expanded plain the waters spread  
 Heaved on the bounding billows danced the  
     dead,

Floating 'midst scatter'd arms ; while casques  
     of gold

And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd  
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and  
     bounds,

He wades, and mounts ; the parted waves  
     resounds.

Not a whole river stops the hero's course,  
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force.  
 With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,  
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his  
     shores.

Then thus to Simois : ' Haste, my brother  
     flood !

And check this mortal that controls a god :

Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,  
And Ilium tumble from her towery height.  
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them  
    roar,

From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,  
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,  
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his  
    head.

Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,  
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes !  
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,  
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite :  
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms  
    shall lie,

That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;  
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hur'd,  
Immersed remain this terror of the world.  
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,  
No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,  
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume ;  
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.'

He said ; and on the chief descends amain,  
Increased with gore, and swelling with the  
    slain.

Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he  
    raves,

And a foam whitens on the purple waves :

At every step, before Achilles stood

The crimson surge, and deluged him with  
    blood.

Fear touch'd the queen of heaven : she saw  
    dismay'd,

She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

' Rise to the war ! the insulting flood re-  
    quires

Thy wasteful arm ! assemble all thy fires !

While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,

Rush the swift eastern and the western wind :

These from old ocean at my word shall blow,

Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,

Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,

And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.

Go, mighty in thy rage ! display thy power,

Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees  
    devour,

Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice re-  
    claim)

Exert the unwearied furies of the flame !'

The power ignipotent her word obeys :

Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless  
    blaze ;

At once consumes the dead, and dries the  
    soil :

And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.

As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,

And instant blows the water'd gardens dry :

So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the  
    ground,

While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around.

Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys ;

Along the margin winds the running blaze :

The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,

The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,

Broad elm, and eypress rising in a spire ;

The watery willows hiss before the fire.

Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for  
    breath,

The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :

Now flounce aloft, now dive the sealy fry,

Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.

At length the river rear'd his languid head,

And thus, short-panting, to the god he said :

' Oh Vulcan ! oh ! what power resists thy  
    might ?

I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——

I yield——Let Ilium fall ; if fate decree——

Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on  
    me !'

He ceased ; wide conflagration blazing  
    round ;

The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.

As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,

To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,

Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires

The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires :

So boils the imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,

And choked with vapours, feels his bottom  
    glow.

To Juno then, imperial queen of air,

The burning river sends his earnest prayer :

'Ah why, Saturnia I must thy son engage  
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?  
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,  
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.  
Submissive I desist, if thou command;  
But ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.  
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate  
Unaided Ilium, and her destined state,  
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive  
flame,  
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.'

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:  
She bade the ignipotent his rage forbear,  
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause  
Infest a god: the obedient flame withdraws:  
Again the branching streams begin to spread,  
And soft remurmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,  
The warring gods in fierce contention join:  
Rekindling rage each heavenly breast alarms:  
With horrid clangour shock the ethereal  
arms:  
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet  
sound;  
And wide beneath them groans the rending  
ground.  
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,  
And views contending gods with careless  
eyes.

The power of battles lifts his brazen spear,  
And first assaults the radiant queen of war:  
'What moved thy madness, thus to dis-  
unite

Ethereal minds, and mix all heaven in fight?  
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood  
Thou drovest a mortal to insult a god?  
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,  
And madly bathed it in celestial gore.'

He spoke, and smote the long-resounding  
shield,  
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful  
field:  
The adamantine ægis of her sire,  
That turns the glancing bolt and forked  
fire.

Then heaved the goddess in her mighty  
hand

A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,  
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy,  
vast;

This at the heavenly homicide she cast.  
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous  
size:

And seven broad acres covers as he lies.  
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves un-  
bound:

Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms re-  
sound:

The scornful dame her conquest views with  
smiles,

And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles:

"Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known  
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?  
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,  
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;

Thus meets thy broken faith with just dis-  
grace,

And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.'

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes  
away,

That, beaming round, diffused celestial day.  
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the  
land,

Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:  
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,  
And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the  
plain.

This the bright empress of the heavens sur-  
vey'd,

And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid:

'Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!  
The smiles' and loves' unconquerable queen!  
Mark with what insolence, in open view,  
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.'

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,  
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:  
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);  
On earth together lay the lovers spread.

'And like these heroes be the fate of all  
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!

To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,  
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me ;  
'Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be  
moved.'

Thus she, and Juno with a smile approved.

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal  
fight,

The god of ocean dares the god of light.

'What sloth has seized us, when the fields  
around

Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven re-  
turns the sound ?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,

No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire ?

Come, prove thy arm ! for first the war to  
wage,

Suits not my greatness, or superior age :

Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,

(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)

And guard the race of proud Laomedon !

Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's  
prayer,

We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year ?

Troy walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's  
commands),

And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my  
hands :

Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves

Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.

But when the circling seasons in their train

Brought back the grateful day that crown'd  
our pain,

With menace stern the fraudulent king defied

Our latent godhead, and the prize denied :

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,

And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.

Incensed, we heavenward fled with swiftest  
wing,

And destined vengeance on the perjured  
king.

Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,

And not, like us, infest the faithless race ;

Like us, their present, future sons destroy,

And from its deep foundations heave their  
'Troy ?'

Apollo thus : 'To combat for mankind  
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind :

For what is man ? Calamitous by birth,

They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;

Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty  
crown'd,

Smile on the sun ; now, wither on the  
ground.

To their own hands commit the frantic scene,  
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.'

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly  
fires,

And from the senior power submit retires :

Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,

The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades :

'And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,

And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize ?

How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful  
show

Of pointed arrows and the silver bow !

Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,

Thy force can match the great earth-shaking  
power.'

Silent he heard the queen of woods up-  
braid :

Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid ;

But furious thus : 'What insolence has driven

Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven ?

What though by Jove the female plague de-  
sign'd,

Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,

The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart ;

Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart ?

What though tremendous in the woodland  
chase,

Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race ?

How dares thy rashness on the powers divine

Employ those arms, or match thy force with  
mine ?

Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—'

She said, and seized her wrists with eager  
rage ;

These in her left hand lock'd, her right un-  
tied

The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.



About her temples flies the busy bow ;  
Now, here, now there, she winds her from  
the blow ;

The scattering arrows, rattling from the  
case,

Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.  
Swift from the field the baffled huntress  
flies,

And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes :  
So, when the falcon wings her way above,  
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove ;  
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,  
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her Latona hastes with tender care ;  
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the  
war :

'How shall I face the dame, who gives de-  
light

To him whose thunders blacken heaven with  
night?

Go, matchless goddess ! triumph in the skies,  
And boast my conquest, while I yield the  
prize.'

He spoke ; and pass'd : Latona, stooping  
low,

Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow,  
'That, glittering on the dust, lay here and  
there ;

Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war :

Then swift pursued her to her blest abode,  
Where, all confused, she sought the sove-  
reign god ;

Weeping she grasp'd his knees : the ambro-  
sial vest

Shook with her sighs, and panted on her  
breast.

The sire superior smiled, and bade her  
show

What heavenly hand had caused his daugh-  
ter's woe?

Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse ;  
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above : while, swiftly gliding  
down,

Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town ;

The guardian-god now trembled for her wall,  
And fear'd the Greeks, though fate forbade  
her fall.

Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,  
Return the shining bands of gods in arms ;  
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on  
fire ;

And take their thrones around the ethereal  
sire.

Through blood, through death, Achilles  
still proceeds,

O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling  
steeds.

As when avenging flames with fury driven  
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heaven ;  
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly ;  
And the red vapours purple all the sky :  
So raged Achilles : death and dire dismay,  
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,  
And marks the waste of his destructive hands ;  
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd  
flight,

And the near hero rising on his sight !  
No stop, no check, no aid ! With feeble pace,  
And settled sorrow on his aged face,  
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls ;  
And thus descending, on the guards he calls :

'You to whose care our city-gates belong,  
Set wide your portals to the flying throng :  
For lo ! he comes, with unresisted sway ;  
He comes, and desolation marks his way !  
But when within the walls our troops take  
breath,

Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out  
death.'

Thus charged the reverend monarch : wide  
were flung

The opening folds ; the sounding hinges rung.  
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to  
meet ;

Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the re-  
treat.

On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,  
And gladsome see their last escape from fate.

Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless  
train,

Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain;  
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on  
With heavier strides, that lengthen toward  
the town.

Enraged Achilles follows with his spear;  
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise ac-  
quired,

And Troy inglorious to her walls retired;  
But he, the god who darts ethereal flame,  
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame:  
To young Agenor force divine he gave  
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and  
brave);

In aid of him, beside the beech he sate,  
And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of  
fate.

When now the generous youth Achilles spies,  
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions  
rise;

(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll)  
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:  
'What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?  
Like others fly, and be like others slain?

Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same  
road

Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.  
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—  
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,  
While I decline to yonder path, that leads  
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,  
From my tired body wash the dirt and blood;  
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,  
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.

What if?—But wherefore all this vain de-  
bate?

Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?

Even now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,  
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:

Such is the swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,

And such his valour, that who stands must  
die.

Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,  
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.  
Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel  
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;  
One only soul informs that dreadful frame:

And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.  
He said, and stood, collected in his might;  
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.  
So from some deep-grown wood a panther  
starts,

Roused from his thicket by a storm of darts;  
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds  
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous  
hounds;

Though struck, though wounded, scarce  
perceives the pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in  
vain:

On their whole war, untamed, the savage  
flies;

And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.

Not less resolved, Antenor's valiant heir  
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,  
Disdainful of retreat: high held before,  
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;  
Then graceful as he stood, in net to throw  
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

'How proud Achilles glories in his fame!  
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name  
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;  
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.  
Parents and children our just arms employ,  
And strong and many are the sons of Troy,  
Great as thou art, even thou may'st stain with  
gore

These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign  
shore.'

He said: with matchless force the javelin  
flung

Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung  
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from  
harms,

He stands impassive in the ethereal arms.

Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,  
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:

He said, and acting what no words could say,  
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.  
 With him the mournful mother bears a part ;  
 Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart.  
 The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd ;  
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :  
 ' Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere  
 The words of age ; attend a parent's prayer !  
 If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,  
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast ;  
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,  
 But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.  
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,  
 Should'st thou (but heaven avert it !) should'st thou bleed,  
 Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,  
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear !  
 Far from our pious rites those dear remains  
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.'  
 So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll ;  
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ;  
 Resolved he stands, and with a fiery glance  
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.  
 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake  
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake ;  
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins  
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;  
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
 And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.  
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclined,  
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind :  
 ' Where lies my way ? to enter in the wall ?  
 Honour and shame the ungenerous thought recall :  
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate  
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,  
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,  
 What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight !  
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,  
 I feel my folly in my people slain.

Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear  
 But most her worthless sons insult my ear,  
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.  
 No—if I e'er return, return I must  
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :  
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall  
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.  
 And yet suppose these measures I forgo,  
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,  
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,  
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town :  
 The wife withheld, the treasure ill-drawn,  
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)  
 With honourable justice to restore :  
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,  
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injured Greece  
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.  
 But why this thought ? Unarm'd if I should go,  
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,  
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?  
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,  
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;  
 No season now for calm familiar talk,  
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk :  
 War is our business, but to whom is given  
 To die, or triumph, that, determine Heaven !  
 Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh ;  
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;  
 The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,  
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;  
 And on his breast the beamy splendour shone,  
 Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.  
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,  
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind :  
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.  
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies) :  
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,  
 Obliquely wheeling through the ærial way,  
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs;  
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :  
 No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,  
 One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd ;  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain ;  
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,  
 (A wider compass) smoke along the road.  
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,  
 Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground ;  
 This lot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations steaming to the skies ;  
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows :  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;  
 Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.  
 By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight,  
 (The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might) :  
 Swift was the course ; no vulgar prize they play,  
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,  
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife) :  
 The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's funerals are decreed  
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead ;  
 Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame,  
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)  
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,  
 And with them turns the raised spectator's soul :  
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.  
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky ;  
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,  
 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke :  
 ' Unworthy sight ! the man, beloved of heaven,  
 Behold, inglorious round yon city driven !  
 My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain ;  
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,  
 Whose grateful fumes the gods received with joy,  
 From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy :  
 Now see him flying ; to his fears resign'd,  
 And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.  
 Consult ye powers ! ('tis worthy your debate)  
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate,  
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,  
 (Good as he is) the lot imposed on man.'  
 Then Pallas thus : ' Shall he whose vengeance forms  
 The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,  
 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath ?  
 A man, a mortal, preordain'd to death !  
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above ?  
 No gods indignant blame their partial Jove ?'  
 ' Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,  
 Exert thy will : I give the fates their way.'  
 Swift at the mandate pleased Tritonia flies,  
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.  
 As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,  
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,

In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,  
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket  
shakes :

Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,  
The certain hound his various maze pursues.  
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan  
wheel'd,

There swift Achilles compass'd round the  
field.

Oft as to reach the Dardàn gates he bends,  
And hopes the assistance of his pitying  
friends,

(Whose showering arrows, as he coursed be-  
low,

From the high turrets might oppress the foe)  
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain :  
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,  
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,  
Their sinking limbs the fancied course for-  
sake,

Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake :  
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain ;  
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force,  
With fate itself so long to hold the course ?  
Phœbus it was ; who, in his latest hour,  
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves  
with power :

And great Achilles, lest some Greek's ad-  
vance

Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,  
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,  
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show  
The fates of mortal men, and things below :  
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,  
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.  
Low sinks the scale surcharged with Hector's  
fate ;

Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives  
the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva  
flies

To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries :

'O loved of Jove ! this day our labours cease,  
And conquest blazes with full beams on  
Grecc.

Great Hector falls ; that Hector famed so far,  
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,  
Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor forec, nor  
flight,

Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.

Sec, where in vain he supplicates above,  
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove ;  
Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,  
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.'

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind  
Obey'd ; and rested, on his lance reclined.  
While like Deïphobus the martial dame  
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)  
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side  
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice  
belied :

'Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the  
sight

Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight :  
It fits us now a noble stand to make,  
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.'

Then he : 'O prince ! allied in blood and  
fame,

Dearer than all that own a brother's name ;  
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,  
Long tried, long loved : much loved, but  
honour'd more !

Since you, of all our numerous race, alone  
Defend my life, regardless of your own.'

Again the goddess : 'Much my father's  
prayer,

And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear :  
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my  
stay,

But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.  
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,  
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly ;  
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,  
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.'

Fraudful she said ; then swiftly march'd  
before :

The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.

Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke ;  
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke :  
‘ Enough, O son of Pelus ! Troy has view’d  
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pur-  
sued.

But now some god within me bids me try  
Thine, or my fate : I kill thee, or I die.  
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,  
And for a moment’s space suspend the day ;  
Let heaven’s high powers be call’d to arbitrate

The just conditions of this stern debate.  
(Eternal witnesses of all below,  
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow !)  
To them I swear ; if, victor in the strife,  
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,  
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue ;  
Stripp’d of its arms alone (the conqueror’s due),

The rest to Greece uninjured I’ll restore :  
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.’  
‘ Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief re-  
plies,

While anger flash’d from his disdainful eyes),  
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,  
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee :  
Such pacts, as lambs and ravid wolves com-  
bine,

Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,  
To such I call the gods ! one constant state  
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate :  
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing  
strife,

Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and  
life.

Rouse then thy forces this important hour,  
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.  
No further subterfuge, no further chance ;  
‘Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.  
Each Grecian ghost by thee deprived of  
breath,

Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy  
death.’

Hespoke, and launch’d his javelin at the foe ;  
But Hector shunn’d the meditated blow :

He stoop’d, while o’er his head the flying  
spear

Sang innocent, and spent its force in air.  
Minerva watch’d it falling on the land,  
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles’ hand,  
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,  
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread  
of Troy.

‘ The life you boasted to that javelin given,  
Prince ! you have miss’d. My fate depends  
on heaven.

‘ To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown,  
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.  
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,  
And with false terrors sink another’s mind.  
But know, whatever fate I am to try,  
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die ;  
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,  
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.  
But first, try thou my arm ; and may this dart  
Send all my country’s woes, deep buried in  
thy heart !’

‘ The weapon flew, its course unerring held,  
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell’d  
The mortal dart ; resulting with a bound  
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.  
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,  
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain ;  
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear—  
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.  
All comfortless he stands ; then, with a sigh ;  
‘ ‘Tis so—heaven wills it, and my hour is  
nigh !’

I deem’d Deiphobus had heard my call,  
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.  
A goil deceived me ; Pallas, ‘twas thy deed,  
Death and black fate approach ! ‘tis I must  
bleed.

No refuge now, no succour from above,  
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,  
Propitious once, and kind ! Then welcome  
fate !

‘Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :  
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,  
Let future ages hear it, and admire !’

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,  
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.  
So Jove's bold bird, high balanced in the air,  
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares :  
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,  
Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone  
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
Nodding at every step : (Vulcanian frame !)  
And as he moved, his figure seem'd on flame.  
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,  
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,  
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere ;  
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.  
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,  
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;

But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,  
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.  
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,  
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate

Gave entrance : through that penetrable part  
Furious he drove the well-directed dart :  
Nor pierced the windpipe yet, nor took the power

Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.  
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,  
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries :

' At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,  
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain :  
Then, prince ! you should have fear'd, what  
- now you feel ;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still :  
Yet a short space the great avenger staid,  
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.

Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,  
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd :  
While cast to all the rage of hostile power,  
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.'

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death :

' By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !

By all the sacred prevalence of prayer ;  
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !  
The common rites of sepulture bestow,  
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe ;  
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,  
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.'

' No, wretch accurst ! (relentless he replies ;  
Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)

Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,

Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.  
Could I myself the bloody banquet join !  
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.

Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,

And giving thousands, offer thousands more ;  
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,

Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame :

Their Hector on the pile they should not see,  
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.'

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew :  
' Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :  
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,  
And cursed thee with a heart that cannot yield.

Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree  
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee ;

Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,  
And stretch thee here, before the Scæan gate.'

He ceased. The fates suppress'd his labouring breath,

And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;  
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,  
(The manly body left a load of clay)  
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,  
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes  
 O'er the dead hero, thus unheard, replies :  
 ' Die thou the first ! When Jove and heaven  
 ordain,  
 I follow thee '—He said, and stripp'd the  
 slain.  
 Then forcing backward from the gaping  
 wound  
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.  
 The thronging Greeks behold with wonder-  
 ing eyes  
 His manly beauty and superior size ;  
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface  
 With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts  
 disgrace :  
 ' How changed that Hector, who like Jove  
 of late  
 Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd  
 fate !'  
 High o'er the slain the great Achilles  
 stands,  
 Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands ;  
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends :  
 ' Princes and leaders ! countrymen and  
 friends !  
 Since now at length the powerful will of  
 heaven  
 The dire destroyer to our arm has given,  
 Is not Troy fallen already ? Haste, ye  
 powers !  
 See, if already their deserted towers  
 Are left unmann'd ; or if they yet retain  
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.  
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me ;  
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,  
 Divine Patroclus ! Death has seal'd his eyes ;  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !  
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,  
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?  
 If in the melancholy shades below,  
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to  
 glow,  
 Yet mine shall sacred last ; mine, undecay'd,  
 Burn on through death, and animate my  
 shade.

Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph  
 bring,  
 The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.  
 Be this the song, slow-moving toward the  
 shore,  
 ' Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'  
 Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance  
 bred  
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead) ;  
 The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted through the double  
 wound ;  
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,  
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.  
 Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.  
 He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;  
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
 Now lost is all that formidable air ;  
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,  
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;  
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,  
 Given to the rage of an insulting throng,  
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along !  
 The mother first beheld, with sad survey ;  
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,  
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away.  
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she  
 moans,  
 While the sad father answers groans with  
 groans,  
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,  
 And the whole city wears one face of woe :  
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,  
 From her foundations curling to her spires,  
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,  
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.  
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,  
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.  
 Scarce the whole people stop his desperate  
 course,  
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force :  
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and  
 fro,  
 In all the raging impotence of woe,



At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,  
 Imploring all, and naming one by one :  
 ' Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ;  
 I, only I, will issue from your walls  
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask ye none)  
 And bow before the murderer of my son.  
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;  
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.  
 He has a father too ; a man like me ;  
 One, not exempt from age and misery  
 (Vigorous no more, as when his young em-  
 brace

Begot this pest of me, and all my race).  
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom,  
 Has that cursed hand sent headlong to the  
 tomb !

Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave)  
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.  
 O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,  
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace,  
 While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,  
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender  
 shower !

Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,  
 To melt in full satiety of grief !'

Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the  
 ground,  
 And all the eyes of Ilium stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,  
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears ;)  
 ' Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated  
 breath,

Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?  
 O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,  
 The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !  
 To whom her safety and her fame she owed ;  
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !  
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day  
 A senseless corse ! inanimated clay !'

But not as yet the fatal news had spread  
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;  
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,  
 Nor c'en his stay without the Scaean gate.  
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
 Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,  
 Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.  
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen  
 urn,

The bath preparing for her lord's return :  
 In vain ; alas ! her lord returns no more !  
 Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore !  
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her  
 ear,

And all her members shake with sudden fear ;  
 Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,  
 And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :  
 ' Ah follow me ! (she cried) what plaintive  
 noise

Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.  
 My faltering knees their trembling frame  
 desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart ;  
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,  
 (Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.  
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !  
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast  
 Confronts Achilles ; chased along the plain,  
 Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !  
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,  
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate :  
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,  
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.'

She spoke ; and furious, with distracted  
 pace,  
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,  
 Flies through the dome (the maids her steps  
 pursue)

And mounts the walls, and sends around her  
 view.

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,  
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the  
 ground.

A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:  
 She faints, she falls ; her breath, her colour  
 flies.

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that  
 bound,

The net that held them, and the wreath that  
 crown'd,

The veil and diadem flew far away  
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).  
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,  
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.  
Scarcely from the verge of death recall'd, again  
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

'O wretched husband of a wretched wife !  
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !  
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd  
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplaia's shade.  
From different parents, different climes we  
came,

At different periods, yet our fate the same !  
Why was my birth to great Aëtion owed,  
And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?  
Would I had never been !—O thou, the ghost  
Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !  
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !  
An only child, once comfort of my pains,  
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !  
No more to smile upon his sire ; no friend  
To help him now ! no father to defend !  
For should he 'scape the sword, the common  
doom,

What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to  
come !

Even from his own paternal roof expell'd,  
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.  
The day, that to the shades the father sends,  
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :  
He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears  
For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears ;  
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he  
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,

While those his father's former bounty fed,  
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :  
The kindest but his present wants allay,  
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.  
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who  
boast

Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,  
Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not  
here : '

The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.

Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,  
To my sad soul Astyanax appears !  
Forced by repeated insults to return,  
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn :  
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,  
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,  
And when still evening gave him up to rest,  
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,  
Must—ah what must he not ? Whom Ilion  
calls

Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,  
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !  
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.  
But thou, my Hector, liest exposed in air,  
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care ;  
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,  
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.  
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,  
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !  
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,  
An honour to the living, not the dead !'

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons  
hear,  
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with  
tear.

## BOOK XXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

#### FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial ; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile ; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the

fight of the castus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile: the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train  
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.  
The body soil'd with dust, and black with  
gore,

Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore.  
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the  
strand,

All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:  
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,  
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:

'Not yet, my brave companions of the war,  
Release your smoking coursers from the car;  
But, with his chariot each in order led,  
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.  
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,  
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.'

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led  
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;  
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;  
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands  
bedew.

For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,  
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes  
to flow.

But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs  
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his  
eyes:

His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood,  
he laid

On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he  
said:

'All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost  
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;  
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;  
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.

Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;  
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,  
Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire;  
Their lives effused around thy funeral pyre.'

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)  
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,  
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around  
Unbraced their armour, and the steeds un-  
bound.

All to Achilles' sable ship repair,  
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.  
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes  
aspire,

The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:  
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebl' crie

Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.  
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,  
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking  
blood.

And now a band of Argive monarchs brings  
The glorious victor to the king of kings.  
From his dead friend the pensive warrior  
went,

With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.  
The attending heralds, as by office bound,  
With kindled flames the tripod-vase sur-  
round:

To cleanse his conquering hands from hos-  
tile gore,

They urged in vain; the chief refused, and  
swore:

'No drop shall touch me, by almighty  
Jove!

The first and greatest of the gods above!

Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear  
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.

Some ease at least those pious rites may give,  
And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.

Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,  
And share your feast; but with the dawn of  
day,

(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,  
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile pre-  
pare,

And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid  
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade) :  
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in  
    fire,  
Let the leagued squadrons to their posts re-  
tire.'

He spoke: they hear him, and the word  
obey ;

The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,  
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.  
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,  
Where, dash'd on rocks, the broken billows  
    roar,  
Lies lowly groaning ; while on either hand  
The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand.  
Along the grass his languid members fall,  
Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall ;  
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep,  
When lo ! the shade, before his closing eyes,  
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise :  
In the same robe he living wore, he came :  
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,  
And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said),  
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead ?

Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,  
But now forgot, I wander in the air.  
Let my pale corse the rights of burial know,  
And give me entrance in the realms below :  
Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,  
But here and there the unbodied spectres  
    chase

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
Forbid to cross the irremovable flood.  
Now give thy hand ; for to the farther shore  
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:  
When once the last funeral flames ascend,  
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend ;  
No more our thoughts to those we loved  
    make known ;

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.  
My fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,  
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my  
    birth :

There too it waits ; before the Trojan wall  
Even great and godlike thou art doom'd to  
    fall.

Hear then ; and as in fate and love we join,  
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !  
Together have we lived ; together bred,  
One house received us, and one table fed ;  
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,  
May mix our ashes in one common grave.'

'And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight  
Once more return'st thou from the realms of  
    night ?

O more than brother ! Think each office paid,  
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade ;  
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !  
Afford at least that melancholy joy.'

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd  
In vain to grasp the visionary shade ;  
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,  
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.  
Confused he wakes ; amazement breaks the  
    bands

Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,  
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands :  
'Tis true, 'tis certain ; man, though dead,  
    retains

Part of himself ; the immortal mind re-  
    mains :

The form subsists without the body's aid,  
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade !  
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,  
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost ;  
Even now familiar, as in life, he came ;  
Alas ! how different ! yet how like the same !'

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big  
    with tears :

And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,  
Shows every mournful face with tears o'er-  
    spread,

And glares on the pale visage of the dead.  
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,  
With innles and waggons sends a chosen  
    band

To load the timber, and the pile to rear ;  
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful car-

With proper instruments they take the road,  
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.  
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow,  
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks  
 they go :

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough  
 ground,

Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd  
 axles bound.

But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods,  
 (Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods)  
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on  
 strokes ;

On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks  
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets  
 brown ;

Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder  
 down.

The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to  
 burn ;

And the slow mules the same rough road re-  
 turn.

The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore  
 (Such charge was given them) to the sandy  
 shore ;

There on the spot which great Achilles  
 show'd,

They cas'd their shoulders, and disposed the  
 load ;

Circling around the place, where times to  
 come

Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.

The hero bids his martial troops appear  
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war ;  
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,  
 All mount their chariots, combatants and  
 squires.

The chariots first proceed, a shining train ;  
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the  
 plain ;

Next these the melancholy band appear,  
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier :  
 O'er all the corpse their scatter'd locks they  
 throw ;

Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,  
 Bends o'er the extended body of the dead.  
 Patroclus decent on the appointed ground  
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.  
 But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,  
 And from his head divides the yellow hair ;  
 Those curling locks which from his youth he  
 vow'd,

And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd  
 flood :

Then, sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,  
 And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste :  
 'Sperchius ! whose waves in mazy errors  
 lost

Delightful roll along my native coast !

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,  
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn :  
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,  
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,  
 And where in shade of consecrated bowers  
 Thy altars stand, perfumed with native  
 flowers !

So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain ;  
 No more Achilles sees his native plain ;  
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer  
 grow,

Patroclus bears them to the shades below.'

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,  
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.

Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow :  
 And now the sun had set upon their woe ;

But to the king of men thus spoke the chief :  
 'Enough, Atrides ! give the troops relief :

Permit the mourning legions to retire,  
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre ;

The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—'  
 He said : the people to their ships return :

While those deputed to inter the slain  
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.

A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,  
 The growing structure spreads on every side ;

High on the top the manly corpse they lay,  
 And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay :

Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,  
 And the piled victims round the body spread ;

Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,  
Suspend around, low-bending o'er the pile.  
Four sprightly coursers with a deadly groan  
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are  
thrown.

Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,  
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.  
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,  
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.  
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,  
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.  
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on  
high

And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry :  
' All hail, Patroclus ! let thy vengeful ghost  
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.  
Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,  
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade ;  
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,  
Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to  
rend.'

So spake he, threatening : but the gods  
made vain  
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain :  
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,  
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance !  
shed :

She watch'd him all the night and all the day,  
And drove the bloodhounds from their des-  
tined prey.

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care ;  
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,  
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,  
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,  
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise ;  
But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,  
Invoked the gods whose spirit moves the  
air,

And victims promised, and libations cast,  
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast :  
He call'd the ærial powers, along the skies  
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.  
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,  
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,

Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,  
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.  
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow ;  
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.  
All from the lanquêt rise, and each invites  
The various goddess to partake the rites.  
' Not so (the dame repli'd), I haste to go  
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below ;  
Even now our solemn hecatombs attend,  
And heaven is feasting on the world's green  
end,

With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train !)  
Far on the extreme limits of the main.  
But Pelus' son entreats, with sacrifice,  
The western spirit, and the north, to rise ;  
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,  
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.'  
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their  
view ;

Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew ;  
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering  
roar,  
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd  
before.

To the wide main then stooping from the  
skies,

The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise :  
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,  
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.  
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,  
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.  
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,  
With large libations from the golden bowl.  
As a poor father, helpless and undone,  
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,  
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,  
And pour in tears, ere yet they close the  
urn :

So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,  
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame  
no more.

'Twas when, emerging through the shades of  
night,

The morning planet told the approach of  
light ;

And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray  
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :  
 Then sank the blaze, the pile no longer  
   burn'd,  
 And to their caves the whistling winds re-  
   turn'd :  
 Across the Thracian seas their course they  
   bore ;  
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.  
 Then parting from the pile he ceased to  
   weep,  
 And sank to quiet in the embrace of sleep,  
 Exhausted with his grief : meanwhile the  
   crowd  
 Of thringing Grecians round Achilles stood ;  
 The tumult waked him : from his eyes he  
   shook  
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke :  
   'Ye kings and princes of the Achaian  
   name !  
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame  
 With sable wine ; then, as the rites direct,  
 The hero's bones with careful view select :  
 (Apart, and easy to be known, they lie  
 Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye :  
 The rest around the margin will be seen  
 Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men :)  
 These wrapt in double coils of fat, prepare ;  
 And in the golden vase dispose with care ;  
 There let them rest with decent honour laid,  
 Till I shall follow to the infernal shade.  
 Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,  
 A common structure on the humble sands ;  
 Hereafter Greece some nobler work may  
   raise,  
 And late posterity record our praise.'  
 The Greeks obey ; where yet the embers  
   glow,  
 Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,  
 And deep subsides the ashy heap below.  
 Next the white bones his sad companions  
   place,  
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.  
 The sacred relics to the tent they bore ;  
 The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,  
 And east the deep foundations round the  
   pyre ;  
 High in the midst they heap the swelling  
   bed  
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.  
 'The swarming populace the chief detains,  
 And leads amidst a wide extent of plains ;  
 There placed them round : then from the  
   ships proceeds  
 A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,  
 Vases and tripods (for the funeral games),  
 Resplendent brass, and more resplendent  
   dames.  
 First stood the prizes to reward the force  
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course :  
 A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,  
 Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom ;  
 And a large vase, where two bright handles  
   rise,  
 Of twenty measures its capacious size.  
 The second victor claims a mare unbroke,  
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke :  
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame ;  
 Four ample measures held the shining frame :  
 Two golden talents for the fourth were placed :  
 An ample double bowl contents the last.  
 These in fair order ranged upon the plain,  
 The hero, rising, thus address'd the train :  
   'Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks ! de-  
   creed  
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed ;  
 Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,  
 Should our immortal coursers take the plain ;  
 (A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's god  
 Peleus received, and on his son bestow'd.)  
 But this no time our vigour to display ;  
 Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad  
   day :  
 Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck  
 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy  
   neck.  
 Sad, as they shared in human grief, they  
   stand,  
 And trail those graceful honours on the sand !

Let others for the noble task prepare,  
Who trust the courser and the flying car.'

Fired at his word the rival racers rise ;  
But far the first Eumelus hopes the prize,  
Famed through Pieria for the fleetest breed,  
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding  
steed.

With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,  
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd  
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's com-  
mand,

When scarce a god redeem'd him from his  
hand).

Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,  
And the famed courser of the king of kings ;  
Whom rich Echeolus (more rich than brave)  
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,  
(Æthè her name) at home to end his days ;  
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.  
Next him Antilochus demands the course  
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylïan  
horse.

Experienced Nestor gives his son the reins,  
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains ;  
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears  
The prudent son with unattending ears.

' My son ! though youthful ardour fire thy  
breast,

The gods have loved thee, and with arts  
Have bless'd.

Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill  
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.  
To guide thy conduct little precept needs ;  
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.  
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness  
known ;

Compare those rivals' judgment and thy own :  
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,  
And to be swift is less than to be wise.

'Tis more by art than force of numerous  
strokes,

The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn  
oaks.

By art the pilot, through the boiling deep  
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship ;

And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,  
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.  
In vain ; unskillful, to the goal they strive,  
And short, or wide, the ungovern'd courser  
drive :

While with sure skill, though with inferior  
steeds,

The knowing racer to his end proceeds ;  
Fix'd on the goal his eye foreruns the course,  
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,  
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,  
Observing still the foremost on the plain.

Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found ;  
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground ;  
Of some once stately oak the last remains,  
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains :

Enclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar ;  
And round, a circle for the wheeling car  
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace,  
Or then, as now, the limit of a race) :

Bear close to this, and warily proceed,  
A little bending to the left-hand steed ;  
But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;  
While thy strict hand his fellow's head re-  
strains,

And turns him short ; till, doubling as they  
roll,

The wheel's round naves appear to brush  
the goal.

Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)  
Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;  
Lest through incaution failing, thou may'st  
be

A joy to others, a reproach to me.

So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,  
And leave unskillful swiftness far behind ;  
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless  
steed

Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed ;  
Or the famed race, through all the regions  
known,

That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.'  
Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising  
sage

Concludes ; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.



Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,  
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.  
 They mount their seats ; the lots their place  
 dispose :  
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)  
 Young Nestor leads the race : Eumelus then ;  
 And next the brother of the king of men :  
 Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast ;  
 And, far the bravest, Diomed, was last.  
 They stand in order, an impatient train :  
 Pelides points the barrier on the plain,  
 And sends before old Phœnix to the place,  
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.  
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound ;  
 The lifted scourges all at once resound ;  
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send  
 before ;  
 And up the champaign thunder from the  
 shore :  
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds  
 arise,  
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies ;  
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes re-  
 clined,  
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the  
 wind :  
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,  
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the  
 ground.  
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,  
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)  
 Erect with ardour, poised upon the rein,  
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the  
 plain.  
 Now (the last compass fetch'd around the  
 goal)  
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,  
 Each burns with double hope, with double  
 pain,  
 Tears up the shore, and thunders towards the  
 main.  
 First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds :  
 With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds :  
 Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,  
 And seem just mounting on his car behind ;

Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,  
 And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadows  
 sees.  
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize ;  
 But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,  
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and ren-  
 ders vain  
 His matchless horses' labour on the plain.  
 Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey  
 Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.  
 The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,  
 Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge  
 again,  
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke  
 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke :  
 No more their way the startled horses held ;  
 The car reversed came rattling on the field ;  
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the  
 wheel,  
 Prone on the dust the unhappy master fell ;  
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the  
 ground ;  
 Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd  
 wound :  
 Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his  
 eyes :  
 Before him far the glad Tydides flies ;  
 Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,  
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.  
 The next, though distant, Menelaus suc-  
 ceeds ;  
 While thus young Nestor animates his steeds :  
 ' Now, now, my generous pair, exert your  
 force ;  
 Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,  
 Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,  
 And gives their lord the honours of the day.  
 But reach Atrides ! shall his mare outgo  
 Your swiftness ? vanquish'd by a female foe ?  
 Through your neglect, if lagging on the  
 plain  
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain,  
 No more shall Nestor's hand your food sup-  
 ply,  
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then : yon narrow road, before our sight,  
Presents the occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat  
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.

And now Antilochus with nice survey  
Observes the compass of the hollow way.  
'Twas where, by force of wintry torrents torn,  
Fast by the road a precipice was worn :  
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng

The Spartan hero's chariot smoked along.  
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,  
Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,  
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.  
' Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride

This narrow way I take larger field (he cried)  
Or both must fall.'—Atrides cried in vain ;  
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.  
Far as an able arm the disk can send,  
When youthful rivals their full force extend,  
So far, Antilochus ! thy chariot flew  
Before the king : he, cautious, backward drew

His horse compell'd ; foreboding in his fears  
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,  
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,  
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain.

But thus upbraids his rival as he flies :

' Go, furious youth ! ungenerous and unwise !  
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign ;

Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—'  
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,

' Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize !  
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,

With fainting knees shall labour in the course,  
And yield the glory yours.'—The steeds obey ;

Already at their heels they wing their way,  
And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld  
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.

The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king ;

High on a rising ground, above the ring,  
The monarch sat : from whence with sure survey

He well observed the chief who led the way,  
And heard from far his animating cries,  
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes ;

On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,

Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.  
He saw ; and rising, to the Greeks begun :

' Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone ?  
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,

And other steeds, than lately led the way ?  
Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,

Lie sure disabled in the middle field :  
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain

I search to find them, but I search in vain.  
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,  
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,

Shot from the chariot ; while his coursers stray

With frantic fury from the destined way.  
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,  
For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right,

Yet sure he seems, to judge by shape and air,

The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.'  
' Old man ! (Oileus rashly thus replies)

Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize ;  
Of those who view the course, nor sharpest eyed,

Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.  
Eumelus' steeds, high-bounding in the chase,

Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race ;  
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,

And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.'

Thus lie. Idomeneus, incensed, rejoin'd :  
 ' Barbarous of words ! and arrogant of mind !  
 Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside  
 The last in merit, as the first in pride !  
 To vile reproach what answer can we make ?  
 A goblet or a tripod let us stake,  
 And be the king the judge. 'The most un-  
 wise

Will learn their rashness, when they pay the  
 price.'

He said : and Ajax, by mad passion borne,  
 Stern had replied ; fierce scorn enhancing  
 scorn

To sell extremes. But 'Thetis' godlike son  
 Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun :  
 ' Forbear, ye chiefs ! reproachful to contend ;  
 Much would ye blame, should others thus  
 offend :

And lo ! the approaching steeds your con-  
 test end.'

No sooner had he spoke, but thundering  
 near,  
 Drives, through a stream of dust, the cha-  
 rioter.

High o'er his head the circling lash he wields :  
 His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields :  
 His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,  
 Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,  
 Refulgent through the cloud : no eye could  
 find

The track his flying wheels had left behind :  
 And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace  
 So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.

Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,  
 Quits his bright car, and springs upon the  
 sands ;

From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents  
 stream ;

The well-plied whip is hung athwart the  
 beam :

With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,  
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes :  
 These to the ships his train triumphant  
 leads,

The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not  
 force,

O'erpast Atrides) second in the course.  
 Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near  
 Than to the courser in his swift career  
 The following ear, just touching with his heel  
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel :  
 Such, and so narrow now the space between  
 The rivals, late so distant on the green ;  
 So soon swift Æthè her lost ground regain'd,  
 One length, one moment, had the race ob-  
 tain'd.

Merion pursued, at greater distance still,  
 With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.  
 Last came, Admetus ! thy unhappy son ;  
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot  
 on :

Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun :  
 ' Behold ! the man whose matchless art  
 surpass'd

The sons of Greece ! the ablest, yet the  
 last !

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay  
 (Since great Tydides bears the first away)  
 To him the second honours of the day.'

The Greeks consent with loud-applauding  
 cries,

And then Eumelus had received the prize,  
 But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,  
 The award opposes, and asserts his claim.

' Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,  
 O Peleus' son ! the mare so justly mine.

What if the gods, the skillful to confound,  
 Have thrown the horse and horseman to the  
 ground ?

Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice,  
 And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,  
 And please a soul desirous to bestow)

Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store  
 Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining  
 ore,

An ample present let him thence receive,  
 And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst  
 to give.

But this my prize I never shall forego ;  
This, who but touches, warriors ! is my  
foe.

Thus spake the youth ; nor did his words  
offend ;

Pleased with the well-turn'd flattery of a  
friend,

Achilles smiled : ' The gift proposed, (he  
cried)

Antiloehus ! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er,

(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)

Whose glittering margins raised with silver  
shine,

(No vulgar gift) Eumelus ! shall be thine.'

He said : Automedon at his command

The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand.

Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows

With generous joy : then Menelaüs rose ;

The herald placed the sceptre in his hands,

And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.

Not without cause incensed at Nestor's son,

And inly grieving, thus the king begun :

' The praise of wisdom, in thy youth ob-  
tain'd,

An act so rash, Antiloehus ! has stain'd.

Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,

To you, O Grecians ! be my wrong declared :

So not a leader shall our conduct blame,

Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.

But shall not we, ourselves, the truth main-  
tain ?

What needs appealing in a fact so plain ?

What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee  
rise,

And vindicate by oath the ill-gotten prize ?

Rise if thou darest, before thy chariot stand,

The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand ;

And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole  
intent

Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.

Swear by that god whose liquid arms sur-  
round-

The globe, and whose dread earthquakes  
heave the ground !'

The prudent chief with calm attention  
heard ;

Then mildly thus : ' Excuse, if youth have  
err'd ;

Superior as thou art, forgive the offence,

Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.

Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age.

Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.

The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign ;

The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely  
thine :

Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)

Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn.'

So spoke Antiloehus ; and at the word

The mare contested to the king restored.

Joy swells his soul : as when the vernal grain

Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,

The fields their vegetable life renew,

And laugh and glitter with the morning dew ;

Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,

And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said :

' Still may our souls, O generous youth !  
agree,

'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.

Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,

Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.

Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way

To waive contention with superior sway ;

For ah ! how few, who should like thee  
offend,

Like thee, have talents to regain the friend !

To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,

Suffice thy father's merit and thy own :

Generous alike, for me, the sire and son

Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.

I yield, that all may know my soul can  
bend,

Nor is my pride prefer'd before my friend.'

He said ; and pleased his passion to com-  
mand,

Resign'd the courser to Nottmon's hand,

Friend of the youthful chief : himself content,

The shining charger to his vessel sent.

The golden talents Merion next obtain'd ;

The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.

Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,  
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares :  
 ' Accept thou this, O sacred sire ! (he said)  
 In dear memorial of Patroclus dead ;  
 Dead and for ever lost Patroclus lies,  
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes !  
 Take thou this token of a grateful heart,  
 Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant  
 dart,  
 The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to  
 wield,  
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field :  
 Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,  
 But left the glory of the past thy own.'  
 He said, and placed the goblet at his side ;  
 With joy the venerable king replied :  
 ' Wisely and well, my son, thy words have  
 proved  
 A senior honour'd, and a friend beloved !  
 Too true it is, deserted of my strength,  
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at  
 length.  
 Oh ! had I now that force I felt of yore,  
 Known through Buprasium and the Pylian  
 shore !  
 Victorious then in every solemn game,  
 Ordain'd to Amaryncees' mighty name ;  
 The brave Epeians gave my glory way,  
 Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.  
 I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,  
 And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,  
 Surpass'd Iphycus in the swift career,  
 Phylens and Polydorus, with the spear.  
 The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,  
 But won by numbers, not by art or force :  
 For the famed twins, impatient to survey  
 Prize after prize by Nestor born away,  
 Sprung to their car ; and with united pains  
 One lash'd the coursers, while one ruled the  
 reins.  
 Such once I was ! Now to these tasks suc-  
 ceeds  
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds :  
 I yield, alas ! (to age who must not yield ?)  
 Though once the foremost hero of the field.

Go thou, my son ! by generous friendship led,  
 With martial honours decorate the dead :  
 While pleased I take the gift thy hands pre-  
 sent,  
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)  
 Rejoiced, of all the numerous Greeks, to see  
 Not one but honours sacred age and me :  
 Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,  
 May the just gods return another day !'  
 Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of  
 days :  
 Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.  
 The prizes next are order'd to the field,  
 For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.  
 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,  
 Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,  
 Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound ;  
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and  
 round.  
 Achilles rising thus : ' Let Greece excite  
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight ;  
 Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,  
 And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.  
 On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,  
 And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest  
 know,  
 This mule his dauntless labours shall repay ;  
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.'  
 This dreadful combat great Epæus chose ;  
 High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk ! he  
 rose,  
 And seized the beast, and thus began to say :  
 ' Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl  
 away !  
 (Price of his ruin) for who dares deny  
 This mule my right ; the undoubted victor I ?  
 Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,  
 But the first honours of this fight are mine ;  
 For who excels in all ? Then let my foe  
 Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,  
 Secure this hand shall his whole frame con-  
 found,  
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound :  
 So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,  
 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.'

The giant spoke ; and in a stupid gaze  
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze !  
 'Twas thou, Euryalus ! who durst aspire  
 To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,  
 The great Meestheus ; who in days of yore  
 In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,  
 (The games ordain'd dead *Ædipus* to grace)  
 And singly vanquish'd the Cadmean race.  
 Him great Tydides urges to contend,  
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his  
 friend ;  
 Officious with the cineture girds him round ;  
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are  
 bound.  
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his iron hands ;  
 With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely  
 close,  
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,  
 And painful sweat from all their members  
 flows.  
 At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow  
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe ;  
 Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway  
 Down dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended  
 lay.  
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,  
 By some huge billow dash'd against the  
 shore,  
 Lies panting ; not less batter'd with his  
 wound,  
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.  
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,  
 Scornful, his hand ; and gives him to his  
 friends ;  
 Whose arms support him, reeling through  
 the throng,  
 And dragging his disabled legs along ;  
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder  
 o'er ;  
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore ;  
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to  
 thought ;  
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly  
 bought.

The third bold game Achilles next de-  
 mands,  
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands :  
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,  
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price ;  
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
 A female captive, valued but at four.  
 Scarcely did the chief the vigorous strife pro-  
 pose,  
 When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.  
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,  
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands :  
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are  
 mix'd ;  
 Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd :  
 Like two strong rafters which the builder  
 forms,  
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,  
 Their tops connected, but at wider space  
 Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base .  
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends ;  
 The humid sweat from every pore descends ;  
 Their bones resound with blows : sides,  
 shoulders, thighs,  
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours  
 rise.  
 Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,  
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground ;  
 Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow  
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.  
 While the long strife even tired the lookers  
 on,  
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon :  
 ' Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me :  
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.'  
 He said ; and, straining, leaved him off  
 the ground  
 With matchless strength ; that time Ulysses  
 found  
 The strength to evade, and where the nerves  
 combine  
 His ancle struck : the giant fell supine ;  
 Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies ;  
 Shouts of applause run rattling through the  
 skies.

Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,  
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise :  
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied ;  
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.

Defiled with honourable dust they roll,  
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul :  
Again they rage, again to combat rise ;  
When great Achilles thus divides the prize :  
' Your noble vigour, O my friends, restrain ;  
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.  
Ye both have won : let others who excel,  
Now prove that prowess you have proved so well.'

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,  
From their tired bodies wipe the dust away,  
And, clothed anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace

The youths contending in the rapid race :  
A silver urn that full six measures held,  
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd :  
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,  
Elaborate, with artifice divine ;  
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,

And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port :  
From him descended, good Euneus heir'd  
The glorious gift ; and, for Lycaon spared,  
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward :  
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,  
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.  
A well-fed ox was for the second placed ;  
And half a talent must content the last.  
Achilles rising then bespoke the train :

' Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,  
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.'

The hero said, and, starting from his place,  
Oilean Ajax rises to the race ;  
Ulysses next ; and he whose speed surpast  
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.  
Ranged in a line the ready racers stand ;  
Pelides points the barrier with his hand ;

All start at once ; Oileus led the race ;  
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace ;  
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,  
As closely following as the running thread  
The spindle follows, and displays the charms  
Of the fair spinster's breast and moving arms :

Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,  
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise ;  
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays :  
The admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise :

To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,  
And send their souls before him as he flies.  
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,

The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul :  
' Assist, O goddess ! ' thus in thought he pray'd ;

And present at his thought descends the maid.

Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,  
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain ;  
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the slippery shore

Was clogg'd with slimy dung and mingled gore.

(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,  
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire.)

Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay ;  
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shared,  
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,  
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd :

' Accursed fate ! the conquest I forego ;  
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe ;  
She urged her favourite on the rapid way ;  
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.'

Thus sadly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore ;  
A burst of laughter echoed through the shore.  
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,  
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest :  
'Why with our wiser elders should we strive ?

The gods still love them, and they always thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize :  
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise ;  
(A green old age unconscious of decays,  
That proves the hero born in better days !)  
Behold his vigour in this native race !  
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace ;  
For who can match Achilles ? He who can,  
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.'

The effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,

'Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.  
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd ;

Receive a talent of the purest gold.'  
The youth departs content. The host admire  
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings,

Cast on the plain, the brazen burden rings :  
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,  
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.

'Stand forth the bravest of our host ! (he cries)  
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,

Now grace the lists before our army's sight,  
And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.

Who first the jointed armour shall explore,  
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore,

The sword, Asteropus possess'd of old,  
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)

Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side :

These arms in common let the chiefs divide :  
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,

A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.'

Piercing the word uprose great Tydeus' son,  
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,  
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand ;

Louring they meet, tremendous to the sight :  
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.

Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,  
But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew'd.

A furious pass the spear of Ajax made  
Through the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd.

Not thus the foe : his javelin aim'd above  
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,  
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.

Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,  
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground,

A mass of iron, (an enormous round)  
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,

Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire.

This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,  
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air :

The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd  
Among his spoils this memorable load.

For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,  
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.

'Let him, whose might can hurl this howl, arise ;

Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize :  
If he be one enrich'd with large domain

Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,  
Small stock of iron needs that man provide ;

His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied

From hence ; nor ask the neighbouring city's aid

For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.'



Stern Polypoetes stepp'd before the throng,  
And great Leonteus, more than mortal  
strong ;  
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,  
Uprose great Ajax ; up Epëus rose.  
Each stood in order : first Epëus threw ;  
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirl-  
ing circle flew.

Leonteus next a little space surpast ;  
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.  
O'er both their marks it flew ; till fiercely  
flung

From Polypoetes' arm the discus sung :  
Far as a swain hiswhirling sheephook throws,  
That distant falls among the grazing cows,  
So past them all the rapid circle flies :  
His friends, while loud applauses shake the  
skies,

With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty  
prize.

Those, who in skilful archery contend,  
He next invites the twanging bow to bend :  
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,  
Ten double-edged, and ten that singly wound.  
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,  
The hero fixes in the sandy shore ;  
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,  
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

' Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird,  
shall bear

These two-edged axes, terrible in war ;  
The single, he whose shaft divides the cord.'  
He said : experienced Merion took the word ;  
And skilful Teucer : in the helm they threw  
Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew.  
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies ;  
But flies unblest'd ! No grateful sacrifice,  
No firstling lambs, unheedful ! didst thou  
vow

To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.  
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside,  
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied :  
Adown the mainmast fell the parted string,  
And the free bird to heaven displays her  
wing :

Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause  
resound,

And Merion eager meditates the wound :  
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,  
And following with his eye the soaring dove,  
Implores the god to speed it through the  
skies,

With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful  
sacrifice.

The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,  
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels ;  
Quite through and through the point its  
passage found,

And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.  
The wounded bird, ere yet she breathed her  
last,

With flagging wings alighted on the mast,  
A moment hung, and spread her pinions  
there,

Then sudden dropp'd, and left her life in  
air.

From the pleased crowd new peals of thunder  
rise,

And to the ships brave Merion bears the  
prize.

To close the funeral games, Achilles last  
A massy spear amid the circle placed,  
And ample charger of unsullied frame,  
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd  
yet by flame.

For these he bids the heroes prove their art,  
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.  
Here too great Merion hopes the noble  
prize ;

Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.  
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,  
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said :

' Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,  
O king of nations ! all thy Greeks proclaim ;  
In every martial game thy worth attest,  
And know thee both their greatest and their  
best.

Take then the prize, but let brave Merion  
bear

This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.'

Pleased from the hero's lips his praise to hear,  
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:  
But, set apart for sacred use, commands  
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

## BOOK XXIV.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

THE gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band  
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:  
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,  
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.  
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,  
His friend's dear image present to his mind,  
Takes his sad couch, more unobserved to weep;  
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.  
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,  
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:

The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,  
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,  
What toils they shared, what martial works  
they wrought,  
What seas they measured, and what fields  
they fought;  
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,  
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds  
to tear.

And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,  
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:  
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes  
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.  
There as the solitary mourner raves,  
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:  
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd!  
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.  
And thence, Patroclus! round thy monument  
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.

There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;  
While soul in dust the unhonour'd carcase  
lies,  
But not deserted by the pitying skies:  
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,  
Preserved from gaping wounds and tainting  
air;

And, ignominious as it swept the field,  
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.  
All heaven was moved, and Hermes will'd to go  
By stealth to snatch him from the insulting  
foe:

But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,  
And the unrelenting empress of the skies:  
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,  
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,  
Won by destructive lust, (reward obscene)  
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.  
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,  
To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:

'Unpitying powers! how oft each holy  
fane  
Has Hector tinged with blood of victims  
slain?

And can ye still his cold remains pursue?  
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?  
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,  
 The last sad honours of a funeral fire?  
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care?  
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;  
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,  
 In strength of rage, and impotence of pride;  
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,  
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy!  
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,  
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.  
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,  
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;  
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,  
 Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is  
 done:  
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;  
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to  
 bear.  
 But this, insatiate, the commission given  
 By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of  
 heaven:  
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along  
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!  
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason awed,  
 He violates the laws of man and god.  
 'If equal honours by the partial skies  
 Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)  
 If Thetis' son must no distinction know,  
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.  
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,  
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame:  
 Achilles, of your own ethereal race,  
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace;  
 (A goddess by ourself to Pelus given,  
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven.)  
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright  
 abode  
 Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-  
 god,  
 Well pleased to share the feast, amid the  
 quire  
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful  
 lyre.'

Then thus the Thunderer checks the im-  
 perial dame:  
 'Let not thy wrath the court of heaven ir-  
 flame;  
 Their merits, nor their honours, are the same  
 But mine, and every god's peculiar grace  
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:  
 Still on our shrines his grateful *ἑὸν*  
 lay,  
 (The only honours men to gods can pay)  
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceased  
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.  
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,  
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.  
 But haste, and summon to our courts above  
 The azure queen; let her persuasion move  
 Her furious son from Priam to receive  
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to  
 leave.'  
 He added not: and Iris from the skies,  
 Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,  
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,  
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.  
 Between where Samos wide his forests  
 spreads,  
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,  
 Down plunged the maid; (the parted waves  
 resound)  
 She plunged, and instant shot the dark pro-  
 found.  
 As bearing death in the fallacious bait,  
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;  
 So pass'd the goddess through the closing  
 wave,  
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave:  
 There placed amidst her melancholy train  
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the secret main)  
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,  
 And wept her godlike son's approaching  
 doom.  
 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:  
 'Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below,  
 'Tis Jove that calls.—' And why (the dame  
 replies)  
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?

Sad object as I am for heavenly sight !  
 Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light !  
 Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd—  
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,  
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person  
 clad ;  
 And forth she paced, majestically sad.  
 Then through the world of waters they re-  
 pair  
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.  
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,  
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.  
 There in the lightning's blaze the sire they  
 found,  
 And all the gods in shining synod round.  
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,  
 (Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)  
 Even Juno sought her sorrows to console,  
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl :  
 She tasted, and resign'd it : then began  
 The sacred sire of gods and mortal man :  
 ' Thou comest, fair Thetis, but with grief  
 o'ercast ;  
 Maternal sorrows ; long, ah, long to last !  
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares ;  
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove de-  
 clares :  
 Nine days are pass'd since all the court  
 above  
 In Hector's cause have moved the ear of Jove ;  
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe  
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd  
 not so :  
 We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,  
 And to his conquest add this glory more.  
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear :  
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too  
 far ;  
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)  
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead ;  
 But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.  
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare  
 With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands  
 What'er his honour asks, or heart de-  
 mands.'

His word the silver-footed queen attends,  
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.  
 Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,  
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty  
 tent :  
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose  
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes ;  
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son,  
 She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :  
 ' How long, unhappy ! shall thy sorrows  
 flow,  
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming  
 woe :  
 Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing  
 reign  
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain ?  
 O snatch the moments yet within thy power ;  
 Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour !  
 Lo ! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)  
 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far.  
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)  
 Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;  
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance  
 vain ;  
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.'  
 To whom Achilles : ' Be the ransom given,  
 And we submit, since such the will of heaven.'  
 While thus they communed, from the  
 Olympian bowers  
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers :  
 ' Haste, winged goddess ! to the sacred town,  
 And urge her monarch to redeem his son ;  
 Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,  
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive :  
 Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;  
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand  
 May the slow mules and funeral car com-  
 mand.  
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,  
 Safe through the foe by our protection led :  
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,  
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.  
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair :

Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,

Some sense of duty, some desire to save.'

'Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,  
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives :  
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne

Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.

And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,  
(Sad scene of woe !) his face his wrapt attire  
Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he 'spread

A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.  
From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;

Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;

Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,  
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !

Before the king Jove's messenger appears,  
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears :

' Fear not, O father ! no ill news I bear ;  
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care :

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,

And bear what stern Achilles may receive ;  
Alone, for so he wills ; no Trojan near,  
Except, to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand  
May the slow mules and funeral car command.

Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread ;

Safe through the foe by his protection led :  
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.  
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare  
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair ;  
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,

Some sense of duty, some desire to save.'

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids  
pare

His gentle mules and harness to the car ;  
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay :  
His pious sons the king's command obey.

Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room  
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume.

And where the treasures of his empire lay ;  
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say

' Unhappy consort of a king distress'd !  
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast

I saw descend the messenger of Jove,  
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move ;  
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain

The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.  
' Tell me thy thought : my heart impels to go  
Through hostile camps, and bears me to thy foe.'

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries

Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies :

' Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind,  
And where the prudence now that awed mankind ?

Through Phrygia once and foreign regions known ;

Now all confused, distracted, overthrown !  
Singly to pass through hosts of foes ! to face  
(O heart of steel !) the murderer of thy race !  
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er  
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore !

Alas ! my lord ! he knows not how to spare,  
And what his mercy thy slain sons declare ;  
So brave ! so many fallen ! To calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.  
No — pent in this sad palace, let us give  
To grief the wretched days we have to live.  
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,  
Born to his own, and to his parents' woe !  
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,

To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son !

<p>Oh ! in his dearest blood might I allay My rage, and these barbarities repay ! For ah ! could Hector merit thus, whose     breath Expired not meanly, in unactive death ? He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, And fell a hero in his country's right.' ' Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright With words of omen, like a bird of night, (Replied unmoved the venerable man ;)  'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in     vain. Had any mortal voice the injunction laid, Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd. A present goddess brought the high com-     mand, I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand. I go, ye gods ! obedient to your call : If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my     fall, Content—By the same hand let me expire ! Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched     sire ! One cold embrace at least may be allow'd, And my last tears flow mingled with his     blood !' From forth his open'd stores, this said, he     dréw Twelvè costly carpets of refulgent hue, . As many vests, as many mantles told, And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with     gold. Two tripods next, and twice two chargers     shine, With ten pure talents from the richest     mine ; And last a large well-labour'd bowl had     place, (The pledge of treaties once with friendly     Thrace :) Seem'd all too mean the stores he could     employ, For one last look to buy him back to Troy ! Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain, Around him furious drives his menial train :</p>	<p>In vain each slave with dutious care attends, Each office hurts him, and each face offends. ' What make ye here ? officious crowds ! (he     cries) Hence ! nor obtrude your anguish on my     eyes. Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there ; Am I the only object of despair ? Am I become my people's common show, Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ? No, you must feel him too ; yourselves must     fall ; The same stern god to ruin gives you all : Nor is great Hector lost by me alone ; Your sole defence, your guardian power is     gone ! I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, I see the ruins of your smoking town ! O send me, gods ! ere that sad day shall come, A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome !' He said, and feebly drives his friends     away : The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. Next on his sons his erring fury falls, Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls, His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear, Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer, And generous Antiphon : for yet these nine Survived, sad relics of his numerous line. ' Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire ! Why did not all in Hector's cause expire ? Wretch that I am ! my bravest offspring     slain, You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain ! Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war, With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car, And last great Hector, more than man     divine, For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line ! All those relentless Mars untimely slew, And left me these, a soft and servile crew, Whose days the feast and wanton dance     employ, Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of     Troy !</p>
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Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,  
And speed my journey to redeem my son ?'

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
Forgive his anger, and produce the ear.  
High on the seat the cabinet they bind :  
The new-made car with solid beauty shined ;  
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,

And hung with ringlets to receive the reins ;  
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground :

These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,

Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,  
And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied.

Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)

The sad attendants load the groaning wain :  
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,

(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)

But the fair horses, long his darling care,  
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car :  
Grieved as he was, he not this task denied ;  
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.

While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,

Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ;  
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,

(Libation destined to the power divine)

Held in her right, before the steed she stands,

And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :  
'Take this, and pour to Jove; that safe from harms

His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.  
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,  
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design;  
Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow  
Surveys thy desolated realms below,  
His winged messenger to send from high,  
And lead thy way with heavenly augury :

Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.  
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd fi-  
above,

Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.  
But if the god his augury denies,  
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.'

'Tis just (said Priam) to the sire above  
To raise our hands; for who so good  
Jove ?'

He spoke, and bade the attendant handma-  
bring

The purest water of the living spring :

(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held.  
Then took the golden cup his queen i-  
fill'd ;

On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,  
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine.  
'O first and greatest ! heaven's imperial  
lord !

On lofty Ida's holy hill adored !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,  
And teach him mercy when a father prays.  
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky  
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury !

Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race  
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space :  
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd fi-  
above.

Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.  
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne  
on high

Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury !

The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd  
game,

And known to gods by Perennos' lofty name.  
Wide as appears some palace-gate dis-  
play'd,

So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample  
shade,

As stooping dexter with resounding wings  
The imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in every face appears ;  
The mourning matron dries her timorous  
tears :

<p>Swift on his car the impatient monarch sprung ; The brazen portal in his passage rung ; The mules proceeding draw the loaded wain, Charged with the gifts : Idæus holds the rein : The king himself his gentle steeds controls, And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls. On his slow wheels the following people wait, Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ; With hands uplifted eye him as he pass'd, And gaze upon him as they gazed their last. Now forward fares the father on his way, Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they. Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain, And felt the woes of miserable man. Then thus to Hermes : 'Thou whose con- stant cares Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers ; Behold an object to thy charge consign'd ; If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind ; Go, guard the sire ; the observing Jove pre- vent, And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.' The god obeys, his golden pinions binds, And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds, That 'high, through fields of air, his flight sustain, O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main ; Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye : Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way, And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea. A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line ! Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day, And clad the dusky fields in sober grey ; What time the herald and the hoary king (Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,</p>	<p>That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows) Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose. Through the dim shade the herald first espies A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries : 'I mark some foe's advance : O king ! be- ware ; This hard adventure claims thy utmost care ! For much I fear destruction hovers nigh : Our state asks counsel ; is it best to fly ? Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall, Two wretched suppliants, and for mercy call ?' The afflicted monarch shiver'd with de- spair ; Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair ; Sunk was his heart ; his colour went and came ; A sudden trembling shook his aged frame : When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand, And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand : 'Say whither, father ! when each mortal sight Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night ? Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along, Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong ? What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view ; These, who with endless hate thy race pur- sue ? For what defence, alas ! couldst thou provide ; Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide ? Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ; From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head ; From Greece I'll guard thee too ; for in those lines The living image of my father shines.' 'Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind, Are true, my son ! (the godlike sire rejoind)</p>
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Great are my hazards ; but the gods survey  
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my  
 way.  
 Hail, and be bless'd ! For scarce of mortal  
 kind  
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.'  
 'Nor true are all thy words, nor erring  
 wide ;  
 (The sacred messenger of heaven replied)  
 But say, convey'st thou through the lonely  
 plains  
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,  
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand :  
 Prepared, perchance, to leave thy native land ?  
 Or fliest thou now ?—What hopes can Troy  
 retain,  
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory,  
 slain ?'  
 The king, alarm'd : 'Say what, and whence  
 thou art,  
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,  
 And know so well how godlike Hector died ?'  
 'Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied :  
 'You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :  
 On this sad subject you inquire too much.  
 Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd  
 In glorious fight, with Grecian blood em-  
 brued :  
 I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he  
 toss'd  
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host :  
 I saw, but help'd not : stern Achilles' ire  
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.  
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ;  
 One ship convey'd us from our native place ;  
 Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,  
 Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame ;  
 Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast  
 To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.  
 To watch this quarter, my adventure falls :  
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your  
 walls ;  
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,  
 And scarce their rulers check their martial  
 rage.'

'If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,  
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)  
 Ah tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid  
 My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?  
 Have dogs dismember'd, (on the naked plains)  
 Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains ?'  
 'O favour'd of the skies ! (thus answer'd  
 then  
 The power that mediates between gods and  
 men)  
 Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,  
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent :  
 This the twelfth evening since he rested there,  
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.  
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,  
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles' drags the  
 dead :  
 Yet undisfigured, or in limb or face,  
 All fresh he lies, with every living grace,  
 Majestical in death ! No stains are found  
 O'er all the corse, and closed is every wound ;  
 Though many a wound they gave. Some  
 heavenly care,  
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :  
 Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led  
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead.'  
 Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,  
 And joyful thus the royal sire replied :  
 'Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above  
 The constant tribute of respect and love !  
 Those who inhabit the Olympian bower  
 My son forgot not, in exalted power ;  
 And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,  
 Even to the ashes of the just is kind.  
 But thou, O generous youth ! this goblet  
 take,  
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;  
 And while the favouring gods our steps  
 survey,  
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.'  
 To whom the latent god : 'O king, for-  
 bear  
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :  
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,  
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light ?

What from our master's interest thus we draw,  
Is but a licensed theft that 'scapes the law.  
Respecting him, my soul abjures the offence;  
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.  
Thee, far as Argos, pleased I could convey;  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:  
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,  
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,  
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash  
around :

Before the inspiring god that urg'd them on,  
The coursers fly with spirit not their own.  
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found

The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;

On these the virtue of his wand he tries,  
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes :

Then heaved the massy gates, removed the bars,

And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,

And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

On first the roof was raised, and cover'd o'er  
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;  
And fenced with palisades, a hall of state,  
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.  
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength

A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;  
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,

But great Achilles singly closed the gate.

This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;

Then swift alighted the celestial guide,  
And thus reveal'd—"Hear, prince! and understand

Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:  
Hermes I am, descended from above,  
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.

Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;  
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,  
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.  
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;  
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,  
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow  
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,

And in a moment shot into the skies:

The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,

And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace through various rooms he went,

And found Achilles in his inner tent:

There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,  
And great Automedon, attendance gave;  
These served his person at the royal feast;  
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made;

And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,

Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;

Embraced his knees and bathed his hands  
in tears;

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embred

Even with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,

Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)

Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale!  
amazed

All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed:

Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise;

All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes;

Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,

Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

"Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers  
divine!

Think of thy father's age and pity mine!

In me that father's reverend image trace,

Those silver hairs, that venerable face;

His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!  
In all my equal, but in misery!  
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;  
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest  
him fly,

And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;  
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,  
And, hearing, still may hope a better day  
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.  
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!  
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,  
The pledge of many a loved and loving  
dame:

Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are  
dead!

How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!  
Still one was left their loss to recompense;  
His father's hope, his country's last defence.  
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy  
steel,

Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

'For him through hostile camps I bent  
my way,

For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;  
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;  
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

'Think of thy father, and this face behold!  
See him in me, as helpless and as old!

Though not so wretched: there he yields to  
me,

The first of men in sovereign misery!

Thus forced to kneel, thus grovelling to em-  
brace

The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:  
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,  
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their  
gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,  
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his  
sire.

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.

Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;  
And now the mingled tides together flow:  
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,  
A father one, and one a son deplore:  
But great Achilles different passions rend,  
And now his sire he mourns, and now his  
friend;

The infectious softness through the heroes ran;  
One universal solemn shower began;  
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,  
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;  
The reverend monarch by the hand he raised;  
On his white beard and form majestic gazed,  
Not unrelenting; then serene began  
With words to soothe the miserable man:

'Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou  
known!

Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone  
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted  
face

The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!  
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of  
steel,

A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.  
Rise, then: let reason mitigate our care:  
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear:  
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree:  
They, only they are blest, and only free.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever  
stood,

The source of evil one, and one of good;  
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,  
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;  
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed  
To taste the bad unmix'd, is cursed indeed;  
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,  
He wanders, outcast both of earth and  
heaven.

The happiest taste not happiness sincere;  
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with  
care.

Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and  
power!

What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!

A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given ;  
Graced by the gods with all the gifts of  
heaven.

One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day :  
No race succeeding to imperial sway ;  
An only son ; and he, alas ! ordain'd  
To fall untimely in a foreign land.

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline  
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !  
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;  
In riches once, in children once excell'd ;  
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,  
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,  
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.  
But since the god his hand has pleased to  
turn,

And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls ?  
War, and the blood of men, surround thy  
walls !

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor  
shed

These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;  
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian  
shore,

But thou, alas ! may'st live to suffer more !'  
To whom the king : ' O favour'd of the  
skies !

Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies  
On the bare beach deprived of obsequies.  
O give me Hector ! to my eyes restore  
His corse, and take the gifts : I ask no more.  
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores  
enjoy ;

Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath  
from Troy :

So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
A weak old man to see the light and live !'  
' Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies,

While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)  
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend :  
To yield thy Hector I myself intend :

For know, from Jove my goddess-mother  
came,  
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)

Nor comest thou but by heaven ; nor comest  
alone,

Some god impels with courage not thy own :  
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,  
Nor could the boldest of our youth have  
dared

To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.  
Cease ; lest, neglectful of high Jove's com-  
mand,

I show thee, king ! thou tread'st on hostile  
land ;

Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,  
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.'  
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-  
aw'd.

Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :  
Automedon and Alcimus attend,  
(Whom most he honour'd since he lost his  
friend)

These to unyoke the mules and horses went,  
And led the hoary herald to the tent ;  
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents  
bear,

(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.  
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
They leave ; to cover and enwrap the dead.  
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil  
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,  
Apart from Priam : lest the unhappy sire,  
Provoked to passion, once more rouse to ire  
The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age,  
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising  
rage.

This done, the garments o'er the corse they  
spread ;

Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed :  
Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
He groans, and calls on loved Patroclus'  
shade :

' If, in that gloom which never light must  
know,

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,  
O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfil  
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd  
will.

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,  
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.'

He said, and, entering, took his seat of  
state,  
Where full before him reverend Priam sate ;  
To whom, composed, the godlike chief  
begun :  
'Lo ! to thy prayer restored, thy breathless  
son ;

Extended on the funeral couch he lies ;  
And soon as morning paints the eastern  
skies,  
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes :  
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
Demand refection, and to rest invite :  
Nor thou, O father ! thus consumed with  
woe,

The common cares that nourish life forego.  
Not thus did Niobè, of form divine,  
A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:  
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,  
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ;  
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,  
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the  
plain :

So was her pride chastised by wrath divine,  
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's  
line ;

But two the goddess, twelve the queen en-  
joy'd ;

Those boasted twelve, the avenging two de-  
stroy'd.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust out-  
spread,

Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead ;  
None by to weep them, to inhume them  
none ;

(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone.)

The gods themselves, at length relenting,  
gave

The unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high  
will)

Through deserts wild now pours a weeping  
rill ;

Where round the bed whence Acheloüs  
springs,

The watery fairies dance in mazy rings ;  
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,  
She stands her own sad monument of woe ;  
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever  
flow.

'Such griefs, O king ! have other parents  
known ;

Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.  
The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd,  
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ;  
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.'

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe  
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.  
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
With skill prepare them, and in parts di-  
vide :

Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,  
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.  
With bread the glittering canisters they load,  
Which round the board Automedon be-  
stow'd.

The chief himself to each his portion placed,  
And each indulging shared in sweet repast.  
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest :

No less the royal guest the hero eyes,  
His godlike aspect and majestic size ;  
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage ;  
And there, the mild benevolence of age.

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,  
(A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke :

'Permit me now, beloved of Jove ! to steep  
My careful temples in the dew of sleep :  
For, since the day that number'd with the  
dead

My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;  
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes ;  
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !  
Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,  
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.'

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,  
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread ;

<p>Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way, And place the couches, and the coverings lay. Then he : ' Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here ; Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear, Lest any Argive, at this hour awake, To ask our counsel, or our orders take. Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent. Should such report thy honour'd person here, The king of men the ransom might defer : But say with speed, if aught of thy desire Remains unask'd ; what time the rites require To inter thy Hector ? For, so long we stay Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey. ' If then thy will permit (the monarch said) To finish all due honours to the dead, This of thy grace record : to thee are known The fears of Ilion, lodged within her town ; And at what distance from our walls aspire The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire. Nine days to vent our sorrows I request, The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast ; The next, to raise his monument be given ; The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heaven !' ' This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy : Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy.' Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent ; Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms, Expects her hero with desiring arms. But in the porch the king and herald rest ; Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast. Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ; Industrious Hermes only was awake,</p>	<p>The king's return revolving in his mind, To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind. The power descending hover'd o'er his head : ' And sleep'st thou, father ! (thus the vision said) Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restored ? Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord ? Thy presence here should stern Atides see, Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee, May offer all thy treasures yet contain, To spare thy age ; and offer all in vain.' Waked with the word the trembling sire arose, And raised his friend : the god before him goes : He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, And moves in silence through the hostile land. When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove) The winged dety forsook their view, And in a moment to Olympus flew. Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray, Sprang through the gates of light, and gave the day : Charged with the mournful load, to Ilion go The sage and king, majestically slow. Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire, The sad procession of her hoary sire ; Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near, (Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier) A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes, Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries : ' Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ, Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy ; If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight, To hail your hero glorious from the fight,</p>
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Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows  
flow !

Your common triumph, and your common  
woe.'

In thronging crowds they issue to the  
plains ;

Nor man nor woman in the walls remains ;

In every face the self-same grief is shown ;

And Troy sends forth one universal groan.

At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning  
wain,

Hamg on the wheels, and grovel round the  
slain.

The wife, and mother, frantic with despair,

Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd  
hair :

Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay ;  
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the  
day ;

But godlike Priam from the chariot rose :

' Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes ;

First to the palace let the car proceed,

Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the  
dead.'

The waves of people at his word divide,  
Slow rolls the chariot through the following  
tide ;

Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait :  
They weep, and place him on the bed of  
state.

A melancholy choir attend around,

With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn  
sound :

Alternately they sing, alternate flow

The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.

While deeper sorrows groan from each full  
heart,

And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew ;  
Around his neck her milk-white arms she  
threw,

' And oh, my Hector ! Oh, my lord ! (she  
cries)

Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring  
eyes !

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !

And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !

An only son, once comfort of our pains,

Sad product now of hapless love, remains !

Never to manly age that son shall rise,

Or with increasing graces glad my eyes :

For Ilion now (her great defender slain)

Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian  
care ?

Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?

Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er  
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign  
shore.

Thou too, my son ! to barbarous climes  
shalt go,

The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;

Driven hence a slave before the victor's  
sword ;

Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord :

Or else some Greek whose father press'd the  
plain,

Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,

In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,

And hurl thee headlong from the towers of  
Troy.

For thy stern father never spared a foe :

Thence all these tears, and all this scene of  
woe !

Thence many evils his sad parents bore,

His parents many, but his consort more.

Why gavest thou not to me thy dying hand ?

And why receiv'd not I thy last command ?

Some word thou would'st have spoke, which,  
sadly dear,

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;

Which never, never could be lost in air,

Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there !'

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her  
moan ;

Her weeping handmaids echo groan for  
groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her  
part :

' O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !

Of all my race thou most by heaven approved,  
And by the immortals even in death beloved !  
While all my other sons in barbarous bands  
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
This felt no chains, but went a glorious  
ghost,

Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.  
Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,  
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the  
tomb ;

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)  
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain !  
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace ;  
No mark of pain, or violence of face ;  
Rosy and fair ! as Phœbus' silver bow  
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into  
tears.

Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears ;  
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she  
cries :

'Ah, dearest friend ! in whom the gods  
had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;  
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er  
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore ;  
(O had I perish'd, ere that form divine  
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine !)  
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :  
When others cursed the authoress of their  
woe,

Thy pity cheek'd my sorrows in their flow :  
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,  
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.  
For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee,  
The wretched source of all this misery !  
The fate I caused, for ever I bemoan ;  
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone !  
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall  
I roam !

In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home !'

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming  
eye :

Distressful beauty melts each stander-by :  
On all around the infectious sorrow grows ;  
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose ;  
'Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites re-  
quire,

And fell the forests for a funeral pyre ;  
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush  
dread ;

Achilles grants these honours to the dead.'

He spoke ; and, at his word, the Trojan  
train

Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's  
crown,

Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.  
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
Forth to the pile was born the man divine,  
And placed aloft ; while all, with streaming  
eyes,

Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,  
Again the mournful crowds surround the  
pyre,

And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.  
The snowy bones his friends and brothers  
place

(With tears collect'd) in a golden vase ;  
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,  
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
And raised the tomb, memorial of the dead.  
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites  
were done,

Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.)  
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
A solemn, silent, melancholy train :  
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.  
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.



## CONCLUDING NOTE.

WE have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneid*.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægythus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægythus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with his life from

his adulterous wife Ægiale: but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity), let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr CONGREVE, and of

March 25, 1720.

A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐκοίτα—τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προ-  
κόψα ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς  
ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην. εἰ ἡσθόμεν ἐμαυτὸν ἐνόδως  
προϊόντα.—M. AURIM. ANTON. de scipso, l. i. §. 17.

THE  
ODYSSEY OF HOMER.



# THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

## A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPIC POEM, AND OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY :

EXTRACTED FROM JONSS.

### SECTION I.

#### THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in representing the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This sublime subject occasioned the first poets to be called divines, and poetry the language of the gods. They divided the divine attributes into so many persons ; because the infirmity of a human mind cannot sufficiently conceive, or explain, so much power and action in a simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God. And perhaps they were also jealous of the advantages they reaped from such excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not describe the operations of this almighty cause, without speaking at the same time of its effects : so that to divinity they added physiology, and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expressions.

But man being the chief and most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful, to poets than this subject, they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and physiology : and from morality thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call epic.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that

infinite variety of the actions and operations of the Divine Nature (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did as it were force them upon dividing the single idea of the only one God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And, on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general, the epic poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it in different persons, and in various actions ; which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The presence of the Deity, and the care such an august cause is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes.\* It obliges him likewise to think and speak in an elevated way, above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character of the divine persons he introduces.† To this end serve the poetical and figurative expression, and the majesty of the heroic verse.

But all this, being divine and surprising, may quite ruin all probability ; therefore the

\* *Res gestæ regumque documque.*

HOR. ART. POET.

† *Cui neq. divinitus atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des Nomini hujus honorem.*  
HORAT.

poet should take a peculiar care as to that point, since his chief aim is to instruct, and without probability any action is less likely to persuade.

Lastly, since precepts ought to be concise,\* to be the more easily conceived, and less oppress the memory, and since nothing can be more effectual to this end than proposing one single idea, and collecting all things so well together, as to be present to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one single action,† under one and the same design, and in a body whose members and parts should be homogeneous.

What we have observed of the nature of the epic poem gives us a just idea of it, and we may define it thus :

‘The epic poem is a discourse invented by art, to form the manners, by such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action, which is related in verse, after a probable, diverting, and surprising manner.

## SECTION II.

### THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

IN every design which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he proposes is the first thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts : thus, since the end of the epic poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this first view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philosophical and the poetical doctrine of manners. The schoolmen content themselves with treating of virtues and vices in general : the instructions they give are proper for all states of people, and for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the necessities of his own nation. With this design he makes choice of some piece of morality, the most proper and just he can imagine : and in order to press this home, he makes less use of the force of reasoning, than of the power of insinuation ; accommodating himself to the particular customs and inclinations of those who are to be the subject, or the readers, of his work.

\* ‘Quicquid præcipies esto brevis ; ut citò dicta Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.’

HOR. Poet.

† ‘Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, et unum.’

HOR. Poet.

Let us now see how Homer has acquitted himself in these respects.

He saw the Grecians, for whom he designed his poem, were divided into as many states as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the rest. And yet these distinct states were very often obliged to unite together in one body against their common enemies. These were two very different sorts of government, such as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one single poem.

The poet therefore has made two distinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but composed of parts independent on each other ; and the other for each particular state, considered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumstances and the necessity of being united.

As for the first sort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy, of many independent states, experience has always made it appear, ‘That nothing so much causes success as a due subordination, and a right understanding among the chief commanders. And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of such confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealousies, and ambition of the different leaders, and the discontents of submitting to a single general.’ All sorts of states, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the most useful and necessary instruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loss which both the people and the princes must of necessity suffer, by the ambition, discord, and obstinacy of the latter.

Homer, then, has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth ; that a misunderstanding between princes is the ruin of their own states. ‘I sing (says he) the anger of Achilles, so pernicious to the Grecians, and the cause of so many heroes’ deaths, occasioned by the discord and separation of Agamemnon and that prince.’

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a second to support it. It is necessary in such a design, not only to represent the confederate states at first disagreeing among themselves, and from thence unfortunate, but to show the same states afterwards reconciled and united, and of consequence victorious.

Let us now see how he has joined all these in one general action.

‘Several princes independent on one

another, were united against a common enemy. The person whom they had elected their general, offers an affront to the most valiant of all the confederates. This offended prince is so far provoked as to relinquish the union, and obstinately refuse to fight for the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such an advantage, that the allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself who made the separation is not exempt from sharing the misfortune which he brought upon his party : for having permitted his intimate friend to succour them in a great necessity, this friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending princes, being both made wiser at their own cost, are reconciled, and unite again : then this valiant prince not only obtains the victory in the public cause, but revenges his private wrongs by killing with his own hands the author of the death of his friend.'

This is the first platform of the poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and universal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place, it must be rendered probable by the circumstances of times, places, and persons: some persons must be found out, already known by history or otherwise, whom we may with probability make the actors and personages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the siege of Troy, and feigned that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander; and so to the rest.

Besides, he was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the instruction of his poem, and to gain their approbation by praising them; so that they might the better forgive him the representation of their own faults in some of his chief personages. He admirably discharges all these duties, by making these brave princes and those victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of those he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of such a length, to propose only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the rest with useless ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its necessary consequences. As, for instance, in the subject before us, it is not enough to know, that a good understand-

ing ought always to be maintained among confederates; it is likewise of equal importance, that if there happens any division, care must be taken to keep it secret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making use of it. And in the second place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one should never press the enemy too closely; for this would discover the weakness which we ought to conceal from them.

The episode of Patroclus most admirably furnishes us with these two instructions; for when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who should have been contented with this success, presses upon Hector too boldly, and by obliging him to fight, soon discovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his armour, but a hero of much inferior prowess. So that Hector kills him, and regains those advantages which the Trojans had lost, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

### SECTION III.

#### THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Odyssey was not designed, like the Iliad, for instruction of all the states of Greece joined in one body, but for each state in particular. As a state is composed of two parts, the head which commands and the members which obey, there are instructions requisite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to submit to government.

There are two virtues necessary to one in authority, prudence to order, and care to see his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all sorts of business, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and states. The care of the administration suffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own presence; and kings who are absent from their states are in danger of losing them, and give occasion to great disorders and confusion.

These two points may be easily united in one and the same man. 'A king forsakes his kingdom to visit the courts of several princes, where he learns the manners and

customs of different nations. From hence there naturally arises a vast number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very useful for a political institution. On the other side, this absence gives way to the disorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whose presence only can re-establish all things.\* Thus the absence of a king has the same effects in this fable, as the division of the princes had in the former.

The subjects have scarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, To suffer themselves to be governed, and to obey faithfully, whatever reason they may imagine against the orders they receive. It is easy to join this instruction with the other, by bestowing on this wise and industrious prince such subjects, as in his absence would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonstrating the misfortunes which this disobedience draws upon them, the evil consequences which almost infallibly attend these particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was necessary that the princes in the Iliad should be choleric and quarrelsome, so it is necessary in the fable of the Odyssey that the chief person should be sage and prudent. This raises a difficulty in the fiction; because this person ought to be absent for the two reasons aforementioned, which are essential to the fable, and which constitute the principal aim of it; but he cannot absent himself, without offending against another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king should upon no account leave his country.

It is true, there are sometimes such necessities as sufficiently excuse the prudence of a politician in this point. But such a necessity is a thing important enough of itself to supply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the first place, this necessity and the departure of the hero must be disjoined from the poem; and in the second place, the hero having been obliged to absent himself, for a reason antecedent to the action, and placed distinct from the fable, he ought not so far to embrace this opportunity of instructing himself, as to absent himself voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his absence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reason lay to his charge all the disorders which might arise.

Thus in the constitution of the fable he

ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country, nor his voluntary stay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded against his will. This is the first idea Homer gives us of it. His hero\* appears at first in a desolate island, sitting upon the side of the sea, which with tears in his eyes he looks upon as the obstacle that had so long opposed his return, and detained him from revisiting his own dear country.

And lastly, since this forced delay might more naturally and usually happen to such as make voyages by sea, Homer has judiciously made choice of a prince whose kingdom was in an island.

Let us see then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a person in years, because years are requisite to instruct a man in prudence and policy.

A prince had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition. Having gloriously performed this enterprise, he was marching home again, and conducting his subjects to his own state; but, spite of all the attempts with which the eagerness to return had inspired him, he was stopped by the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries differing from each other in manners and government. In these dangers, his companions, not always following his orders, perished through their own fault. The grandees of his country strangely abuse his absence, and raise no small disorders at home. They consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, would constrain his queen to accept of one of them for her husband; and indulge themselves in all violence, so much the more, because they were persuaded he would never return. But at last he returns, and discovering himself only to his son and some others, who had continued firm to him, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquillity and repose to which they had been strangers during his absence.

As the truth, which serves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the absence of a person from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cause of great disorders; so the principal point of the action, and the most essential one, is the absence of the hero.

This fills almost all the poem; for not only

\* Odyssey v.

this real absence lasted several years, but even when the hero returned, he does not discover himself: and this prudent disguise, from whence he reaped so much advantage, has the same effect upon the authors of the disorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real absence had before; so that he is absent as to them till the very moment of their punishment.

After the poet had thus composed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then made choice of Ulysses, the king of the isle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief personage, and bestowed the rest upon Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleases.

I shall not here insist upon many excellent advices, which are so many parts and natural consequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dexterously lays down in those fictions which are the episodes and members of the entire action. Such for instance are these advices;—Not to intrude oneself into the mysteries of government, which the prince keeps secret: this is represented to us by the winds shut up in a bull's-hide, which the miserable companions of Ulysses would needs be so foolish as to pry into. Not to suffer oneself to be led away by the seeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Sirens' song\* invited. Not to suffer oneself to be sensualized by pleasures, like those who were changed into brutes by Circe: and a great many other points of morality necessary for all sorts of people.

This poem is more useful to the people than the Iliad, where the subjects suffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes than through their own miscarriages. But in the Odyssey it is not the fault of Ulysses that is the ruin of his subjects. This wise prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad says, 'He sings the anger of Achilles, which had caused the death of so many Grecians;' and, on the contrary, in the Odyssey† he tells his readers, 'That the subjects perished through their own fault.'

\* 'Inproba Siren de-idiā.'—HORAT.

† Ἀντὺν γὰρ σφ' ἑτερῶν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.  
ONYSS. i.

## SECTION IV.

## OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE bestows great encomiums upon Homer for the simplicity of his design, because he has included in one single part all that happened at the siege of Troy. And to this he opposes the ignorance of some poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was sufficiently preserved by the unity of the hero; and who composed their Theseids, Hercleids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem everything that happened to one personage.

He finds fault with those poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, because one man may have performed several adventures which it is impossible to reduce under any one general and simple head. This reducing of all things to unity and simplicity is what Horace likewise makes his first rule:

'Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, et unum.

According to these rules it will be allowable to make use of several fables, or, to speak more correctly, of several incidents which may be divided into several fables; provided they are so ordered that the unity of the fable be not spoiled. This liberty is still greater in the epic poem, because it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myself more distinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four distinct fables out of these four following instructions:

1. 'Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies.'

2. 'Conceal your weakness, and you will be dreaded as much as if you had none of those imperfections of which they are ignorant.'

3. 'When your strength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others, never venture so far as if your strength was real.'

4. 'The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you.'

It is plain, I say, that each of these particular maxims might serve for the groundwork of a fiction, and one might make four distinct fables out of them. May not one then put all these into one single epopea? Not unless one single fable can be made out



of all. The poet indeed may have so much skill as to unite all into one body as members and parts, each of which taken asunder would be imperfect; and if he joins them so, this conjunction shall be no hindrance at all to the unity and the regular simplicity of the fable. This is what *Homer* has done with such success in the composition of the *Iliad*.

1. 'The division between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their designs.' 2. 'Patroclus comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats.' 3. 'But this young man, pushing the advantage which his disguise gave him too far, ventures to engage with Hector himself; but not being master of Achilles' strength (whom he only represented in outward appearance), he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the same disorder, from which in that disguise he came to free them.' 4. 'Achilles, provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loss by the death of Hector.' These various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only incomplete and unfinished parts of one and the same action and fable, which alone, when taken thus complexly, can be said to be complete and entire: and all these maxims of the moral are easily reduced into these two parts, which in my opinion cannot be separated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are these: \* That a right understanding is the preservation, and discord the destruction, of states.

Though, then, the poet has made use of two parts in his poems, each of which might have served for a fable, as we have observed, yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular polymythia, contrary to the necessary unity and simplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether necessary and regular, namely, its perfection and finishing stroke.

#### SECTION V.

##### OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM.

THE action of a poem is the subject which the poet undertakes, proposes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the instructions, which are the end of the epic poem, are not the matter of it. Those the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative

\* 'Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt: discordiâ magnæ dilabuntur.'—SALLUST, de Bello Jug.

obscurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they sing some action: the revenge of Achilles, the return of Ulysses, &c.

Since, then, the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident that whatever incidents are essential to the fable, or constitute a part of it, are necessary also to the action, and are parts of the epic matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for instance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the slaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the reunion of the Greek princes; and, lastly, the resettlement and victory which was the consequence of that reunion.

There are four qualifications in the epic action; the first is its unity, the second its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not consist either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things I suppose are necessary to it. The first is, to make use of no episode but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes and these members with one another. And the third is, never to finish any episode so as it may seem to be an entire action; but to let each episode still appear, in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itself not complete.

##### OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

Aristotle not only says that the epic action should be one, but adds, that it should be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpose ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. These three parts of a whole are too generally and universally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more precisely, and say, that the causes and designs of an action are the beginning; that the effects of these causes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of these designs, are the middle; and that the unravelling and resolution of these difficulties are the end.

##### THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

Homer's design in the *Iliad* is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles

from a calm to a passionate temper. The middle is the effects of his passion, and all the illustrious deaths it is the cause of. The end of this same action is the return of Achilles to his calmness of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon their general provokes Apollo against them, whom he was willing to appease afterwards at the cost and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This, then, is an exact beginning; it supposes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himself, and that is an exact middle; it supposes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the satisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been complete, unless Achilles had been satisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero, after he was gluttied by the mischief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by insulting over his murderer; he makes him, I say, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We see him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilst the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is just, since the calmness of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the subject of his Iliad.

#### THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

His design in the Odyssey was to describe the return of Ulysses from the siege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva against Neptune, who opposed the return of this hero, and against Calypso, who detained him in an island from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtless, the reader would know why Neptune is displeased with Ulysses, and how this prince came to be with Calypso? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet answers his demands out of the mouth of Ulysses himself, who relates these things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It signifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulysses, when upon

his leaving Troy he bends his course for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the disorders of his own government. The end is the reinstating of the hero in the peaceable possession of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his son, his wife, his father, and several others. The poet was sensible he should have ended ill, had he gone no further than the death of these princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulysses, because the reader might have looked for some revenge which the subjects of these princes might have taken on him who had killed their sovereigns; but this danger over, and the people vanquished and quieted, there was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyssey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

#### OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The causes of the action are also what the poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three sorts of causes, the humours, the interests, and the designs of men; and these different causes of an action are likewise often the causes of one another, every man taking up those interests in which his humour engages him, and forming those designs to which his humour and interest incline him. Of all these the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conspicuous in his principal personages.

Homer has ingeniously begun his Odyssey with the transactions at Ithaca, during the absence of Ulysses. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would scarce have spoken of any one else; and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the least idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her suitors, who had so great a share in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, besides these personages whom he discovers, he represents Ulysses in his full length; and from the very first opening one sees the interest which the gods take in the action.

The skill and care of the same poet may be seen likewise in introducing his personages in the first book of his Iliad, where he discovers the humours, the interests, and the designs of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and several others, and even of the deities. And in his second, he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies;

which is full evidence, that all we have here said is very necessary.

#### OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As these causes are the beginning of the action, the opposite designs against that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty, or intrigue, which makes up the greatest part of the poem; the solution or unravelling commences when the reader begins to see that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts, and has put a particular intrigue, and the solution of it, into each part.

The first part of the *Iliad* is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himself upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days' fight which happened in the absence of Achilles: and it consists on one side in the resistance of Agamemnon and the Grecians, and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not suffer him to be reconciled. The loss of the Grecians, and the despair of Agamemnon, prepare for a solution by the satisfaction which the incensed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus, joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of themselves had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the first part.

This death is likewise the beginning of the second part; since it puts Achilles upon the design of revenging himself on Hector. But the design of Hector is opposite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and resolved to stand on his own defence. This valour and resolution of Hector are on his part the cause of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles used to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach, and defend himself, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the last day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and besides that, it contains the insulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king, and the other Trojans, in the sorrowful obsequies they paid to Hector's body, end the unravelling; they justify the satisfaction of Achilles, and demonstrate his tranquillity.

The first part of the *Odyssey* is the return of Ulysses into Ithaca. Neptune opposed it by raising tempests, and this makes the

intrigue. The unravelling is the arrival of Ulysses upon his own island, where Neptune could offer him no further injury. The second part is the reinstating this hero in his own government. The princes that are his rivals, oppose him, and this is a fresh intrigue: the solution of it begins at their deaths, and is completed as soon as the Ithacans were appeased.

These two parts in the *Odyssey* have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the *Iliad*; and it is so far the matter of this epopea, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the desire Achilles had to revenge himself, and the desire Ulysses had to return to his own country, be never so near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the same notion: for that desire of Ulysses is not a passion that begins and ends in the poem with the action; it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propose it for his subject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already observed what is meant by the intrigue, and the unravelling thereof; let us now say something of the manner of forming both. These two should arise naturally out of the very essence and subject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is so exact and natural, that it seems as if their action had presented them with whatever they inserted, without putting themselves to the trouble of a further inquiry.

What is more usual and natural to warriors than anger, heat, passion, and impatience of bearing the least affront or disrespect? This is what forms the intrigue of the *Iliad*; and everything we read there is nothing else but the effect of this humour and these passions.

What more natural and usual obstacle to those who take voyages, than the sea, the winds, and the storms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the first part of the *Odyssey*: and for the second, he makes use of almost the infallible effect of the long absence of a master, whose return is quite despaired of, viz. the insolence of his servants and neighbours, the danger of his son and wife, and the sequestration of his estate. Besides, an absence of almost twenty years, and the insupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulysses then was, might induce him to believe that he should not be owned by those who thought him dead, and whose interest it was to have him really so. There-

fore, if he had presently declared who he was, and had called himself Ulysses, they would easily have destroyed him as an impostor, before he had an opportunity to make himself known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more necessary than this ingenious disguise, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his absence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding anything, of taking the best measures he could, against those persons who could not so much as mistrust any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his designs, and overcome the obstacles it cast before him. And it is this contest between the prudence and the dissimulation of a single man on one hand, and the ungovernable insolence of so many rivals on the other, which constitutes the intrigue of the second part of the *Odyssey*.

#### OF THE END OR UNRAVELLING OF THE ACTION.

If the plot or intrigue must be natural, and such as springs from the subject, as has been already urged, then the winding-up of the plot, by a more sure claim, must have this qualification, and be a probable consequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the rest, so should the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the last impression that is to be stamped upon them.

We shall find this in the *Odyssey*. Ulysses by a tempest is cast upon the island of the Phæacians, to whom he discovers himself, and desires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far distant. One cannot see any reason why the king of this island should refuse such a reasonable request to a hero whom he seemed to have in great esteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the story of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital consisted all the advantage that he could derive from his presence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedness under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were such as these islanders were not used to. All their talent lay in singing and dancing, and whatsoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we see how dexterously Homer prepares the incidents he makes use of. These people could do no less, for the account with which Ulysses had so much entertained them, than afford him a ship and a

safe convoy, which was of little expense or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long absence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he discovered himself too soon, forced him to a disguise: lastly, this disguise gave him an opportunity of surprising those young suitors, who for several years together had been accustomed to nothing but to sleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from these examples that Aristotle drew this rule, that 'Whatever concludes the poem should so spring from the very constitution of the fable, as if it were a necessary, or at least a probable, consequence.'

### SECTION VI.

#### THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

THE time of the epic action is not fixed, like that of the dramatic poem: it is much longer: for an uninterrupted duration is much more necessary in an action which one sees and is present at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Besides, tragedy is fuller of passion, and consequently of such a violence as cannot admit of so long a duration.

The *Iliad* containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a short time, about forty days. The design of the *Odyssey* required another conduct: the character of the hero is prudence and long-suffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

#### THE PASSIONS OF THE EPIC POEM.

The passions of tragedy are different from those of the epic poem. In the former, terror and pity have the chief place; the passion that seems most peculiar to epic poetry, is admiration.

Besides this admiration, which in general distinguishes the epic poem from the dramatic, each epic poem has likewise some peculiar passion, which distinguishes it in particular from other epic poems, and constitutes a kind of singular and individual difference between these poems of the same species. These singular passions correspond to the character of the hero. Anger and terror reign throughout the *Iliad*, because Achilles is angry, and the most terrible of all men. The *Æneid* has all the soft and tender passions, because that is the character of *Æneas*.

The prudence, wisdom, and constancy of Ulysses do not allow him either of these extremes, therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the *Odyssey*. He confines himself to admiration only, which he carries to a higher pitch than in the *Iliad*: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines in the *Odyssey*, into the body of the action, than are to be seen in the actions of the other two poems.

#### THE MANNERS.

The manners of the epic poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not necessary they be always morally so. They are poetically good, when one may discover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations, of every one who speaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when persons are made to speak or act out of character, or inconsistently, or unequally. The manners of *Aeneas* and of *Mentor* are equally good, considered poetically, because they equally demonstrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

#### CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

It is requisite to make the same distinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodness. *Achilles* had as much right to the latter as *Aeneas*. Aristotle says, that the hero of a poem should be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the rest of mankind by his virtues, nor sunk beneath by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be suitable to the causes which either raise or discover them in the persons; that they have an exact resemblance to what history, or fable, have delivered of those persons to whom they are ascribed; and that there be an equality in them, so that no man is made to act, or speak, out of his character.

#### UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

But this equality is not sufficient for the unity of the character; it is further necessary, that the same spirit appear in all sorts of encounters. Thus *Aeneas* acting with great piety and mildness in the first part of the *Æneid*, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illustrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the second part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a soft disposition, would, doubtless,

be far from offending against the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no simplicity or unity in the character. So that, besides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occasions, there must be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the rest; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as *Achilles*, as pious as *Aeneas*, and as prudent as *Ulysses*. But it is a mere chimera to imagine a hero that has the valour of *Achilles*, the piety of *Aeneas*, and the prudence of *Ulysses*, at one and the same time. This vision might happen to an author, who would suit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the essence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the same person upon all sorts of occasions: this hero would be the mildest, best-natured prince in the world, and also the most choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like *Aeneas*, extremely violent like *Achilles*, and yet have the indifference of *Ulysses*, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this person by the same name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in several poems, whose authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accomplished man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent, and, lastly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent of the action and the subject of the poem; and, upon seeing each hero separated from the rest of the work, we should not easily guess, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we should see, that none of those would have a character, since the character is that which makes a person discernible, and which distinguishes him from all others.

This commanding quality in *Achilles* is his anger, in *Ulysses* the art of dissimulation, in *Aeneas* meekness. Each of these may be styled, by way of eminence, the character in these heroes.

But these characters cannot be alone. It is absolutely necessary that some other should give them a lustre, and embellish them as far as they are capable; either by hiding the defects that are in each, by some noble and shining qualities, as the poet has done the

anger of Achilles by shading it with extraordinary valour; or by making them of the nature of a true and solid virtue, as is to be observed in the two others. The dissimulation of Ulysses is a part of his prudence; and the meekness of Æneus is wholly employed in submitting his will to the gods. For the making up this union, our poets have joined together such qualities as are by nature the most compatible, valour with anger, meekness with piety, and prudence with dissimulation. This last union was necessary for the goodness of Ulysses; for without that, his dissimulation might have degenerated into wickedness and double-dealing.

## SECTION VII.

## OF THE 'MACHINES'.

WE come now to the machines of the epic poem. The chief passion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is so conducive to that as the marvellous, and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing so greatly elevated as by the care and interposition of heaven.

The machines are of three sorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the gods. Others are physical, and represent the things of nature. The last are moral, and are the images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, passions, and vices of men. Their poems are wholly allegorical and in this view it is easier to defend Homer, than to blame him. We cannot accuse him for making mention of many gods, for his bestowing passions upon them, or even introducing them fighting against men. The Scripture uses the like figures and expressions.

If it be allowable to speak thus of the gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philosophy, where if a poet describes the deities, he must give them such manners, speeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they represent under those divinities. The case is the same in the morals of the deities. Minerva is wise because she represents prudence; Venus is both good and bad, because the passion of love is capable of these contrary qualities.

Since among the gods of a poem some are good, some bad, and some indifferently either; and since of our passions we make so many allegorical deities; we may attri-

bute to the gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But these deities do not act constantly in one and the same manner.

Sometimes they act invisibly, and by mere inspiration, which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous: being no more than what we say every day, 'That some god has assisted us, or some demon has instigated us.'

At other times they appear visibly, and manifest themselves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has something of both the others, it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly so accounted. This includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All these ways must be probable, for, however necessary the marvellous is to the epic action, as nothing is so conducive to admiration, yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing that we think impossible. Though the probability of these machines be of a very large extent (since it is founded upon divine power), it is not without limitations. There are numerous instances of allowable and probable machines in the epic poem, where the gods are no less actors than the men. But the less credible sort such as metamorphoses, &c., are far more rare.

This suggests a reflection on the method of rendering those machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly so. Those which require only divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that one might subtract them from it without destroying the action. But those which are essential and necessary, should be grounded upon human probability, and not on the sole power of God. Thus the episodes of Circe, the Sirens, Polyphemus, &c., are necessary to the action of the Odyssey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the simplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he causes those recitals to be made.

The next question is, Where, and on what occasions, machines may be used? It is certain Homer and Virgil make use of them everywhere, and scarce suffer any action to be performed without them. Patronius makes this a precept: 'Per ambages, decorumque ministeria,' &c. The gods are mentioned in the very proposition of their works, the invocation is addressed to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The gods are the causes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the solution. The precept of Aristotle and Horace, that the

unravelling of the plot should not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a god, has place only in dramatic poetry, not in the epic. For it is plain, that both in the solution of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appease the anger of *Achilles*: *Iris* and *Mercury* are sent to that purpose, and *Minerva* eminently assists *Achilles* in the decisive combat with *Hector*. In the *Odyssey*, the same goddess fights close by *Ulysses* against the suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the *Ithacensians* which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarrasses him: but that the presence of a divinity, and some action surprising and extraordinary, are inserted into almost all the parts of his work, in order to render it more majestic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be so made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking anything from the action: at the same time that it gives the readers a lesson of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the most brave and the most wise can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the assistance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

#### MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

THE poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of *Ulysses* in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of *Calypso*, when the gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send *Mercury* to *Calypso*, and *Pallas* immediately descends to *Ithaca*. She holds a conference with *Telemachus*, in the shape of *Menes* king of the *Lapthians*; in which she advises him to take a journey, in quest of his father *Ulysses*, to *Pylos* and *Sparta*, where *Nestor* and *Menelaus* yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The

suitors of *Penelope* make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. *Phemius* sings to them the return of the *Grecians*, till *Penelope* puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and *Telemachus*, who summons the council to meet the day following.

THE man for wisdom's various arts renowned,

Long exercised in woes, O muse! resound;  
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall

Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,

Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,

Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.

On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,  
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore;

Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey  
On herds devoted to the god of day;

The god vindictive doom'd them never more  
(Ah, men unblest'd!) to touch that natal shore.

Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,

Celestial muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arrived;

All who the war of ten long years survived,  
And 'scaped the perils of the gulfy main.

*Ulysses*, sole of all the victor train,  
An exile from his dear paternal coast,

Deplored his absent queen, and empire lost.  
*Calypso* in her caves constrain'd his stay,

With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:  
In vain—for now the circling years disclose

The day predestined to reward his woes.  
At length his *Ithaca* is given by fate,

Where yet new labours his arrival wait;  
At length their rage the hostile powers

restrain,  
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.

But now the god remote, a heavenly guest,  
In *Ethiopia* graced the genial feast;

(A race divided, whom with sloping rays  
The rising and descending sun surveys ;)  
There on the world's extreimest verge, revered  
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp pre-  
ferr'd,

Distant he lay ; while in the bright abodes  
Of high Olympus, Jove convened the gods :  
The assembly thus the sire supreme address'd,  
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,  
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast  
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost :

' Perverse mankind ! whose wills, created  
free,

Charge all their woes on absolute decree ;  
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,  
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.  
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,  
Did fate, or we, the adulterous act constrain ?  
Did fate, or we, when great Atreides died,  
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide ?

Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd  
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profaned,  
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes,  
grown

To manly years, should re-assert the throne.  
Yet impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,  
He plunged into the gulf which heaven fore-  
told.'

Here paused the god ; and pensive thus  
replies

Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes :  
' O thou ! from whom the whole creation  
springs,

The source of power on earth derived to  
kings !

His death was equal to the direful deed ;  
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed !  
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast  
For brave Ulysses, still by fate oppress'd.

Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore  
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,  
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home

A goddess guards in her enchanted dome.  
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye

The wonders of the deep expanded lie ;

The eternal columns which on earth he rears  
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)  
By his fair daughter is the chief confined,  
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious  
mind :

Successless all her soft caresses prove  
To banish from his breast his country's love ;  
To see the smoke from his loved palace rise,  
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,  
With that contentment could he close his  
eyes !

And will Omnipotence neglect to save  
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave ?  
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore  
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy  
power,

Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,  
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove ?'

' Daughter ! what words have pass'd thy  
lips unweigh'd ?

(Replied the Thunderer to the martial maid)  
Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd  
Of human race the wisest and the best.

Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,  
Afflicts the chief, to avenge his giant son,  
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light ;  
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal  
might !

Him young Thoosa bore, (the bright increase  
Of Phoreys, dreaded in the sounds and seas)  
Whom Neptune eyed with bloom of beauty  
bless'd,

And in his cave the yielding nymph com-  
press'd.

For this, the god constrains the Greek to  
roam,

A hopeless exile from his native home,  
From death alone exempt—but cease to  
mourn ;

Let all combine to achieve his wish'd return :  
Neptune, atoned, his wrath shall now re-  
frain,

Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain.'

' Father and king adored !' Minerva cried,

' Since all who in the Olympian bower reside



Now make the wandering Greek their public  
care,

Let Hermes to the Atlantic isle \* repair ;  
Bid him, arrived in bright Calypso's court,  
The sanction of the assembled powers report :  
That wise Ulysses to his native land  
Must speed, obedient to their high command.  
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir  
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care :

'Tis mine, to form his green unpractised  
years,

In sage debates, surrounded with his peers,  
To save the state ; and timely to restrain  
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train  
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless  
power

His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour,  
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste  
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.  
There, warm with filial love, the cause in-  
quire

That from his realm retards his god-like sire :  
Delivering early to the voice of fame  
The promise of a great immortal name.'

She said : the sandals of celestial mould,  
Fledged with ambrosial plumes, and rich  
with gold,

Surround her feet : with these sublime she  
sails

The aerial space, and mounts the winged  
gales :

O'er earth and ocean wide prepared to soar,  
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,  
Ponderous and vast ; which, when her fury  
burns,

Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'er-  
turns.

From high Olympus prone her flight she  
bends,

And in the realm of Ithaca descends.  
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise  
Of Mentès' form conceal'd from human eyes :  
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land)  
A glittering spear waved awful in her hand.

\* Ogygia.

There in the portal placed, the heaven-born  
maid

Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.  
On hides of beeves, before the palace-gate,  
(Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sat.

With rival art, and ardour in their mien,  
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen ;  
Divining of their loves. Attending night,  
A menial train the flowing bowl supply :

Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,  
And form the costly feast with busy care.

There young Telemachus, his bloomy face  
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace  
Amid the circle shines : but hope and fear  
(Painful vicissitude !) his bosom tear.

Now imaged in his mind, he sees restored,  
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord ;  
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.  
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs  
swell'd,

The stranger-guest, the royal youth beheld :  
Grieved that a visitant so long should wait  
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate ;  
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,  
And the new friend with courteous air em-  
braced.

' Stranger ! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,  
Affianced in my faith, a friendly guest :  
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,  
And then the purpose of thy soul declare.'

Thus affable and mild, the prince pre-  
cedes,

And to the dome the unknown celestial leads.  
The spear receiving from her hand, he placed  
Against a column, fair with sculpture graced ;  
Where seemly ranged in peaceful order stood  
Ulysses' arms, now long disused to blood.

He led the goddess to the sovereign seat,  
Her feet supported with a stool of state ;  
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide)  
Then drew his seat, familiar, to her side ;  
Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,  
With insolence, and wine, clate and loud ;  
Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,  
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.

The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,  
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;  
 With copious water the bright vase supplies  
 A silver laver, of capacious size :  
 They wash. The tables in fair order spread,  
 They heap the glittering canisters with bread :  
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste,  
 Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast !  
 Delicious wines the attending herald brought;  
 The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.  
 Lured with the vapour of the fragrant feast,  
 In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste :  
 Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer  
 Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.  
 Luxurious then they feast. Observant round,  
 Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets  
 crown'd.  
 The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,  
 And form to measured airs the mazy dance.  
 To Phemius was consign'd the chord'd lyre,  
 Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling  
 wire :  
 Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest  
 sing  
 High strains, responsive to the vocal string.  
 Meanwhile, in whispers to his heavenly  
 guest  
 His indignation thus the prince express'd :  
 ' Indulge my rising grief, whilst these, my  
 friend,  
 With song and dance the pompous revel end.  
 Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,  
 When, for the dear delight, another pays.  
 His treasured stores these cormorants con-  
 sume,  
 Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb  
 And common turf, lie naked on the plain,  
 Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.  
 Should he return, that troop so blithe and  
 bold,  
 With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with  
 gold,  
 Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,  
 And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy  
 weight.

But, ah, I dream !—the appointed hour is  
 fled,  
 And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,  
 Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,  
 Gives to the roll of death his glorious name !  
 With venial freedom let me now demand  
 Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land :  
 Sincere, from whence began thy course, re-  
 cite,  
 And to what ship I owe the friendly freight ?  
 Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,  
 Or number'd in my father's social train ?  
 All who deserved his choice he made his own,  
 And curious much to know, he far was  
 known.  
 ' My birth I boast (the blue-eyed virgin  
 cries)  
 From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise :  
 Mentis my name ; I rule the Taphian race,  
 Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves  
 embrace :  
 A duteous people, and industrious isle,  
 To naval arts inured, and stormy toil.  
 Freight'd with iron from my native land,  
 I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand ;  
 To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,  
 A just proportion of refulgent brass.  
 Far from your capital, my ship resides  
 At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides ;  
 Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,  
 Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.  
 Thence to revisit your imperial dome,  
 An old hereditary guest I come :  
 Your father's friend. Laertes can relate  
 Our faith unspotted, and its early date ;  
 Who press'd with heart-corroding grief and  
 years,  
 To the gay court a rural shed prefers,  
 Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage  
 Supports with homely food his drooping  
 age ;  
 With feeble steps from marshalling his vines  
 Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.  
 With friendly speed, induced by erring fame,  
 To hail Ulysses' safe return I came .

But still the frown of some celestial power  
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.  
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair ;  
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,  
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds  
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep sur-  
rounds.

The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd  
breast,

To me, no seer, the inspiring gods suggest ;  
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye  
To judge the winged omens of the sky.

Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it  
vain ;

Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,  
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,  
And soon restore him to his regal seat.

But, generous youth ! sincere and free de-  
clare,

Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir ?

For sure Ulysses in your look appears,

The same his features, if the same his years.

Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy  
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to  
Troy ;

But parting then for that detested shore,

Our eyes, unhappy ! never greeted more.'

'To prove a genuine birth (the prince re-  
plies)

On female truth assenting faith relies ;

Thus manifest of right, I build my claim

Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,

Ulysses' son : but happier he, whom fate

Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss  
the great !

Happier the son whose hoary sire is bless'd

With humble affluence, and domestic rest !

Happier than I, to future empire born,

But doom'd a father's wretched fate to  
mourn !'

To whom, with aspect mild, the guest  
divine :

'O true descendant of a sceptred line !

The gods, a glorious fate, from anguish free,

To chaste Penelope's increase decree.

But say, yon jovial troop so gaily dress'd,  
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast ?

Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,  
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine,

Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy  
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye ?'

'Magnificence of old (the prince replied)

Beneath our roof with virtue could reside ;

Unblamed abundance crown'd the royal  
board,

What time this dome revered her prudent  
lord ;

Who now, so heaven decrees, is doom'd to  
mourn,

Bitter constraint ! erroneous and forlorn.

Better the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,

Had fallensurrounded with his warlike train ;

Or safe return'd, the race of glory pass'd,

New to his friends' embrace, had breathed  
his last !

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes  
would raise

Historic marbles, to record his praise ;

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,

Had with transmissive honour graced his  
son.

Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,  
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost :

Vanish'd at once ! unheard of, and unknown !  
And I his heir in misery alone.

Nor for a dear lost father only flow

The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe :

To tempt the spouseless queen with anorous  
wiles,

Resort the nobles from the neighbouring  
isles ;

From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,

Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign :

Even with presumptuous hope her bed to  
ascend,

The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.

She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,

Her heart detesting what her ear allows ;

They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,

My stores in riotous expense devour,

<p>In feast and dance the mirthful months employ          And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.          With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cried :          ' Soon may kind heaven a sure relief provide,          Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,          And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue !          Oh ! in that portal should the chief appear,          Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,          In radiant panoply his limbs incased          (For so of old my father's court he graced,          When social mirth unbent his serious soul,          O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl) :          He then from Ephyræ, the fair domain          Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,          Measured a length of seas, a toilsome length,          In vain.          For voyaging to learn the direful art          To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart ;          Observant of the gods, and sternly just,          Ilus refused to impart the baneful trust :          With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fired,          The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desired.          Appear'd he now with such heroic port,          As then conspicuous at the Taphian court ;          Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,          Or each atone his guilty love with life.          But of his wish'd return the care resign ;          Be future vengeance to the powers divine.          My sentence hear : with stern distaste avow'd,          To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd :          When next the morning warms the purple east,          Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest ;          The sorrows of your inmost soul relate ;          And form sure plans to save the sinking state.</p>	<p>Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,          And the chaste queen connubial rites require ;          Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair          To great Icarus, whose paternal care          Will guide her passion, and reward her choice          With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.          Then let this dictate of my love prevail :          Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,          To learn your father's fortunes : fame may prove,          Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)          Propitious to the search. Direct your toil          Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle ;          Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand :          Then speed your voyage to the Spartan strand ;          For young Atrides to the Achaian coast          Arrived the last of all the victor host.          If yet Ulysses views the light, forbear,          Till the fleet hours restore the circling year :          But if his soul hath wing'd the destined flight,          Inhabitant of deep disastrous night ;          Homeward with pious speed repress the main,          To the pale shade funereal rites ordain.          Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,          A hero's honours let the hero have.          With decent grief the royal dead deplored,          For the chaste queen select an equal lord.          Then let revenge your daring mind employ,          By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,          And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.          Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fired          With great revenge, immortal praise acquired ?          His virgin sword Ægysthus' veins imbrued :          The murderer fell, and blood atoned for blood.          O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace !          With equal steps the paths of glory trace ;          Join to that royal youth's your rival name,          And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—          But my associates now my state deplore,          Impatient on the hoarse-responding shore.          Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed ;          My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.'</p>
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'The counsel of my friend (the youth re-join'd)  
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.  
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)  
Their sage experience to the favourite child.  
But, since to part, for sweet refection due,  
The genial viands let my train renew ;  
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,  
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.'

'Defer the promised boon (the goddess cries,

Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)  
And let me now regain the Reithrian port :  
From Temesé return'd, your royal court  
I shall revisit ; and that pledge receive ;  
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.'

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky ;  
Instant invisible to mortal eye.

Then first he recognised the ethereal guest :  
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast ;  
Heroic thoughts, infused, his heart dilate :  
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate :  
At length, composed, he join'd the suitor-throng ;

Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.  
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,  
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes  
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,  
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.  
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,  
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.  
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends ;  
Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends :  
A veil of richest texture wrought, she wears,  
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.

There from the portal, with her mild command,

Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand :

'Phemius ! let acts of gods and heroes old,  
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,

Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ ;  
Such the pleased ear will drink with silent joy.

But oh ! forbear that dear disastrous name,  
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame :  
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,  
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.'

'Why, dearest object of my duteous love,  
(Replied the prince) will you the bard reprove ?

Oft, Jove's ethereal rays (resistless fire)  
The chanter's soul and raptured song inspire ;  
Instinct divine ! nor blame, severe, his choice,  
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice :

For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears ;  
But old, the mind with inattention hears :  
Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain ;  
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,  
And in the public woe forget your own ;  
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.

What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloom,

With your Ulysses shared an equal doom !  
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil  
And various labours of the loom, beguile ;  
There rule, from palace-eares remote and free ;  
That care to man belongs, and most to me.'

Mature beyond his years, the queen admires

His sage reply, and with her train retires.  
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,

With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds ;  
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,  
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.

Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,  
Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms ;  
Intemperate rage a wordy war began,  
But bold Telemachus assumed the man.

'Instant (he cried) your female discord end,  
Ye deedless boasters ! and the song attend ;  
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane  
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.  
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast ;  
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,  
I to the peers assembled shall propose  
The firm resolve, I here to few disclose.

No longer live the cankers of my court ;  
 All to your several states with speed resort ;  
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,  
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse.  
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed  
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flock shall  
 bleed ;

Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—  
 By him and all the immortal thrones above,  
 (A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,  
 Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain !

Awed by the prince, thus haughty, bold,  
 and young,

Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd  
 the tongue.

Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,  
 Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous  
 spoke :

'What god to your untutor'd youth affords  
 This headlong torrent of amazing words?  
 May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late  
 So bright a genius with the toils of state !'

'Those toils (Telemachus, serene, replies)  
 Have charms, with all their weight, to allure  
 the wise.

Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,  
 And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.  
 Nor let Antinous rage, if strong desire  
 Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire :  
 Elected by Jove his delegate of sway,  
 With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.  
 Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,  
 Should factious power dispute my lineal  
 right,

Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead ;  
 To your pretence their title would precede.  
 At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign  
 Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train.'

To this Eurymachus : 'To heaven alone  
 Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.  
 Your patrimonial stores in peace possess ;  
 Undoubted all your filial claim confess :  
 Your private right should impious power  
 invade,

The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.

But say, that stranger-guest who late with-  
 drew,

What and from whence? his name and line-  
 age shew.

His grave demeanour, and majestic grace,  
 Speak him descended of no vulgar race :  
 Did he some loan of ancient right require,  
 Or came forerunner of your sceptred sire ?'

'O son of Polybus ! (the prince replies,)  
 No more my sire will glad these longing  
 eyes :

The queen's fond hope inventive rumour  
 echeers,

Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.  
 That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,  
 A realm defended with encircling seas.  
 Mentès, an ever-honour'd name, of old  
 High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd.'

Thus he, though conscious of the ethereal  
 guest,

Answer'd evasive of the sly request.

Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay ;  
 Love-dittied airs and dance conclude the day.  
 But when the star of eve, with golden light  
 Adorn'd the matron-brow of sable night ;  
 The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,  
 And to their several domes to rest resort.  
 A towering structure to the palace join'd ;  
 To this his steps the thoughtful prince in-  
 elined ;

In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs ;  
 The lighted torch, the sage Euryclia bears :  
 (Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,  
 For twenty beebes by great Laertes won ;  
 In rosy prime with charms attractive graced,  
 Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,  
 With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife  
 To taint the joys of sweet connubial life.  
 Sole with Telemachus her service ends,  
 A child she nursed him, and a man attends.)  
 Whilst to his couch himself the prince ad-  
 dress'd,

The duteous dame received the purple vest :  
 The purple vest with decent care disposed,  
 The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclosed ;

The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,  
To the strong staple's inmost depth restored,  
Secured the valves. There, wrapt in silent  
shade,  
Pensive, the rules the goddess gave, he  
weigh'd ;  
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he  
knows,  
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

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## BOOK II.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace ; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Iearius her father ; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night ; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses, in Ithaca.

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Now reddening from the dawn the morning  
ray  
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the  
day.  
The youthful hero, with returning light,  
Rose anxious from the inquietudes of night.  
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,  
A two-edged falchion threaten'd by his side,  
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,  
And forth he moved, majestic as a god.  
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,  
To council calls the peers : the peers obey.

Soon as in solemn form the assembly sat,  
From his high dome himself descends in state.  
Bright in his hand a ponderous javellin  
shined ;

Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind ;  
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,  
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd : while distant  
stood

The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.

'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke ;  
Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke :  
A length of days his soul with prudence  
crown'd,

A length of days had bent him to the ground.  
His eldest hope \* in arms to Ilion came,  
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame ;  
But (hapless youth !) the hideous Cyclops  
tore

His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting  
gore.

Three sons remain'd : to climb with haughty  
fires

The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires ;  
The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,  
And ease the sire of half the cares of age.  
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,  
And as he stood, he spoke and wept by  
turns :

\* Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian  
plains,

Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.  
Say then, ye peers ! by whose commands we  
meet ?

Why here once more in solemn council sit ?  
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose :  
Arrives some message of invading foes ?  
Or say, does high necessity of state  
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate ?  
The present synod speaks its author wise ;  
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies !

He spoke. Telemachus with transport  
glows,  
Embraced the omen, and majestic rose ;

\* Antiphus.

(His royal hand the imperial sceptre sway'd)  
 Then thus, addressing to Ægyptus, said :  
 ' Reverend old man ! lo, here confess'd he  
 stands  
 By whom ye meet ; my grief your care de-  
 mands.  
 No story I unfold of public woes,  
 Nor bear advices of impending foes :  
 Peace the bless'd land, and joys incessant  
 crown ;  
 Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.  
 For my lost sire continual sorrows spring,  
 The great, the good : your father and your  
 king !  
 Yet more ; our house from its foundation  
 bows,  
 Our foes are powerful, and your sons the  
 foes :  
 Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come ;  
 Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome ?  
 If she must wed, from other hands require  
 The dowry : is Telemachus her sire ?  
 Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,  
 And wastes the wise frugality of kings.  
 Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice ;  
 Scarce all my wine their midnight hours  
 supplies.  
 Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,  
 Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.  
 But come it will, the time when manhood  
 grants  
 More powerful advocates than vain com-  
 plaints.  
 Approach that hour ! unsufferable wrong  
 Cries to the gods, and vengeance sleeps too  
 long.  
 Rise then, ye peers ! with virtuous anger rise ;  
 Your fame revere, but most the avenging  
 skies.  
 By all the deathless powers that reign above,  
 By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,  
 (Themis, who gives to councils, or denies  
 Success ; and humbles, or confirms the wise)  
 Rise in my aid ! suffice the tears that flow  
 For my lost sire, nor add new woe to woe.

If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,  
 Or having power to wrong, betray'd the will,  
 On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,  
 And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.  
 If ruin to our royal race ye doom,  
 Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.  
 Then might we hope redress from juster laws,  
 And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause :  
 But while your sons commit the unpunish'd  
 wrong,  
 You make the arm of violence too strong.'  
 While thus he spoke, with rage and grief  
 he frown'd,  
 And dash'd the imperial sceptre to the  
 ground.  
 The big round tear hung trembling in his eye ;  
 The synod grieved, and gave a pitying sigh,  
 Then silent sat—at length Antinous burns  
 With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns :  
 ' O insolence of youth ! whose tongue in-  
 fords  
 Such railing eloquence, and war of words.  
 Studious thy country's worthies to defame,  
 Thyerring voice displays thy mother's shame.  
 Elusive of the bridal day, she gives  
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.  
 Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure  
 roll'd,  
 For three long years the royal fraud behold !  
 While she, laborious in delusion, spread  
 The spacious loom, and mix'd the various  
 thread.  
 Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,  
 Thus spoke the inventive queen, with artful  
 sighs :  
 ' Tho' cold in death Ulysses breathes no  
 more,  
 Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour ;  
 Cease, till to great Laertes I bequeath  
 A task of grief, his ornaments of death :  
 Lest when the fates his royal ashes claim,  
 The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame ;  
 When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,  
 Shall want in death a shroud to grace his  
 shade.'



'Thus she: at once the generous train  
 complies,  
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.  
 The work she plied; but, studious of delay,  
 By night reversed the labours of the day.  
 While thrice the sun his annual journey made,  
 The conscious lamp the midnight fraud sur-  
 vey'd;  
 Unheard, unseen, three years her arts pre-  
 vail:  
 The fourth, her maid unfolds the amazing  
 tale.  
 We saw, as unperceived we took our stand,  
 The backward labours of her faithless hand.  
 Then urged, she perfects her illustrious toils;  
 A wondrous monument of female wiles!  
 'But you, O peers! and thou, O prince!  
 give ear:  
 (I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear)  
 Dismiss the queen; and if her sire approves,  
 Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:  
 Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,  
 Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.  
 Though with a grace divine her soul is bless'd,  
 And all Minerva breathes within her breast,  
 In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,  
 And more than woman with deep wisdom  
 crown'd;  
 Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,  
 Nor great Alemena, (the proud boasts of  
 fame)  
 Yet thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's de-  
 cree  
 She shines with fatal excellence to thee:  
 With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the  
 feast,  
 Till righteous heaven reclaim her stubborn  
 breast.  
 What though from pole to pole resounds her  
 name!  
 The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:  
 For till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,  
 Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.'  
 While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:  
 'Even nature starts, and what ye ask denies.

Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,  
 Who gave me life, and nursed my infant  
 years?  
 While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,  
 Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades;  
 How to Iearius in the bridal hour  
 Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?  
 How from my father should I vengeance  
 dread;  
 How would my mother curse my hated head?  
 And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,  
 How from their hell would vengeful fiends  
 arise?  
 Abhor'd by all, accursed by name would  
 grow,  
 The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.  
 If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?  
 Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:  
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,  
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse.  
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed  
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall  
 bleed:  
 Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!  
 By him, and all the immortal host above,  
 (A sacred oath) if heaven the power supply,  
 Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs yedie.'  
 With that, two eagles from a mountain's  
 height  
 By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;  
 Swift they descend, with wing to wing con-  
 join'd,  
 Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon  
 the wind.  
 Above the assembled peers they wheel on  
 high,  
 And clang their wings, and hovering beat  
 the sky,  
 With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,  
 And shrieking loud, denounce approaching  
 fate.  
 They cuff, they tear, their cheeks and neck  
 they rend,  
 And from their plumes huge drops of blood  
 descend:

Then sailing o'er the domes and towers, they  
fly

Full toward the east, and mount into the sky.

The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress'd,

And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.

Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,

The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose :

Prescient he view'd the ærial tracks, and drew  
A sure presage from every wing that flew.

'Ye sons (he cried) of Ithaca, give ear,

Hear all ! but chiefly you, O rivals ! hear.

Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends ;

Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.

Nor to the great alone is death decreed ;

We, and our guilty Ithaca, must bleed.

Why cease we then the wrath of heaven to  
stay ?

Be humbled all, and lead, ye great ! the way.

For lo ! my words no fancied woes relate :

I speak from science, and the voice is fate.

'When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian  
shores

To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,

Deeds then undone my faithful tongue fore-  
told :

Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds  
behold.

I see (I cried) his woes, a countless train ;

I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the  
main ;

How twice ten years from shore to shore he  
roams :

Now twice ten years are past, and now he  
comes !

To whom Eurymachus : ' Fly, dotard, fly !

With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.

Go, prophesy at home ; thy sons advise :

Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the  
skies.

Unnumber'd birds glide through the ærial  
way

Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.

Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,

Ulysses lies : O wert thou laid as low !

Then would that busy head no broils suggest,  
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.

From him some bribe thy venal tongue re-  
quires,

And interest, not the god, thy voice inspires.

His guideless youth, if thy experienced age

Misleads fallacious into idle rage,

Vengeance deserved thy malice shall repress,

And but augment the wrongs thou wouldst  
redress.

Telemachus may bid the queen repair

To great Iearius, whose paternal care

Will guide her passion, and reward her choice

With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.

Till she retires, determined we remain,

And both the prince and augur threat in vain :

His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,

Move not the brave, or only move their hate.

Threat on, O prince ! elude the bridal day,

Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.

True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,

In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames :

But never from this nobler suit we cease ;

For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.'

To whom the youth : ' Since then in vain I  
tell

My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.  
But heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard

my wrongs :

To heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.

Yet this I ask—nor be it ask'd in vain—

A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main ;

The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,

And seek my royal sire from shore to shore :

If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,

Or to be learn'd from oracles alone ?

If yet he lives, with patience I forbear

Till the fleet hours restore the circling year :

But if already wandering in the train

Of empty shades, I measure back the main,

Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,

And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.'

He ceased ; and while abash'd the peers  
attend,

Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend :

[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,

'My friend, (he cried) my palace be thy care;  
Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,  
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey.']  
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,  
That flash'd with rage: and, as he spoke, he frown'd:

'O never, never more let king be just,  
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!  
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,  
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;  
Since he who like a father held his reign,  
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!  
True, while my friend is grieved, his griefs I share;

Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:  
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,  
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.

But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,  
Gods! how my soul is moved with just disdain!

Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords

His injured prince the little aid of words.'

While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoined:  
'O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!  
Wouldst thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?

Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!

Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose;

The valiant few o'ermatch a host of foes.  
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,  
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;

Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies,

Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.  
But hence retreating to your domes repair;  
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,  
And, Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;  
Ye loved the father: go, the son attend,

But yet, I trust the boaster means to stay  
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.'

Then with a rushing sound, the assembly bend,

Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend  
The royal dome; while sad the prince explores

The neighbouring main, and sorrowing trends the shores.

There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,  
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:

'O goddess! who descending from the skies

Vouchsafed thy presence to my wondering eyes;

By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,  
And seek my sire through storms and rolling seas!

Hear from thy heavens above, O warrior-maid!

Descend once more, propitious to my aid.  
Without thy presence, vain is thy command;  
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withstand.'

Indulgent to his prayer, the goddess took  
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:

'O prince! in early youth divinely wise,  
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!

If to the son the father's worth descends,  
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends;

To tread the walks of death he stood prepared,

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared.  
Were not wise sons descendant of the wise,  
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise;  
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise

Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,  
And all Penelope thy soul inspires,  
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;  
For never, never, wicked man was wise.

<p>Blind they rejoice, though now, even now they fall ; Death hastes amain : one hour o'erwhelms them all. And lo, with speed we plough the watery way ; My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey : The winged vessel studious I prepare, Through seas and realms companion of thy care. Thou to the court ascend ; and to the shores, When night advances, bear the naval stores : Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies, And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies. Meanwhile the mariners by my command Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band. Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides ; The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides. She spoke : to his high dome the prince returns, And as he moves with royal anguish mourns. 'Twas riot all, among the lawless train ; Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain. Arrived, his hand the gay Antinous press'd, And thus deriding, with a smile address'd : ' Grieve not, O daring prince ! that noble heart ; Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part. Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul, Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl. Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides. ' Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time ? When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime ; The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste ; The song is noise, and impious is the feast. Suffice it to have spent with swift decay The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.</p>	<p>But now the wise instructions of the sage, And manly thoughts inspired by manly age, Teach me to seek redress for all my woe, Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe. Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain ; A private voyager I pass the main. Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow, And where on earth I live, I live your foe.' He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay, Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away. Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast, Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest, And each in jovial mood his mate address'd. ' Tremble ye not, O friends ! and coward fly, Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die ? To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies, Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies : Or comes from Ephyre with poisons fraught, And kills us all in one tremendous draught.' ' Or who can say (his gamesome mate re- plies) But while the dangers of the deeps he tries, He, like his sire, may sink deprived of breath, And punish us unkindly by his death ? What mighty labours would he then create, To seize his treasures, and divide his state, The royal palace to the queen convey, Or him she blesses in the bridal day !' Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys, Where lay the treasures of the Ithacian race : Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blazed ; There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures graced ; Here jars of oil breathed forth a rich per- fume ; There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome, (Pure flavoured wine, by gods in bounty given, And worthy to exalt the feasts of heaven.)</p>
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Untouch'd they stood, till, his long labours  
o'er,

The great Ulysses reach'd his native shore.  
A double strength of bars secured the gates :  
Fast by the door the wise Euryclen waits ;  
Euryclen, who, great Ops', thy lineage shared,  
And watch'd all night, all day, a faithful  
guard :

To whom the prince : 'O thou, whose  
guardian care

Nursed the most wretched king that breathes  
the air,

Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand  
Till great Ulysses views his native land.

But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,  
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be  
sent'd :

And twice ten measures of the choicest flour  
Prepared, ere yet descends the evening hour.

For when the favouring shades of night arise,  
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's  
eyes,

Me from our coast shall spreading sails con-  
vey,

To seek Ulysses through the watery way.'

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with  
cries,

And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.

'O whither, whither flies my son?' she cried,

'To realms that rocks and roaring seas divide?

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,

And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.

The watery way ill-fated if thou try,

All, all must perish, and by fraud you die !

Then stay, my child ; storms heat, and rolls  
the main ;

O beat those storms, and roll the seas in  
vain !'

'Far hencee (replied the prince) thy fears  
be driven ;

Heaven calls me forth ; these counsels are of  
heaven.

But by the powers that hate the perjured,  
swear

To keep my voyage from the royal ear,

Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,  
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day :  
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,  
And grief destroy what time awhile would  
spare.'

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes  
Attests the all-seeing sovereign of the skies.  
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,  
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample  
store.

While to the rival train the prince returns,  
The martial goddess with impatience burns ;  
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,  
With speed divine from street to street she  
flies,

She bids the mariners prepare to stand,  
When night descends, embodied on the  
strand.

Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,  
And asks a bark : the chief a bark supplies.

And now, declining with his sloping wheels,  
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.  
The goddess shoved the vessel from the  
shores,

And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.  
Full in the openings of the spacious main  
It rides : and now descends the sailor-train.

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,  
With rapid step the goddess urged her way :  
There every eye with slumbrous chains she  
bound,

And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.  
Drowsy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,  
Reel'd from the palace, and retired to rest.

'Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form  
array'd,

Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid :

'Lo ! on the seas prepared the vessel stands,  
The impatient mariner thy speed demands.'

Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads ;  
The footsteps of the deity he treads.

Swift to the shore they move along the  
strand

The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready  
stand.

He bids them bring their stores ; the at-  
tending train  
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.  
The prince and goddess to the stern ascend ;  
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.  
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes  
blow ;  
The sable billows foam and roar below.  
The chief his orders gives ; the obedient  
band  
With due observance wait the chief's com-  
mand ;  
With speed the mast they rear, with speed  
unbind  
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.  
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading  
sails  
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales ;  
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,  
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.  
And now they ship their oars, and crown  
with wine  
The holy goblet to the powers divine :  
Imploring all the gods that reign above,  
But chief the blue-eyed progeny of Jove.  
Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,  
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

## BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming ; and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. The discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice

ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle : Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

THE sacred sun, above the waters raised,  
Through heaven's eternal brazen portals  
blazed ;  
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray,  
To gods and men to give the golden day.  
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,  
Before old Nélcus' venerable walls.  
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,  
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood ;  
Each held five hundred (a deputed train)  
At each, nine oven on the sand lay slain.  
They taste the entrails, and the altars load  
With smoking thighs, an offering to the god.  
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,  
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.  
Telemachus already press'd the shore ;  
Not first ; the Power of wisdom march'd  
before,  
And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,  
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind :  
' Proceed, my son ! this youthful shame  
expel ;  
An honest business never blush to tell,  
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,  
We pass'd the wide immeasurable main.  
Meet then the senior, far renown'd for sense,  
With reverend awe, but decent confidence :  
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies ;  
And sure he will ; for wisdom never lies.'  
' O tell me, Mentor ! tell me, faithful guide,  
(The youth with prudent modesty replied)  
How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,  
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age ?  
Awful the approach, and hard the task ap-  
pears,  
To question wisely men of riper years.'  
To whom the martial goddess thus rejoind :  
' Search for some thoughts thy own suggest-  
ing mind ;

And others, dictated by heavenly power,  
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour :  
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways  
attend,  
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy  
friend.'

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest  
speed :

As swift the youth pursued the way she led ;  
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,  
Where sat, encompass'd with his sons, the  
sire.

The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood  
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepared the  
food.

In friendly throngs they gather, to embrace  
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet  
place.

Pisistratus was first to grasp their hands,  
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands ;  
Along the shore the illustrious pair he led,  
Where Nestor sat with youthful Thrasymed.  
To each a portion of the feast he bore,  
And held a golden goblet foaming o'er ;  
Then first approaching to the elder guest,  
The latent goddess in these words address'd ;  
' Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to  
keep

These rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,  
Thee first it fits, O stranger ! to prepare  
The due libation and the solemn prayer ;  
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine :  
Though much thy younger, and his years  
like mine,

He too, I deem, implores the powers divine :  
For all mankind alike require their grace,  
All born to want ; a miserable race !'

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the  
bowl :

A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,  
To see the preference due to sacred age  
Regarded ever by the just and sage.  
Of ocean's king she then implores the grace.  
' O thou ! whose arms this ample globe em-  
brace,

Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine  
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line ;  
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,  
Pleased with their hecatomb's ascending fires ;  
Last, deign Telemachus and me to bless,  
And crown our voyage with desired success.'

Thus she ; and having paid the rite divine,  
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.  
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims  
dress'd

They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.  
The banquet done, the narrative old man,  
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began :

' Now, gentle guests ! the genial banquet  
o'er,

It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,  
And whence your race ? on what adventure,  
say,

Thus far ye wander through the watery way ?  
Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain,  
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main :  
Where savage pirates seek through seas un-  
known

The lives of others, venturous of their own.'  
Urged by the precepts by the goddess  
given,

And fill'd with confidence infused from  
heaven,

The youth, whom Pallas destined to be wise  
And famed among the sons of men, replies :  
' Inquirest thou, father ! from what coast we  
came ?

(O grace and glory of the Grecian name !)  
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,  
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent  
woods,

Us to these shores our filial duty draws,  
A private sorrow, not a public cause.  
My sire I seek, where'er the voice of fame  
Has told the glories of his noble name,  
The great Ulysses ; famed from shore to  
shore

For valour much, for hardy suffering more.  
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall  
In arms he fought ; with thee beheld her fall.

Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone  
Has Jove reserved, unheard of, and unknown ;

Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,  
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main?  
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,  
Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.  
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,  
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear :

And oh ! whate'er heaven destined to betide,  
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.  
Prepared I stand : he was but born to try  
The lot of man ; to suffer, and to die.

O then, if ever through the ten years' war  
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care ;  
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,  
True in his deed, and constant to his word ;  
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,

Search all thy stores of faithful memory :  
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.

To him experienced Nestor thus rejoin'd :  
'O friend ! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind !

Shall I the long, laborious scene review,  
And open all the wounds of Greece anew ?  
What toils by sea ! where dark in quest of prey

Dauntless we roved ; Achilles led the way :  
What toils by land ! where mix'd in fatal fight

Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night :  
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,  
There wise Pntroclus, fill an early grave :  
There too my son—ah ! once my best delight,

Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,  
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,  
A faultless body, and a blameless mind :  
Antiloehus—what more can I relate ?

How trace the tedious series of our fate ?  
Not added years on years my task could close,

The long historian of my country's woes :

Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,  
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.  
Nine painful years on that detested shore,  
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore !

Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found  
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.

Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shined,  
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.  
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire ?  
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.  
So like your voices, and your words so wise,  
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.  
Thy sire and I were one ; nor varied aught  
In public sentence, or in private thought ;  
Alike to council or the assembly came,  
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.  
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilium burn'd,

And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd ;

'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,  
And turn the event, confounding human pride :

Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust  
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just) ;  
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,  
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,  
The brother-kiugs inspired with fell debate ;  
Who call'd to council all the Achaian state,  
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite  
Observed, nor heedful of the setting light,  
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim) :  
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.  
To these the cause of meeting they explain,  
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main ;  
Not so the king of men : he will'd to stay ;  
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,  
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to fate !

The gods not lightly change their love, or hate.

With ireful taunts each other they oppose,  
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.



Now different counsels every breast divide,  
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:  
The unquiet night strange projects entertain'd ;

(So Jove, that urged us to our fate, ordain'd.)  
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,  
And brought our captives and our stores  
aboard ;

But half the people with respect obey'd  
The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.  
Now on the wings of winds our course we  
" keep

(For God had smooth'd the waters of the  
deep),

For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,  
There land, and pay due victims to the  
powers ;

To bless our safe return we join in prayer,  
But angry Jove dispersed our vows in air,  
And raised new discord. Then (so heaven  
decreed)

Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed :  
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,  
He there, though late, to please the monarch,  
stay'd.

But I, determined, stem the foamy floods,  
Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.  
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urged his  
haste :

And Menelaüs came, but came the last.  
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,  
While yet we doubted of our watery way ;  
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,

(The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle ;  
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,  
And anchor under Mimas' slaggish brow.

We sought direction of the power divine :  
The god propitious gave the guiding sign ;  
Through the mid seas he bid our navy  
steer,

And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.  
The whistling winds already waked the sky ;  
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,  
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,  
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.

There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,  
High-flaming please the monarch of the  
main.

The fourth day shone, when all their labours  
o'er,

Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore:  
But I to Pylos seud before the gales,

The god still-breathing on my swelling sails ;  
Separate from all, I safely landed here ;

Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.  
Yet what I learn'd, attend ; as here I sat,

And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate ;  
Curious to know, and willing to relate.

'Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native  
land,

Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.  
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,

Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart ;  
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain

Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.  
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,

And how his life by fraud and force he lost,  
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath.

What lands so distant from that scene of death  
But trembling heard the fame? and, heard,  
admire

How well the son appeased his slaughter'd  
sire !

Even to the unhappy, that unjustly bleed,  
Heaven gives posterity, to avenge the deed.

So fell Ægysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,  
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)

Make future times thy equal act adore,  
And be what brave Orestes was before !

The prudent youth replied : ' O thou, the  
grace

And lasting glory of the Grecian race !  
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days

Shall long posterity resound the praise.  
Some god this arm with equal prowess bless !

And the proud suitors shall its force confess :  
Injurious men ! who while my soul is sore

Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.  
But heaven denies this honour to my hand,

Nor shall my father repossess the land :

The father's fortune never to return,  
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn !'

Thus he ; and Nestor took the word : ' My son,

Is it then true, as distant rumours run,  
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms  
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms ?  
Say, is the fault, through tame submission,  
thine ?

Or leagued against thee, do thy people join,  
Moved by some oracle, or voice divine ?  
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate  
An hour of vengeance for the afflicted state ;  
When great Ulysses shall suppress these  
harms,

Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms ?  
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,  
'The happy son will, as the father, aid,  
(Whose fame and safety was her constant  
care,

In every danger and in every war :  
Never on man did heavenly favour shine  
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,  
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy  
stre)

So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire !  
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be  
laid,

And long oblivion of the bridal bed.'  
' Ah !, no such hope (the prince with sighs  
replies)

Can touch my breast ; that blessing heaven  
denies :

Even by celestial favour were it given,  
Fortune or fate would cross the will of  
heaven.'

' What words are these, and what im-  
prudence thine ?

(Thus interposed the martial maid divine)  
Forgetful youth ! but know, the power above  
With ease can save each object of his love ;  
Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace ;  
Nor lost in time, nor circumscribed by place.  
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,  
Long labouring gains his natal shore at last ;

Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life  
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.

Death only is the lot which none can miss,  
And all is possible to heaven, but this.

The best, the dearest favourite of the sky  
Must taste that eup, for man is born to die.'

Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent  
heir :

' Mentor, no more—the mournful thought  
forbear ;

For he no more must draw his country's  
breath,

Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom  
of death !

Pass we to other subjects ; and engage  
On themes remote the venerable sage :

(Who thee has seen the perishable kind  
Of men decay, and through three ages shined,

Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind.)  
For much he knows, and just conclusions  
draws

From various precedents, and various laws.  
O son of Neleus ! awful Nestor, tell

How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell ;  
By what strange fraud Ægysthus wrought,

relate,  
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate.

Lived Menelaus not in Greece ? or where  
Was then the martial brother's pious care ?

Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to  
tread ;

Or sure Ægysthus had not dared the deed.'  
To whom the full of days : ' Illustrious  
youth,

Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the  
truth.

For had the martial Menelaus found  
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground ;

Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,  
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,

But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,  
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.

While us the works of bloody Mars em-  
ploy'd,

The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd ;

He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,  
(Whorestately steeds luxuriant pastures bleas)  
With flattery's insinuating art  
Soothed the frail queen, and poison'd all her  
heart.

At first with worthy shame and decent pride  
The royal dame his lawless suit denied.  
For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,  
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind :  
Atreides, parting for the Trojan war,  
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.  
True to his charge, the bard preserved her  
long

In honour's limits ; such the power of song.  
But when the gods these objects of their  
hate

Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate ;  
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,  
And left all helpless in a desert isle :

There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,  
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.  
Then virtue was no more ; her guard away,  
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.

Even to the temple stalk'd the adulterous  
spouse,

With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,  
With images, with garments, and with gold ;  
And odorous fumes from fabled altars roll'd.

' Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the  
way.

With Menelaus, through the curling sea.  
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,  
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian  
dame ;

Atreides' pilot, Phrontes, there expired ;  
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admired  
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,  
When the storm thickens, and the billows  
boil)

While yet he exercis'd the steersman's art,  
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart ;  
Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.  
To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,  
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,  
And laid our old companion in the ground.

And now the rites discharged, our course we  
keep

Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep :  
Soon as Malaea's misty tops arise,  
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the skies,  
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll  
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the  
pole.

The tempest scatters and divides our fleet ;  
Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,  
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian  
plain,

The stream of Iordan issue to the main.  
There stands a rock, high, eminent, and steep,  
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady  
deep,

And views Giortyna on the western side ;  
On this rough Auster drove the impetuous  
tide :

With broken force the billows roll'd away,  
And leaved the fleet into the neighbouring  
bay ;

Thus saved from death, they gain'd the  
Phœasian shore,

With shatter'd vessels, and all ali'd oars ;  
But five tall barks the winds and waters  
toe'd,

Far from their fellows, on the Egyptian coast.  
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign  
shores,

Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores ;  
While cur'd Ægisthus the detested deed  
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.  
Seven years the traitor rich Mycæne sway'd,  
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd ;  
The eighth, from Athens to his realm re-  
stored,

Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,  
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame  
The vile assassin and adulterous dame.

That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,  
Return'd Atreides to the coast of Greece,  
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,  
With gifts of price, and ponderous treasure  
fraught.

Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand

Too long a stranger to thy native land;  
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,  
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;  
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;

And thou return, with disappointed toil,  
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.  
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,

And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.  
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,  
And many-languaged nations has survey'd;  
And measured tracks unknown to other ships,  
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps:  
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,  
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly.)  
Go then: to Sparta take the watery way,  
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;  
Or if by land thou choose thy course to bend,  
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:  
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,  
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.  
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies;  
And sure he will; for Menelaüs is wise.

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,  
And twilight grey her evening shade extends.  
Then thus the blue-eyed maid: 'O full of days!

Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.  
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,

Sacred to Neptune and the powers divine.  
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,  
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:  
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,  
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.'

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid:

The sober train attended and obey'd.  
The sacred heralds on their hands around  
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:

From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;  
While to the final sacrifice they rose.

The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,

And pour, above, the consecrated stream.  
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,

The youthful hero and the Athenian maid  
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,  
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:  
But this the hospitable sage denied:

'Forbid it, Jove! and all the gods! (he cried)  
Thus from my walls the much-loved son to send

Of such a hero, and of such a friend!  
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,  
Whom heaven denies the blessing to relieve?  
Mewould you leave, who boast imperial sway,  
When beds of royal state invite your stay?

No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,  
Or as my children imitate their sire,  
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,

And hospitable rites adorn the dome.'  
'Well hast thou spoke (the blue-eyed maid replies),

Beloved old man! benevolent as wise.  
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,  
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:  
Hic to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;  
I to the ship, to give the orders due,  
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew:  
For I alone sustain their naval cares,  
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;  
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move  
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.

There in the vessel I shall pass the night:  
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,  
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold  
A debt, contracted in the days of old.

But this thy guest, received with friendly care,  
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;  
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,  
And be thy son companion of his way.'



Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower  
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to  
pour,

And canisters of consecrated flour.

Stratius and Echepliron the victim led ; .

The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,

In net to strike : before him Perseus stood,

The vase extending to receive the blood.

The king himself initiates to the power ;

Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,

And the stream sprinkles : from the curling  
brows

The hair collected in the fire he throws.

Soon as due vows on every part were paid,

And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,

Strong Thrasymed discharged the speeding  
blow

Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.

Down sunk the heavy beast : the females  
round,

Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling  
sound.

Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,

(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line ;

In youth by Nestor loved, of spotless fame,

And loved in age, Eurydice by name.)

From earth they rear him, struggling now  
with death ;

And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of  
breath.

The soul for ever flies : on all sides round

Streams the black blood, and smokes upon  
the ground.

The beast they then divide, and disunite

The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite ;

On these, in double cawls involved with art,

The choicest morsels lay from every part.

The sacred sage before his altar stands,

Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,

And pours the wine, and bids the flames  
aspire :

The youths with instrumentssurround the fire.

The thighs now sacrificed, and entrails  
dress'd,

The assistants part, transfix, and boil the rest.

While these officious tend the rites divine,  
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,  
Sweet Polyeaste, took the pleasing toil  
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant  
oil.

O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,

And issued, like a god, to mortal view.

His former seat beside the king he found,

(His people's father with his peers around)

All placed at ease the holy banquet join,

And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirst and hunger now sup-  
press'd,

The monarch turns him to his royal guest ;

And for the promised journey bids prepare

The smooth-hair'd horses and the rapid car.

Observant of his word, the word scarce spoke,

The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.

Then bread and wine a ready handmaid  
brings,

And presents, such as suit the state of kings.

The glittering seat Telemachus ascends :

His faithful guide, Pisistratus, attends ;

With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew :

He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.

Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held

Their equal pace, and smoked along the field.

The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,

Fields after fields fly back till close of day :

Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.

To Phœæ now, Dioeleus' stately seat,

(Of Alpheus' race) the weary youths retreat.

His house affords the hospitable rite,

And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the  
night).

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,

With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn ;

Again they mount, the journey to renew,

And from the sounding portico they flew.

Along the waving fields their way they hold,

The fields receding as the chariot roll'd :

Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,

And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the  
night.

## BOOK IV.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE COFFEE-PACE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS, with Pisistratus, arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befell the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the mean time, the suitors conspire to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphigenia.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,

Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds.  
At the far dome the rapid labour ends,  
Where sat Atreides 'midst his bridal friends,  
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,  
To bless his sons and daughter's nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,  
Hermione, the fairest of her kind,  
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,  
Espoused before the fatal doom of Troy.  
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train  
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.  
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed  
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.  
Brave Megapenthes, from a stolen amour  
To great Atreides' age his handmaid bore:  
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign,  
Hermione, to extend the regal line;  
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,  
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surrounds,  
With festival and mirth the roofs resound;  
A bard amid the joyous circle sings  
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;

Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance  
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.

'Twas then, that issuing through the palace gate

The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:  
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,  
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son.

Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,  
And, speeding, thus address'd the royal ear:

'Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove

Their blood deriving from the source of Jove.

Is due reception deign'd, or must they lend  
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?'

'Insensate! (with a sigh the king replies)  
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise;

But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,  
Obdurate to reject the stranger guest;  
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,  
Which in my wanderings oft relieved my woe.  
Fed by the bounty of another's board,  
Till pitying Jove my native realm restored—  
Straight be the coursers from the car releas'd,  
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.'

The seneschal, rebuked, in haste withdrew,  
With equal haste a menial train pursue.  
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarged,  
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharged;

Part in a portico, profusely grac'd  
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd;  
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,  
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight,  
Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,  
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.  
From room to room their eager view they bend;

Thence to the bath, a beautiful pile, descend;  
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests

With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.

Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of  
statc,

Where circled with his peers Atrides sat ;  
Throned next the king, a fair attendant  
brings

The purest product of the crystal springs ;  
High on a massy vase of silver mould,  
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold :  
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,  
And on the board a second banquet rose.  
When thus the king with hospitable port :  
'Accept this welcome to the Spartan court ;  
The waste of nature let the feast repair,  
Then your high lineage and your names de-

clare :  
Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,  
Recorded eminent in deathless fame ?  
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race  
With signatures of such majestic grace.'

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns  
The royal portion of the choicest wines  
To each accepted friend : with grateful haste  
They share the honours of the rich repast.  
Sufficed, soft whispering thus to Nestor's son,  
His head reclined, young Ithacus begun :  
'View'st thou unmoved, O ever-honour'd  
most !

These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost ?  
Above, beneath, around the palace shines  
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :  
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,  
And studded amber darts a golden ray :  
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,  
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.'

The monarch took the word, and grave  
replied : [pride  
'Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the  
Of man who dares in pomp with Jove contest,  
Unchanged, immortal, and supremely bless'd !  
With all my affluence when my woes are  
weigh'd,

Envy will own, the purchase dearly paid.  
For eight slow-circling years by tempest  
toss'd,  
From Cyprus to the fair Phœnician coast,

(Sidon the capital) I stretch'd my toil  
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of  
Nile.

Next Ethiopia's utmost bound explore,  
And the parch'd borders of the Arabian shore :  
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,  
O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my  
sails ;

That happy clime ! where each revolving year  
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear,  
And two fair crescents of translucent horn  
The brows of all their young increase adorn ;  
The shepherd swains with sure abundance  
bless'd,

On the fat flock and rural dainties feast ;  
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,  
But every season fills the foaming pail.  
Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant  
roam,

The best of brothers, at his natal home,  
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,  
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life :  
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,  
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !  
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,  
To you your fathers have recorded long :  
How favouring heaven repaid my glorious  
toils

With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.  
Oh ! had the gods so large a boon denied,  
And life, the just equivalent, supplied  
To those brave warriors, who, with glory  
fired,

Far from their country, in my cause expired !  
Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,  
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,  
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear,  
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.  
But oh ! Ulysses—deeper than the rest  
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast !  
My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain ;  
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,  
Nor sleep's soft power can close my stream-  
ing eyes,  
When imaged to my soul his sorrows rise.



No peril in my cause he ceased to prove,  
His labours equal'd only by my love :  
And both alike to bitter fortune born,  
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn !  
Whether he wanders on some friendly coast,  
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,  
No fame reveals ; but, doubtful of his doom,  
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb  
Declines his trembling steps ; untimely care  
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir ;  
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne  
Wasils all her widow'd hours in tender  
moan.'

While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,  
From the brave youth the streaming passion  
broke :

Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress'd,  
His face he shrouded with his purple vest.  
The conscious monarch pierced the coy dis-  
guise,

And view'd his filial love with vast surprise :  
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait  
'To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.

In this suspense bright Helen graced the  
room ;

Before her breathed a gale of rich perfume :  
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,  
The silver-shafted goddess of the chace !

The seat of majesty Adraste brings,  
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings.  
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)  
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.

A silver canister, divinely wrought,  
In her soft hands the beauteous Phyl'o  
brought :

To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase  
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace :  
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway  
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey)  
When to that court Atrides came, caress'd  
With vast munificence the imperial guest ;  
Two lavers from the richest ore refined,  
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd :  
And, bounteous, from the royal treasure told  
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.

Alcandra, consort of his high command,  
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand ;  
And that rich vase, with living sculpture  
wrought,  
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phyl'o  
brought :

The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,  
Rivall'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.

The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen  
press'd,

And pleasing thus her sceptred lord ad-  
dress'd :

' Who grace our palace now, that friendly  
pair,

Speak they their lineage, or their names de-  
clare ?

Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd  
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.

With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace  
The feature of the Ulyssean race :

Diffused o'er each resembling line appear,  
In just similitude, the grace and air

Of young Telemachus, the lovely boy,  
Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,

What time the Greeks combined their social  
arms,

To avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms !'  
' Just is thy thought, (the king assenting  
cries)

Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes :  
Full shines the father in the filial frame,

His port, his features, and his shape the same :  
Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow :

Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow !  
And when he heard the long disastrous store

Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore,  
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,

Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose :  
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,

His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.'  
' See there confess'd (Pisistratus replies)

The genuine worth of Ithacens the wise !  
Of that heroic sire the youth is sprung,

But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous  
tongue.

Thy voice, O king ! with pleased attention  
heard,  
Is like the dictates of a god revered.  
With him at Nestor's high command I came,  
Whose age I honour with a parent's name.  
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue  
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.  
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,  
Bereaved of parents in his infant years,  
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,  
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain :  
Affianced in your friendly power alone,  
The youth would vindicate the vacant  
throne.'

' Is Sparta bless'd, and these desiring eyes  
View my friend's son ? (the king exulting  
cries)

Son of my friend, by glorious toils approved,  
Whose sword was sacred to the man he  
loved :

Mirror of constant faith, revered, and  
mourn'd !—

When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief re-  
turn'd,

No Greek an equal space had e'er pos-  
sess'd,

Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.

I, to confirm the mutual joys we shared,  
For his abode a capital prepared ;

Argos (the seat of sovereign rule I chose ;

Fair in the plan the future palace rose,

Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,  
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.

To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,

With teeming plenty to reward their toil.

There with commutual zeal we both had  
strove

In acts of dear benevolence and love :

Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,

And death alone dissolved the friendly band !

Some envious power the blissful scene  
destroys ;

Vanish'd are all the visionary joys :

The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,

Fated to wander from his natal coast !'

He ceased ; a gust of grief began to rise :  
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's  
eyes ;

Fast for the sire the filial sorrows flow ;

The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe :

Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,

While pictured to thy mind appear'd in view

Thy martial brother,\* on the Phrygian plain

Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain !

But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,

And melting with fraternal pity spoke :

'Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to  
raise

And charm attention with thy copious praise :

To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd

The glory of a firm capacious mind :

With that superior attribute control

This unavailing impotence of soul.

Let not your roof with celojing grief resound,

Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd :

But when from dewy shade emerging bright

Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,

Let each deplore his dead : the rites of woe

Are all, alas ! the living can bestow :

O'er the congeal'd dust enjoin'd to shear

The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.

Then mingling in the mournful pomp with  
you,

I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,

And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name

Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame ;

With strength and speed superior form'd in  
fight

To face the foe, or intercept his flight :

Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me !

I boast a witness of his worth in thee.'

'Young and mature ! (the monarch thus  
rejoins)

In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines ;

Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,

In early bloom an oracle of age.

Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to  
shower

To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour ;

\* Antilochus.

From the great sire transmissive to the race,  
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.  
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious  
doom :

Around thee full of years, thy offspring  
bloom,

Expert of arms, and prudent in debate ;  
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary state.  
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,  
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.  
'To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,  
Till heaven's revolving lamp restores the day.'

He said. Asphalion swift the laver brings :  
Alternate all partake the grateful springs :  
Then from the rites of purity repair,  
And with keen gust the savoury viands share.  
Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,  
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl ;  
Tempered with drugs of sovereign use to as-  
suage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage ;  
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,  
And dry the tearful sluices of despair :  
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the  
exalted mind

All sense of woe delivers to the wind :  
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,  
Or a loved brother groan'd his life away,  
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,  
Fell breathless at his feet a mangled corse ;  
From morn till eve, impassive and serene,  
The man entranced would view the deathful  
scene.

These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,  
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial  
wife ;

Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile  
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.  
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful  
bane

Of vegetable venom taints the plain ;  
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts  
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.  
The beverage now prepared to inspire the  
feast,

The circle thus the beauteous queen ad-  
dress'd :

'Throned in omnipotence, supremest Jove  
Tempers the fates of human race above ;  
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,  
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.  
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,  
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the  
mind.

Myself assisting in the social joy,  
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy :  
Sole witness of the deed I now declare ;  
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

'Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own  
sabre gave,

In the vile habit of a village slave,  
The foe deceived, he pass'd the tented plain,  
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.

In this attire secure from searching eyes,  
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise  
The chief I challenged ; he whose practised  
wit

Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,  
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd  
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils  
renew'd,

His limbs in military purple dress'd ;  
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek  
confess'd.

A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,  
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,  
To keep his stay conceal'd: the chief declared  
The plans of war against the town prepared.  
Exploring then the secrets of the state,  
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan  
fate :

And, safe returning to the Grecian host,  
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.  
Loud grief resounded through the towers of  
Troy,

But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret  
joy :

For then, with dire remorse and conscious  
shame,

I view'd the effects of that disastrous flame,

Which, kindled by the imperious queen of love,  
 Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:  
 And oft in bitterness of soul deplored  
 My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;  
 Admired among the first of human race,  
 For every gift of mind and manly grace.'  
 'Right well (replied the king) your speech  
 displays

The matchless merit of the chief you praise:  
 Heroes in various climes myself have found,  
 For martial deeds and depth of thought re-  
 nown'd;

But Ithacus, unrivall'd in his claim,  
 May boast a title to the loudest fame:  
 In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,  
 Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.  
 What wondrous conduct in the chief ap-  
 pear'd,

When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!  
 Some demon, anxious for the Trojan doom,  
 Urged you with great Deiphobus to come,  
 To explore the fraud; with guile opposed to  
 guile,

Slow-pacing thrice around the insidious pile,  
 Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,  
 Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:  
 The pleasing sounds each latent warrior  
 warm'd,

But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:  
 To quit the steed we both impatient press,  
 Threatening to answer from the dark recess.  
 Unmoved the mind of Ithacus remain'd,  
 And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:  
 But Antielus, unable to control,  
 Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:  
 Ulysses straight with indignation fired,  
 (For so the common care of Greece required)  
 Firm to his lips his forceful hands applied,  
 Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs  
 died.

Meantime Minerva from the fraudulent horse  
 Back to the court of Priam bent your course.'

'Inelegant fate! (Telemachus replies)  
 Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,  
 Is in the common mass of matter lost!  
 But now let sleep the painful waste repair  
 Of sad reflection and corroding care.'

He ceased: the menial fair that round her  
 wait,

At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;  
 Beneath an ample portico they spread  
 The downy fleece to form the slumbrous bed,  
 And o'er soft palls of purple grain unfold  
 Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:  
 Then through the illumined dome, to balmy  
 rest

The obsequious herald guides each princely  
 guest:

While to his regal bower the king ascends,  
 And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple dress'd,  
 Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate east,  
 The monarch rose; magnificent to view,  
 The imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw;  
 The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,  
 A starry falchion low-depending graced;  
 Clasp'd on his feet the embroider'd sandals  
 shine;

And forth he moves, majestic and divine.  
 Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,  
 And thus benevolent his speech address'd:

'Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report  
 What cause hath led you to the Spartan  
 court?

Do public or domestic cares constrain  
 This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?'

'O highly favour'd delegate of Jove!  
 (Replies the prince) inflamed with filial love,  
 And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,  
 A suppliant to your royal court I come.  
 Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race  
 With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;  
 To pamper'd insolence devoted fall  
 Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:  
 For wild ambition wings their bold desire,  
 And all to mount the imperial bed aspire.  
 But prostrate I implore, O king! relate  
 The mournful series of my father's fate!

Each known disaster of the man disclose,  
 Born by his mother to a world of woes !  
 Recite them ! nor in erring pity fear  
 To wound with storied grief the filial ear :  
 If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,  
 Avow'd his zeal in council, or in fight,  
 If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,  
 To the sire's merit give the son's request.

Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,  
 And thus indignant to the prince replied :  
 'Heavens ! would a soft, inglorious, dastard  
 train

An absent hero's nuptial joys profane !  
 So with her young, amid the woodland  
 shades,

A timorous hind the lion's court invades,  
 Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,  
 Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery  
 lawns :

Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless  
 sway

The monarch-savage rends the trembling  
 prey.

With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
 Ulysses soon shall reassert his claim.  
 O Jove supreme, whom gods and men revere !  
 And thou, to whom 'tis given to gild the  
 sphere !

With power congenial join'd, propitious aid  
 The chief adopted by the martial maid !  
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,  
 As when contending on the Lesbian shore  
 His prowess Philomelides confess'd,  
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor  
 bless'd :

Then soon the invaders of his bed and throne,  
 Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.  
 With patient ear, O royal youth, attend  
 The storied labours of thy father's friend :  
 Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,  
 But truth severe shall dietate to my tongue :  
 Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,  
 Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.

'Long on the Egyptian coast by calms  
 confined,

Heaven to my fleet refused a prosperous  
 wind :

No vows had we prefer'd, nor vietim slain !  
 For this the gods each favouring gale re-  
 strain :

Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd ;  
 Severe, if men the eternal rites evade.  
 High o'er a gulfy sea, the Pharian isle  
 Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile :  
 Her distance from the shore, the course be-  
 gun

At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,  
 A galley measures ; when the stiffer gales  
 Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.  
 There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbor lie,  
 While limpid springs the failing cask sup-  
 ply.

'And now the twentieth sun, descending,  
 laves

His glowing axle in the western waves ;  
 Still with expanded sails we court in vain  
 Propitious winds to waft us o'er the main :  
 And the pale mariner at once deploras  
 His drooping vigour and exhausted stores,  
 When lo ! a bright ecerulean form appears,  
 The fair Eidothea ! to dispel my fears ;  
 Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,  
 Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd ;  
 What time, with hunger pined, my absent  
 mates

Roam the wild isle in search of rural eates,  
 Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood  
 Appease the afflictive fierce desire of food.

' "'Whoe'er thou art (the azure goddess  
 cries)

Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise :  
 Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,  
 That here inglorious on a barren coast  
 Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train,  
 With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain ?

'Struck with the kind reproach, I straight  
 reply :

Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,  
 A goddess sure ! for more than mortal grace  
 Speaks thee descendant of ethereal race :

Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains ;

Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains :

O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew  
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)

What power bealms the innavigable seas?

What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease ?

' I ceased ; when affable the goddess cried :

" Observe, and in the truths I speak confide :

The oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,

From whose high bed my birth divine I boast ;

Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,

The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.

Watch with insidious care his known abode ;

There fast in chains constrain the various god :

Who bound, obedient to superior force,

Unerring will prescribe your destined course.

If studious of your realms, you then demand

Their state, since last you left your natal land ;

Instant the god obsequious will disclose

Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes."

' She ceased, and suppliant thus I made reply :

O goddess ! on thy aid my hopes rely ;

Dietate, propitious, to my duteous ear

What arts can captivate the changeful seer :

For perik us the essay, unheard the toil,

To elude the prescience of a god by guile.

' Thus to the goddess mild my suit I end.

Then she : " Obedient to my rule, attend :

When through the zone of heaven the mounted sun

Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run ;

The seer, while zephyrs end the swelling deep,

Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,

His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,

The phœæ swift surround his rocky cave,

Frequent and full ; the consecrated train

Of her,\* whose azure trident awes the main :

There wallowing warm, the enormous herd exhales

\* Amphirrite.

An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.

To that recess, commodious for surprise,

When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,

With me repair ; and from thy warrior band

Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command :

Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,

For strong the god, and perfected in guile.

Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys

The flouneing herd ascending from the seas ;

Their number summ'd, reposed in sleep profound

The scaly charge their guardian god surround :

So with his battening flocks the careful swain

Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.

With powers united, obstinately bold,

Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold.

Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,

The mimic force of every savage shape ;

Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,

Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.

Yet still retentive, with redoubled might

Through each vain passive form constrain his flight.

But when, his native shape resumed, he stands

Patient of conquest, and your cause demands ;

The cause that urged the bold attempt declare,

And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.

The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say

What godhead interdicts the watery way ?

Who straight propitious, in prophetic strain

Will teach you to repass the unmeasured main."

She ceased, and bounding from the shelly shore,

Round the descending nymph the waves redounding roar.

' High rapt in wonder of the future deed,  
With joy impetuous to the port I speed ;



Sustain those peers, the relics of our host,  
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast  
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,  
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous  
deep?

Or did the kind domestic friend deplore  
The breathless heroes on their native shore?

" Press not too far, (replied the god) but  
cease

To know, what known will violate thy peace :  
Too curious of their doom I with friendly woe  
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.  
Part live I the rest, a lamentable train I  
Range the dark bounds of Phlo's dreary  
reign.

Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,  
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were  
crown'd,

Fell by disastrous fate : by tempests tost,  
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.

" By Neptune rescued from Minerva's  
hate,

On Gyrae, safe Oilean Ajax sat,  
His ship o'erwhelm'd : but frowning on the  
floods,

Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods ;  
To his own prowess all the glory gave,  
The power defrauding who vouchsafed to  
save.

This heard the raging ruler of the main ;  
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,  
He launch'd ; dividing with his forky mace  
The ærial summit from the marble base :  
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous  
roar

Ingulf'd, and to the nbyss the monster bore.

" By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,  
Secure of storms, your royal brother pass'd ;  
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malca  
shrouds

Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds,  
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,  
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.  
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd  
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd ;

But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,  
Ægysthus govern'd in paternal state.  
The surges now subside, the tempest ends ;  
From his tall ship the king of men descends ;  
There fondly thinks the gods conclude his  
toll :

Far from his own domain salutes the soil :  
With rapture oft the verge of Greece re-  
views,

And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.  
Him thus exulting on the distant strand,  
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand ;  
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told  
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold :  
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty  
fear,

Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale  
career ;

And now admonish'd by his eye, to court  
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.  
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs  
The ministers of blood in dark surprise ;  
And twenty youths in radiant mail incased,  
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he  
placed.

Then bids prepare the hospitable treat :  
Vain shows of love to veil his felon hate !  
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,  
A train of coursers, and triumphal cars,  
Magnificent he leads : the royal guest,  
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.  
The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,  
With homicidal rage the king oppress !  
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,  
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.  
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,  
Around their lord, a mighty ruin ! lie :  
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders  
bleed ;

Ægysthus sole survives to boast the deed."

' He said ; chill horror shook my shivering  
soul,

Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll ;  
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,  
To view the sun, or breathe the vital air :



But when superior to the rage of woe,  
I stood restored, and tears had ceased to flow;  
Lenient of grief, the plying god began—  
"Forget the brother, and resume the man:  
To fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,  
That care be fate's, a speedy passage thine.  
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death  
deplored,

But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;  
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,  
And swift prevent the meditated blow:  
You timely will return a welcome guest,  
With him to share the sad funeral feast."

'He said new thoughts my beating heart  
employ.

My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.  
Fair hope revives, and eager I address'd  
The prescient godhead to reveal the rest.  
The doom decreed of those disastrous two  
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;

What third brave son of Mars the fates constrain

To roam the howling desert of the main  
Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,  
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.

"That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race  
derives

From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives  
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,  
He still calamitous constraint eludes.  
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,  
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd,

But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move  
The enamour'd goddess, or elude her love:  
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,  
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.

But oh, beloved by heaven I reserved to thee  
A happier lot the smiling fates decree!  
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal  
sway

Matter is changed, and varying forms decay,  
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains  
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.

Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,  
Fill the wide circle of the eternal year:  
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:  
The fields are florid with unfading prime:  
From the bleak pole no winds inelement blow,  
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy  
snow;

But from the breezy deep the bless'd inhale  
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.  
This grace peculiar will the gods afford  
To thee the son of Jove, and beauteous  
Helen's lord."

'He ceased, and plunging in the vast profound,

Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.  
Then speeding back, involved in various  
thought,

My friends attending at the shore I sought.  
Arrived, the rage of hunger we control,  
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;  
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—  
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,  
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors  
weigh,

Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea  
Ranged on the banks, beneath our equal oars  
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean  
roars.

Then steering backward from the Pharian  
isle,

We gain the stream of Jove-descended Nile:  
There quit the ships, and on the destined  
shore

With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:  
Their wrath atoned, to Agamemnon's name,  
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.

These rites to piety and grief discharged,  
The friendly gods a springing gale enlarged:  
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,  
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

'Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate  
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:

And now, young prince, indulge my fond  
request;

Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,

Till from his eastern goal, the joyous sun  
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.  
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,  
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:  
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,  
Figured with art to dignify the gold,  
(Form'd for libation to the gods) shall prove  
A pledge and monument of sacred love.'

'My quick return (young Ithacus rejoin'd)  
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:  
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,  
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and  
humane,  
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,  
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.  
But now to Pyle permit my destined way,  
My loved associates chide my long delay:  
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,  
I take the present of the promised vase;  
The coursers for the champaign sports, re-  
tain;

That gift our barren rocks will render vain:  
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows  
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,  
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed  
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:  
To sea-surrounded realms the gods assign  
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.'

His hand the king with tender passion  
press'd,  
And smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:  
'O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,  
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung.  
Selected from my stores, of matchless price,  
An urn shall recompense your prudent choice;  
Not mean the massy mould of silver, graced  
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold en-  
chased:

A pledge the sceptred power of Sidon gave,  
When to his realm I plough'd the orient  
wave.'

Thus they alternate; while with artful care  
The menial train the regal feast prepare:  
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;  
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;

A female band the gift of Ceres bring;  
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the suitor powers  
In active games divide their jovial hours:  
In arenas varied with mosaic art,  
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin  
dart.

Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,  
Antinous sat spectator of the sport;  
With great Eurymachus, of worth confess'd,  
And high descent, superior to the rest;  
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address'd:  
'My ship equipp'd within the neighbour-  
ing port,

The prince, departing for the Pylian court,  
Requested for his speed; but courteous, say,  
When steers he home, or why this long de-  
lay?

For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,  
To import twelve mares with their luxurious  
feed,

And twelve young mules, a strong laborious  
race,

New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.'

Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,  
A sudden horror seized on either mind:  
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,  
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far re-  
mote.

'Relate (Antinous cries) devoid of guile,  
When spread the prince his sail for distant  
Pyle?

Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main  
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?  
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,  
Or was the vessel seized by fraud or force?'

'With willing duty, not reluctant mind,  
(Noëmon cried) the vessel was resign'd.  
Who in the balance, with the great affairs  
Of courts, presume to weigh their private  
cares?

With him, the peerage next in power to you;  
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,  
Or some celestial in his reverend form,  
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,

Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray  
Of yester dawn disclosed the tender day,  
Mentor himself I saw, and much admired.—  
Then ceased the youth, and from the court  
retired.

Confounded and appall'd, the unfinish'd  
game

The suitors quit, and all to council came:  
Antinous first the assembled peers address'd,  
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in  
his breast.

'O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy  
This scheme of all our happiness destroy?  
Fly unperceived, seducing half the flower  
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?  
The ponderous engine raised to crush us all,  
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.

Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring  
strand,

With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;  
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore  
His ship returning shall my spies explore:  
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,  
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.'

With vast applause the sentence all ap-  
prove:

Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove:  
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,  
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:  
Before her dome the royal matron stands,  
And thus the message of his haste demands:

'What will the suitors? must my servant  
train

The allotted labours of the day refrain,  
For them to form some exquisite repast?  
Heaven grant this festival may prove their  
last!

Or if they still must live, from me remove  
The double plague of luxury and love!  
Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,  
In riot to consume a wretched heir.  
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,  
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?  
Have not your fathers oft my lord defined,  
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?

Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,  
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:  
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,  
The people's parent, he protected all:  
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!  
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.'

He thus: 'O were the woes you speak the  
worst;

They form a deed more odious and accursed;  
More dreadful than your boding soul di-  
vines:

But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!  
The darling object of your royal care  
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;  
Before he anchors in his native port,  
From Pyle resailing and the Spartan court;  
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed  
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty  
woes,

The vital streams a chilling horror froze:  
The big round tear stands trembling in her  
eye,

And on her tongue imperfect accents die.  
At length, in tender language, interwove  
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious  
love:

'Why rashly would my son his fate explore,  
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?  
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave  
A blank oblivion, and a friendly grave?'

'Tis not (replied the sage) to Medon  
given

To know, if some inhabitant of heaven  
In his young breast the daring thought in-  
spired,

Or if alone, with filial duty fired,  
The winds and waves he tempts in early  
bloom,

Studious to learn his absent father's doom.'

The sage retired: unable to control  
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring  
soul,

Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen  
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.

Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,  
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.  
Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,  
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair :

'Behold a wretch whom all the gods consign

To woe ! Did ever sorrows equal mine ?  
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,  
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast :  
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,

Our other column of the state is borne :  
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent !—  
Unkind confederates in his dire intent ! .

Ill suits it with your shows of duteous zeal,  
From me the purposed voyage to conceal :  
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,  
Why did you fear to trouble my repose ?  
He either had obey'd my fond desire,  
Or seen his mother pierced with grief expire.  
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave  
Whom to my nuptial train Icarus gave,  
To attend the fruit-groves : with incessant speed

He shall this violence of death decreed,  
To good Laertes tell. Experienced age  
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,  
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,  
And to their power to save his race appeal.'

Then Euryelen thus : ' My dearest dread !  
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,  
Or if a dupe be the pain decreed,  
I own me conscious of the unplesing deed :  
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implored,  
With wine and viands I the vessels stored :  
A solemn oath imposed the secret seal'd,  
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd,

Dreading the effect of a fond mother's fear,  
He dared not violate your royal ear.  
But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,  
Pay due devotions to the martial maid,  
And rest affianced in her guardian aid.

Send not to good Laertes, nor engage  
In toils of state the miseries of age :  
'Tis impious to surmise the powers divine  
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line :  
Long shall the mee of just Arcesius reign,  
And isles remote enlarge his old domain.'

The queen her speech with calm attention hears,

Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears :  
She bathes, and robed, the sacred dome ascends :

Her pious speed a female train attends :  
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,  
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid :  
' Daughter divine of Jove ! whose arm can wield

The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !

If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd  
The best and choicest of his flock and herd ;  
Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won ;  
And for the pious sire preserve the son :  
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,  
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend !'

She ceased ; shrill ecstasies of joy declare  
The favouring goddess present to the prayer :  
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice

A signal of her hymeneal choice ;  
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board :

' Too late the queen selects a second lord ;  
In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,  
When o'er her son disastrous death impends.'

Thus he unskill'd of what the fates provide.  
But with severe rebuke Antinous cried :

' These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain ;

Alarm not with discourse the menial train :  
The great event with silent hope attend ;  
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.'

His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,

And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:

Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,  
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,  
Replete with mail and military store,  
In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.  
The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails  
(The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);  
Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd  
His golden circlet in the western shade.

Meantime the queen without refection due,  
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew :

In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,  
And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.  
So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,

And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds ;  
With grief and rage the mother lion stung,  
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumbrous shade,  
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade ;

Minerva, life-like on embodied air  
Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair :  
(Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms

Allured Eumelus to her virgin-arms ;  
A sceptred lord, who o'er the fruitful plain  
Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign :)  
As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies  
To calm the queen the phantom-sister flies.  
Swift on the regal dome descending right,  
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.  
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,  
And thus performs Minerva's high commands :

'O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,  
To render sleep's soft blessing insincere?  
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme  
The day reflection, and the midnight dream !  
Thy son, the gods propitious will restore,  
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.'

To whom the queen, whilst yet her pensive mind

Was in the silent gates of sleep confined :  
'O sister, to my soul for ever dear,  
Why this first visit to reprove my fear?  
How in a realm so distant should you know  
From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow ?

To all my hope my royal lord is lost,  
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast ;  
And with consummate woe to weigh me down,

The heir of all his honours, and his crown,  
My darling son, is fled ! an easy prey  
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they ;

Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,  
Will intercept the unwary youth's return.'

'Courage resume (the shadowy form replied),

In the protecting care of heaven confide :  
On him attends the blue-eyed martial maid ;  
What earthly can implore a surer aid ?  
Me now the guardian goddess deigns to send,  
To bid thee patient his return attend.'

The queen replies : 'If in the bless'd abodes,

A goddess, thou hast commerce with the gods ;  
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,

Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night ?'

'Inquire not of his doom (the phantom cries),

I speak not all the counsel of the skies ;  
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,

The windy satisfaction of the tongue.'

Swift through the valves the visionary fair  
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.

The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes :  
With florid joy her heart dilating glows :

The vision, manifest of future fate,  
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Meantime the suitors plough the watery plain ;

Telemachus in thought already slain !

When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,  
 Their sail directed for the Samian coast,  
 A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,  
 And Asteris the advancing pilot knew :  
 An ample port the rocks projected form,  
 To break the rolling waves, and ruffling  
 storm :

That safe recess they gain with happy speed,  
 And in close ambush wait the murderous  
 deed.

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### BOOK V.

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#### ARGUMENT.

##### THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

Pallas, in a council of the gods, complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty, and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, assists him, and after innumerable perils he gets ashore on Phæacia.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
 Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;  
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
 And gild the courts of heaven with sacred  
 light.

Then met the eternal synod of the sky,  
 Before the god who thunders from on high,  
 Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.  
 Pallas, to these, deplores the unequal fates  
 Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates ;  
 Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying power,  
 The nymph's seducements, and the magic  
 bower.

Thus she began her plaint :—' Immortal  
 Jove !  
 And you who fill the blissful seats above !

Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,  
 Or bless a people willing to obey,  
 But crush the nations with an iron rod,  
 And every monarch be the scourge of god,  
 If from your thoughts Ulysses yon remove,  
 Who ruled his subjects with a father's love.  
 Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,  
 Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,  
 Unbless'd he sighs, detain'd by lawless  
 charms,

And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.  
 Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,  
 Nor oars to cut the immeasurable way.  
 And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy  
 His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ :  
 Who, pious, following his great father's fame,  
 To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.'

'What words are these? (replied the power  
 who forms

The clouds of night, and darkens heaven  
 with storms)

Is not already in thy soul decreed,  
 The chief's return shall make the guilty  
 bleed ?

What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st re-  
 store

The son in safety to his native shore ;  
 While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,  
 With fraud defeated, measure back their  
 way.'

[given :  
 Then thus to Hermes the command was  
 'Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven !  
 Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne :  
 'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return ;  
 The patient man shall view his old abodes,  
 Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding  
 gods ;

In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,  
 Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.  
 The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty  
 line

Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,  
 The chief shall honour as some heavenly  
 guest,

And swift transport him to his place of rest.

His vessels loaded with a plenteous store  
 Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore,  
 (A richer prize than if his joyful isle  
 Received him charged with Ilion's noble  
 spoil)  
 His friends, his country, he shall see, though  
 late ;  
 Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.  
 He spokc. The god who mounts the  
 winged winds  
 Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,  
 That high through fields of air his flight  
 ., sustain  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless  
 main.  
 He grasps the wand that causes sleep to  
 fly,  
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye ;  
 Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's  
 steep,  
 And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.  
 So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,  
 With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,  
 Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,  
 Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.  
 Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,  
 Till now the distant island rose in view ;  
 Then swift ascending from the azure wave,  
 He took the path that windcd to the cave.  
 Large was the grot in which the nymph he  
 found,  
 (The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty  
 crown'd)  
 She sat and sung ; the rocks resound her  
 lays :  
 The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze :  
 Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,  
 Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed  
 the isle ;  
 While she with work and song the time  
 divides,  
 And through the loom the golden shuttle  
 guides.  
 Without the grot, a various sylvan scene  
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green ;

Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,  
 And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade ;  
 On whose high branches, waving with the  
 storm,  
 The birds of broadest wing their mansion  
 form,  
 The elough, the sea-mew, the loquacious  
 crow,  
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.  
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,  
 With purple clusters blushing through the  
 green.  
 Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,  
 And every fountain pours a several rill,  
 In mazy windings wandering down the hill :  
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were  
 crown'd,  
 And glowing violets threw odours round  
 A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,  
 A god might gaze, and wander with delight !  
 Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven : he  
 stay'd  
 Entranced, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.  
 Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew ;  
 For powers celestial to each other's view  
 Stand still confess'd, though distant far they  
 lie  
 To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.  
 But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,  
 Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart ;  
 All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,  
 And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep ;  
 Toward his loved coast he roll'd his eyes in  
 vain,  
 Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd  
 again.  
 Now graceful seated on her shining throne,  
 To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun :  
 ' God of the golden wand ! on what behest  
 Arrivest thou here, an unexpected guest ?  
 Loved as thou art, thy free injunctions lay ;  
 'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.  
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour  
 Approach, and taste the dainties of my  
 ' bower.'

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table  
spread  
(Ambrosial eates, with nectar rosy-red):  
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,  
Divine refection ! then, recruited, spoke.  
'What moved this journey from my native  
sky,  
A goddess asks, nor can a god deny ;  
Hear then the truth : By mighty Jove's com-  
mand,  
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land ;  
For who, self-moved, with weary wing would  
sweep  
Such length of ocean and unmeasured deep ;  
A world of waters ! far from all the ways  
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze ?  
But to Jove's will submission we must pay ;  
What power so great, to dare to disobey ?  
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,  
Of all his kind most worn with misery.  
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years  
employ'd  
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)  
At length embarking in a luckless hour,  
With conquest proud, incensed Minerva's  
power :  
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance  
hurl'd  
With storms pursued them through the liquid  
world.  
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave !  
There all his dear companions found their  
grave !  
Saved from the jaws of death by heaven's  
decree,  
The tempest drove him to these shores and  
thence.  
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands  
Straight to dismiss : so destiny commands :  
Impatient fate his near return attends,  
And calls him to his country, and his friends.'  
Even to her inmost soul the goddess shook ;  
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke :  
'Ungracious gods ! with spite and envy curst !  
Still to your own ethereal race the worst !

Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,  
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.  
Did ever goddess by her charms engage  
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage ?  
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,  
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,  
Till in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart  
Had pierced the hapless hunter to the heart.  
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field  
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,  
Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,  
But Jove's swift lightning scorched him in  
her arms.  
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers !  
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers ?  
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,  
It was my crime to pity, and to save,  
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,  
And sunk his brave companions in the main.  
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toss'd,  
The sport of winds, and driven from every  
coast,  
Hither this man of miseries I led,  
Received the friendless, and the hungry fed ;  
Nay promised (vainly promised !) to bestow  
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.  
'Tis past—and Jove's decrees he shall re-  
move ;  
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.  
Go then he may (he must, if he ordain,  
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again) ;  
But never, never shall Calypso send  
To toils like these her husband and her  
friend.  
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,  
What oars to cut the long laborious way ?  
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go :  
That last advice is all I can bestow.'  
To her, the power who bears the charm-  
ing rod :  
'Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god ;  
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,  
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove ?'  
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,  
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.



The nymph, obedient to divine command,  
 To seek Ulysses, paced along the sand :  
 Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,  
 With streaming eyes in briny torrents  
     drown'd,  
 And inly pining for his native shore ;  
 For now the soft enchanteress pleased no  
     more ;  
 For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by  
     charms,  
 Absent he lay in her desiring arms,  
 In slumber wore the heavy night away,  
 On rocks and shores consumed the tedious  
     day ;  
 There sat all desolate, and sigh'd alone,  
 With echoing sorrows made the mountains  
     groan,  
 And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,  
 Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd  
     again  
 Here, on the musing mood the goddess  
     press'd,  
 Approaching soft ; and thus the chief ad-  
     dress'd :  
 ' Unhappy man ! to wasting woes a prey,  
 No more in sorrows languish life away :  
 Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—  
 Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,  
 And form a raft, and build the rising ship,  
 Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.  
 To store the vessel let the care be mine,  
 With water from the rock, and rosy wine,  
 And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,  
 And prosperous gales to waft thee on the  
     way.  
 These if the gods with my desires comply,  
 (The gods, alas ! more mighty far than I,  
 And better skill'd in dark events to come)  
 In peace shall land thee at thy native home.'  
 With sighs Ulysses heard the words she  
     spoke,  
 Then thus his melancholy silence broke :  
 ' Some other motive, goddess ! sways thy  
     mind,  
 Some close design, or turn of womankind ;

Nor my return the end, nor this the way,  
 On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea ;  
 Huge, horrid, vast ! where searce in safety  
     sails  
 The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the  
     gales,  
 The bold proposal how shall I fulfil ;  
 Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will ?  
 Swear then, thou mean'st not what my soul  
     forebodes,  
 Swear by the solemn oath that binds the  
     gods !'  
 Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso  
     eyed,  
 And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus re-  
     plied :  
 ' This shows thee, friend, by old experience  
     taught,  
 And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.  
 How prone to doubt, how cautious are the  
     wise !  
 But hear, O earth, and hear, ye sacred skies !  
 And thou, O Styx ! whose formidable floods  
 Glide through the shades, and bind the at-  
     testing gods !  
 No form'd design, no meditated end  
 Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend ;  
 Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim ;  
 The same my practice, were my fate the  
     same.  
 Heaven has not cursed me with a heart of  
     steel,  
 But given the sense, to pity, and to feel.'  
 Thus having said, the goddess march'd  
     before :  
 He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.  
 At the cool cave arrived, they took their state ;  
 He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate ;  
 For him the nymph a rich repast ordains,  
 Such as the mortal life of man sustains ;  
 Before herself were placed the eates divine,  
 Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.  
 Their hunger satiate, and their thirst re-  
     press'd,  
 Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest :

'Ulysses! (with a sigh she thus began)  
 O sprung from gods! in wisdom more than  
 man!  
 Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?  
 Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?  
 Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,  
 Nor break the transport with one thought of  
 me.  
 But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know  
 What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;  
 Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,  
 And even these slighted charms might learn  
 to please.  
 A willing goddess, and immortal life,  
 Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.  
 Am I inferior to a mortal dame?  
 Less soft my feature, less august my frame?  
 Or shall the daughters of mankind compare  
 Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly  
 fair?'  
 'Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)  
 Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?  
 Loved and adored, O goddess! as thou art,  
 Forgive the weakness of a human heart.  
 Though well I see thy graces far above  
 The dear, though mortal, object of my love,  
 Of youth eternal well the difference know,  
 And the short date of fading charms be-  
 low;  
 Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,  
 I languish to return, and die at home.  
 What'e'r the gods shall destine me to bear  
 In the black ocean, or the watery war,  
 'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;  
 Inured to perils, to the worst resign'd.  
 By seas, by wars, so many dangers run;  
 Still I can suffer: their high will be done!'

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun  
 descends,  
 And rising night her friendly shade extends.  
 To the close grot the lonely pair remove,  
 And slept delighted with the gifts of love.  
 When rosy morning call'd them from their  
 rest,  
 Ulysses robed him in the cloak and vest.

The nymph's fair head a veil transparent  
 graced;  
 Her swelling loins a radiant zone embraced  
 With flowers of gold: an under robe, un-  
 bound,  
 In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the  
 ground.  
 Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield  
 A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd,  
 And double-edged; the handle smooth and  
 plain,  
 Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;  
 And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy  
 sway:  
 Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.  
 On the lone island's utmost verge there stood  
 Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,  
 Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,  
 Scorch'd by the sun, or sear'd by heavenly fire;  
 (Already dried.) These pointing out to view,  
 The nymph just show'd him, and with tears  
 withdrew.  
 Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'er-  
 thrown  
 Fall crackling round him, and the forests  
 groan:  
 Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,  
 And lopp'd and lighten'd of their branchy  
 load.  
 At equal angles these disposed to join,  
 He smooth'd and squared them, by the rule  
 and line.  
 (The wimbles for the work Calypso found)  
 With those he pierced them, and with  
 clinchers bound.  
 Long and capacious as a shipwright forms  
 Some bark's broad bottom to outride the  
 storms,  
 So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it  
 strong  
 From space to space, and nail'd the planks  
 along;  
 These form'd the sides; the deck he fashion'd  
 last;  
 Then o'er the vessel raised the taper mast,

With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind ;  
 And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd,  
 (With yielding osiers fenced, to break the  
     force  
 Of surging waves, and steer the steady course.)  
 Thy loom, Calypso ! for the future sails  
 Supplied the cloth, capacious of the gales.  
 With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the  
     ship,  
 And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.  
     Four days were past, and now, the work  
     complete,  
 Shone the fifth morn : when from her sacred  
     "seat  
 The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous gar-  
     ments given)  
 And bathed in fragrant oils that breathed of  
     heaven ;  
 Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands  
     divine,  
 With water one, and one with sable wine ;  
 Of every kind, provisions heaved aboard ;  
 And the full decks with copious viands stored.  
 The goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,  
 To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.  
     And now rejoicing in the prosperous gales,  
 With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails ;  
 Placed at the helm he sat, and mark'd the  
     skies,  
 Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.  
 There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern  
     team,  
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam,  
 To which, around the axle of the sky  
 The Bear revolving, points his golden eye :  
 Who shines exalted on the ethereal plain,  
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.  
 Far on the left those radiant fires to keep  
 The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.  
 Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way ;  
 The distant land appear'd the following day :  
 Then swell'd to sight Phœacia's dusky coast,  
 And woody mountains, half in vapours lost ;  
 That lay before him, indistinct and vast,  
 Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,  
 From far, on Solymé's aerial brow,  
 The king of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd :  
 (From Ethiopia's happy climes return'd)  
 The raging monarch shook his azure head,  
 And thus in secret to his soul he said :  
     'Heavens ! how uncertain are the powers  
     on high !  
 Is then reversed the sentence of the sky,  
 In one man's favour ; while a distant guest  
 I shared secure the Ethiopian feast ?  
 Behold how near Phœacia's land he draws !  
 The land, affix'd by fate's eternal laws  
 To end his toils. Is then our anger vain ?  
 No ; if this sceptre yet commands the main.'  
     He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,  
 Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery  
     world,  
 At once the face of earth and sea deforms,  
 Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.  
 Down rush'd the night ; east, west together  
     roar ;  
 And south, and north, roll mountains to the  
     shore ;  
 Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,  
 And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd  
     mind :  
     'Wretch that I am ! what farther fates  
     attend  
 This life of toils, and what my destined end ?  
 Too well, alas ! the island goddess knew  
 On the black sea what perils should ensue.  
 New horrors now this destined head enclose ;  
 Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes ;  
 With what a cloud the brows of heaven are  
     crown'd !  
 What raging winds ! what roaring waters  
     round !  
 'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears ;  
 Death, present death, on every side appears.  
 Happy ! thrice happy ! who, in battle slain,  
 Press'd, in Atreides' cause, the Trojan plain :  
 Oh ! had I died before that well-fought wall ;  
 Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my  
     fall ;

(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled

From conquering Troy around Achilles dead)  
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,  
And spread my glory with the sons of men.  
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,  
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead !'

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,  
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke ;  
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,

Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne :

While by the howling tempest rent in twain  
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.  
Long press'd, he heaved beneath the weighty wave,

Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:  
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide  
And gushing mouth, effused the briny tide ;  
Even then not mindless of his last retreat,  
He seized the raft, and leap'd into his seat,  
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood

Now here, now there, impeil'd the floating wood.

As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast,  
Now to, now fro, before the autumnal blast ;  
Together clung, it rolls around the field ;  
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held :  
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,

And now the east the foamy floods obey,  
And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.

The wandering chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,

Læucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast:  
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,  
But now an azure sister of the main)

Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,  
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood ;  
Then thus address'd him : 'Thou, whom heaven decrees

To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,

(Unequal contest !) not his rage and power,  
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.

What I suggest thy wisdom will perform :  
Forsake thy fleet, and leave it to the storm ;  
Strip off thy garments ; Neptune's fury brave  
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.

To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend :  
There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.  
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,  
And live ; give all thy terrors to the wind.  
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,  
Return the gift, and cast it in the main ;  
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,  
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.'

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,  
Then down the deeps she dived from whence she rose ;

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,  
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclined,

He stands suspended, and explores his mind.  
'What shall I do ? Unhappy me ! who knows

But other gods intend me other woes ?  
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join  
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine :  
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle  
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.

'Thus then I judge : while yet the planks sustain

The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain ;  
But when their texture to the tempest yields,  
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,  
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,  
And take this method, since the best I can.'

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,

The raging god a watery mountain roll'd ;  
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,

Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.

Planks, beams, disparted fly : the scatter'd wood  
 Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.  
 So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-shorn,  
 Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.  
 And now a single beam the chief bestrides ;  
 There, poised awhile above the bounding tides,  
 His limbs discumbers of the elinging vest,  
 And binds the sacred cincture round his breast :  
 Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,  
 Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.  
 All naked now, on heaving billows laid,  
 Stern Neptune eyed him, and contemptuous said :  
 'Go, learn'd in woes, and o'ther woes essay!  
 Go, wander helpless on the watery way :  
 Thus, thus find out the destined shore, and then  
 (If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.  
 Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise  
 Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.'  
 This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,  
 And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.  
 Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking power,  
 Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,  
 Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,  
 And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.  
 The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,  
 And hear him soft on broken waves away ;  
 With gentle force impelling to that shore  
 Where fate has destined he shall toil no more.  
 And now two nights and now two days were past,  
 Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste ;  
 Heaved on the surge with intermitting breath,  
 And hourly panting in the arms of death :

The third fair morn now blazed upon the main ;  
 Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain,  
 The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,  
 And a dead silence still'd the watery world.  
 When, lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies  
 The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.  
 As pious children joy with vast delight  
 When a loved sire revives before their sight,  
 (Who lingering long has call'd on death in vain,  
 Fix'd by some demon to the bed of pain,  
 Till heaven by miracle his life restore)  
 So joys Ulysses at the appearing shore ;  
 And sees (and labours onward as he sees)  
 The rising forests, and the tufted trees.  
 And now, as near approaching as the sound  
 Of human voice the listening ear may wound,  
 Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar  
 Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore :  
 Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,  
 To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,  
 But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight !  
 All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.  
 Fear seized his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,  
 As thus he communed with his soul apart :  
 'Ah me ! when o'er a length of waters toss'd,  
 These eyes at last behold the unhop'd-for coast,  
 No port receives me from the angry main,  
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.  
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access ; around  
 Roar the wild waves : beneath, is sea profound !  
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,  
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.  
 If here I enter, my efforts are vain,  
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heaved into the main.

Or round the island if my course I bend,  
Where the ports open, or the shores descend,  
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,  
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep :  
Or some enormous whale the god may send  
(For many such on Amphitrite attend):  
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,  
And hate relentless of my heavenly foe.'

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave  
upbore  
The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy  
shore :

Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been  
whole,  
But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.  
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,  
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung ;  
Till the huge surge roll'd off ; then, back-  
ward sweep

The reflux tides, and plunge him in the  
deep.

As when the polypus, from forth his cave  
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave ;  
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and  
sands :

So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.  
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the  
main,

The unhappy man ; even fate had been in  
vain :

But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,  
And prudence saved him in the needful hour.  
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,  
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore)

With longing eyes, observing, to survey  
Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.  
Between the parting rocks at length he spied  
A falling stream with gentler waters glide ;  
Where to the seas the shelving shore declined,  
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.  
To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,  
And hail'd the river, and its god address'd :

' Whoe'er thou art, before whose streams  
unknown

I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,

Hear, azure king ! nor let me fly in vain  
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.  
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,  
For sacred even to gods is misery :

Let then thy waters give the weary rest,  
And save a suppliant, and a man distress'd.'

He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream  
subsides,

Detains the rushing current of his tides,  
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,  
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.  
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the  
shore,

He dropp'd his sinewy arms : his knees no  
more

Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld.  
His swoln heart heaved ; his bloated body  
swell'd :

From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran ;  
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,  
Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath ;  
The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.

Soon as warm life its wonted office found,  
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound ;  
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside  
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.

Behind him far, upon the purple waves  
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses  
found

A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd ;  
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the  
ground ;

Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,  
Thus to his soul the sage began to say :

' What will ye next ordain, ye powers on  
high !

And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try ?  
Here by the stream, if I the night outwear,

Thus spent already, how shall nature bear  
The dews descending, and nocturnal air ;

Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood  
When morning rises ?——If I take the wood,

And in thick shelter of innumerable boughs  
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows ;

'Though fenced from cold, and though my  
toil be pass'd,

What savage beasts may wander in the waste!  
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey  
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.'

Thus long debating in himself he stood :  
At length he took the passage to the wood,  
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow  
Waved high, and frown'd upon the stream  
below.

There grew two olives, closest of the grove,  
With roots entwined, and branches interwove;  
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smiled  
With sister-fruits ; one fertile, one was wild.  
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,  
Nor wind sharp piercing, nor the rushing  
shower ;

The verdant arch so close its texture kept :  
Beneath this covert, great Ulysses crept.  
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,  
(Thick strown by tempest through the bowery  
shade)

Where three at least might winter's cold defy,  
Though Boreas raged along the inclement  
sky.

This store, with joy the patient hero found,  
And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves  
around.

As some poor peasant, fated to reside  
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,  
Studious to save what human wants require,  
In embers heap'd preserves the seeds of fire :  
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,  
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes ;  
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)  
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

## BOOK VI.

### ARGUMENT.

Pallas appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the  
daughter of Alcinous, king of Phæacia), commands

her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of  
state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa  
goes with her handmaids to the river ; where, while  
the garments are spread on the bank, they divert  
themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses,  
who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her  
relieved and clothed, and receives directions in  
what manner to apply to the king and queen of the  
island.

WHILE thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,  
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious  
breast,

The martial maid from heaven's ærial height  
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.

In elder times the soft Phæacian train  
In ease possess'd the wide Hyperian plain ;  
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,  
A lawless nation of gigantic foes ;  
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far,  
Through seas retreating from the sound of  
war,

The recreant nation to fair Seheria led,  
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head :  
There, round his tribes a strength of wall he  
raised ;

To heaven the glittering domes and temples  
blazed ;

Just to his realms, he parted grounds from  
grounds,  
And shared the lands, and gave the lands  
their bounds.

Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,  
And wise Alcinous held the regal sway.

To his high palace through the fields of air  
The goddess shot : Ulysses was her care.  
There as the night in silence roll'd away,  
A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay :  
Through the thick gloom the shining portals  
blaze ;

Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph  
a grace.

Light as the viewless air, the warrior-maid  
Glides through the valves, and hovers round  
her head ;

A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,  
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision  
spoke :

'Oh indolent ! to waste thy hours away !  
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day ?  
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies ;  
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise !  
A just applause the cares of dress impart,  
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.  
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,  
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray :  
Haste to the stream ! companion of thy care,  
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.  
Virgin, awake ! the marriage hour is nigh,  
See ! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs  
sigh !

The royal car at early dawn obtain,  
And order mules obedient to the rein ;  
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,  
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.  
In pomp ride forth ; for pomp becomes the  
great,

And majesty derives a grace from state.'

Then to the palaces of heaven she sails,  
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales :  
The seat of gods ! the regions mild of peace,  
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.  
There no rude winds presume to shake the  
skies,

No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise ;  
But on immortal thrones the bless'd repose ;  
The firmament with living splendours glows.  
Hither the goddess wing'd the aerial way,  
Through heaven's eternal gates that blazed  
with day.

Now from her rosy car Aurora shed  
The dawn, and all the orient flamed with red.  
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,  
Obedient to the vision of the night.

The queen she sought : the queen her hours  
bestow'd

In curious works ; the whirling spindle glow'd  
With crimson threads, while busy damsels  
cull

The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.  
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sat :  
From his high dome the king descends in  
state,

Then with a filial awe the royal maid  
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said :

'Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,  
And may his child the royal car obtain ?  
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way  
Where through the vales the many waters  
stray ?

A dignity of dress adorns the great,  
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.  
Five sons thou hast : three wait the bridal  
day,  
And spotless robes become the young and  
gay ;

So when with praise amid the dance they  
shine,  
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is  
mine.'

Thus she : but blushes, ill-restrain'd, betray  
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day.

The conscious sire the dawning blush sur-  
vey'd,

And smiling thus bespoke the blooming  
maid :

'My child, my darling joy, the car receive ;  
That, and what'er our daughter asks, we  
give.'

Swift at the royal nod the attending train  
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.  
The blooming virgin with dispatchful eares  
Tunes, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.  
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns  
The sumptuous viands, and the flavoured  
wines.

The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,  
A cruise of fragranee, form'd of burnish'd  
gold ;

Odour divine ! whose soft refreshing streams  
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy  
limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the silken  
reins

Shine in her hand : along the sounding plains  
Swift fly the mules : nor rode the nymph  
alone ;

Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.



They seek the cisterns where Phæacian  
 dames  
 Wash their fair garments in the limpid  
 streams ;  
 Where gathering into depth from falling rills,  
 The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.  
 The mules unharness'd range beside the  
 main,  
 Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.  
 Then emulous the royal robes they lave,  
 And plunge the vestures in the cleansing  
 wave ;  
 (The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly  
 sand,  
 Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)  
 Then with a short repast relieve their toil,  
 And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil ;  
 And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,  
 O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play  
 (Their shining veils unbound). Along the  
 skies  
 Toss'd, and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies.  
 They sport, they feast ; Nausicaa lifts her  
 voice,  
 And warbling sweet makes earth and heaven  
 rejoice.  
 As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,  
 Or wide Táygetus' resounding groves :  
 A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,  
 Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds ;  
 Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's  
 brow  
 They bay the boar, or chase the bounding  
 roe :  
 High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,  
 Above the nymphs she treads with stately  
 grace :  
 Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves ;  
 Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.  
 With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,  
 And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous  
 train.  
 Meantime (the care and favourite of the  
 skies)  
 Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,

His woes forgot ! but Pallas now address'd  
 To break the bands of all-composing rest.  
 Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw  
 The various ball ; the ball erroneous flew,  
 And swam the stream : loud shrieks the  
 virgin train,  
 And the loud shriek redoubles from the  
 main.  
 Waked by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,  
 And to the deaf woods, wailing, breathed his  
 woes :  
 ' Ah me ! on what inhospitable coast,  
 On what new region is Ulysses toss'd :  
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms ;  
 Or men whose bosom tender pity warms ?  
 What sounds are these that gather from the  
 shores ;  
 The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan  
 bowers,  
 The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood,  
 Or azure daughters of the silver flood ;  
 Or human voice ? but issuing from the shades,  
 Why cease I straight to learn what sound in-  
 vades ?'  
 Then, where the grove with leaves um-  
 brageous bends,  
 With forceful strength a branch the hero  
 rends ;  
 Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads  
 A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.  
 As when a lion in the midnight hours,  
 Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry  
 showers,  
 Descends terrific from the mountain's brow :  
 With living flames his rolling eyeballs glow ;  
 With conscious strength elate, he bends his  
 way  
 Majestically fierce, to seize his prey  
 (The steer or stag) ; or with keen hunger bold  
 Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the  
 fold.  
 No less a terror, from the neighbouring  
 groves  
 (Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses  
 moves ;

<p>Urged on by want, and recent from the storms ;          The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.          Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry          To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly ;          All but the nymph : the nymph stood fix'd alone,          By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.          Meantime indubious thought the king awaits,          And self-considering, as he stands, debates ;          Distant his mournful story to declare,          Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.          But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,          At awful distance he accosts the maid :          ' If from the skies a goddess, or if earth          (Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,          To thee I bend ! if in that bright disguise          Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,          Hail, Dian, hail ! the huntress of the groves          So shines majestic, and so stately moves,          So breathes an air divine ! But if thy race          Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,          Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,          Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,          Bless'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,          To such a miracle of charms allied :          Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,          When stately in the dance you swim the          harmonious maze.          But bless'd o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,          Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms !          Never, I never view'd till this bless'd hour          Such finish'd grace ! I gaze and I adore !          Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd          By Phœbus' altars ; thus o'erlooks the ground ;          The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast          I voyaged, leader of a warrior-host,          But ah how changed ! from thence my sorrow flows ;          O fatal voyage, source of all my woes !)</p>	<p>Raptured I stood, and as this hour amazed,          With reverence at the lofty wonder gazed :          Raptured I stand ! for earth ne'er knew to bear          A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.          Awed from access, I lift my suppliant hands ;          For misery, O queen, before thee stands !          Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd          To roaring billows, and the warring wind ;          Heaven bade the deep to spare I but heaven,          my foe,          Spares only to inflict some mightier woe !          Inured to cares, to death in all its forms ;          Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms !          Once more I view the face of humankind :          O let soft pity touch thy generous mind !          Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand          Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.          Propitious to my wants, a vest supply          To guard the wretched from the inclement sky :          So may the gods who heaven and earth control,          Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,          On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed ;          Bless'd with a husband be thy bridal bed ;          Bless'd be thy husband with a blooming race,          And lasting union crown your blissful days.          The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow          Firm union on their favourites below :          Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate ;          The good exult, and heaven is in our state.          To whom the nymph : ' O stranger, cease thy care.          Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear :          Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,          And the good suffers, while the bad prevails :          Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove ;          Who breathes, must mourn : thy woes are          from above.          But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,          'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,          To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—          Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide ;</p>
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From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,  
A happy nation, and a happy king.'  
Then to her maids—'Why, why, ye coward  
train,

These fears, 'this flight? ye fear and fly in vain.  
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,  
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to  
tread :

Safe in the love of heaven, an ocean flows  
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes ;  
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,  
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.  
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,  
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.  
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting  
limbs

Where waving shades obscure the mazy  
streams.'

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide  
'To the calm current of the secret tide ;  
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,  
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay :  
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,  
That breathed a fragrance through the balmy  
sky.

To them the king : ' No longer I detain  
Your friendly care ; retire, ye virgin train !  
Retire, while from my wearied limbs I lave  
The foul pollution of the briny wave :  
Ye gods! since this worn frame refection  
knew,

What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view !  
But, nymphs, recede ! sage chastity denies  
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.'

The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the  
tide

Active he bounds : the flashing waves divide :  
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,  
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze ;  
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds :  
Then, dress'd, in pomp magnificently treads.  
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine  
With majesty enlarged, and air divine :  
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,  
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.

As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives  
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives ;  
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous  
mould,

And o'er the silver pours the fusil gold :  
So Pallas his heroic frame improves  
With heavenly bloom, and like a god he  
moves.

A fragrance breathes around ; majestic grace  
Attends his steps: the astonish'd virgins gaze.  
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,  
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wondering nymph his glorious port  
survey'd,

And to her damsels, with amazement, said :  
'Not without care divine the stranger  
treads

This land of joy : his steps some godhead  
leads :

Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been  
driven

Far from this realm, the favourite isle of  
heaven.

Late a sad spectacle of woe he trod  
The desert sands, and now he looks a god.

O heaven ! in my connubial hour decree  
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he !  
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide'—  
The maids the viands and the bowl supplied :  
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger raged,  
And with the generous vintage thirst as-  
suaged.

Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,  
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,  
Far-blooming o'er the field : and as she  
press'd

The splendid seat, the listening chief ad-  
dress'd :

'Stranger, arise ! the sun rolls down the  
Lo, to the palace I direct thy way : [day,  
Where in high state the nobles of the land  
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.

But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,  
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action  
guides ;

Advance at distance, while I pass the plain  
 Where o'er the furrows waves the golden  
 grain :  
 Alone I reascend—With airy mounds  
 A strength of wall the guarded city bounds ;  
 The jutting land two ample bays divides ;  
 Full through the narrow mouths descend the  
 tides :  
 The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,  
 A sure defence from every storm that blows.  
 Close to the bay great Neptune's fane ad-  
 joins ;  
 And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,  
 Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets  
 to store,  
 Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper  
 oar ;  
 For not the bow they bend, nor boast the  
 skill  
 To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill ;  
 But the tall mast above the vessel rear,  
 Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.  
 They rush into the deep with eager joy,  
 Climb the steep surge, and through the  
 tempest fly ;  
 A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs  
 The care to shun the blast of slanderous  
 tongues ;  
 Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,  
 Thus with vile censure taint my spotless  
 name :  
 "What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa  
 leads ?  
 Heavens ! with what graceful majesty he  
 treads !  
 Perhaps a native of some distant shore,  
 The future consort of her bridal hour ;  
 Or, rather, some descendant of the skies ;  
 Won by her prayer, the ærial bridegroom  
 flies.  
 Heaven on that hour its choicest influence  
 shed,  
 That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed !  
 All, all the godlike worthies that adorn  
 This realm, she flies ; Phæacia is her scorn."

'And just the blame ; for female innocence  
 Not only flies the guilt, but shuns the offence:  
 The unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame ;  
 And the least freedom with the sex is shame,  
 Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,  
 And public nuptials justify the bride. [plain ?  
 'But would'st thou soon review thy native  
 Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main :  
 Nigh where a grove, with verdant poplars  
 crown'd,  
 To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,  
 We bend our way : a bubbling fount distills  
 A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills ;  
 Around the grove a mead with lively green  
 Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous  
 scene ;  
 Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours ;  
 And there the garden yields a waste of flowers  
 Hence hies the town, as far as to the ear  
 Floats a strong shout along the waves of air,  
 There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone  
 To great Alcinous on his royal throne.  
 Arrived, advance impatient of delay,  
 And to the lofty palace bend thy way :  
 The lofty palace overlooks the town,  
 From every dome by pomp superior known ;  
 A child may point the way. With earnest gait  
 Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state ;  
 Her royal hand a wondrous work designs ;  
 Around a circle of bright damask shines,  
 Part twist the threads, and part the wool  
 dispose,  
 While with the purple orb the spindle glows.  
 High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,  
 My royal father shares the genial hours ;  
 But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,  
 With the prevailing eloquence of woes :  
 So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,  
 Though mountains rise between, and oceans  
 roar.'  
 She added not, but waving as she wheel'd  
 The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field :  
 With skill the virgin guides the embroider'd  
 rein,  
 Slow rolls the car before the attending train.

Now whirling down the heavens, the golden day  
 Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray ;  
 The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade  
 To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd :  
 ' Daughter of Jove ! whose arms in thunder wield  
 The avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield ;  
 Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid  
 When booming billows closed above my head :  
 Attend, unconquer'd maid ; accord my vows,  
 Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.'  
 This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly  
 (By Neptune awed) apparent from the sky :  
 Stern god ! who rag'd with vengeance unrestrain'd,  
 Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

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## BOOK VII.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinoüs described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinoüs his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd ;  
 While the slow mules draw on the imperial maid ;

Through the proud street she moves, the public gaze :  
 The turning wheel before the palace stays.  
 With ready love her brothers, gathering round,  
 Received the vestures, and the mules unbound.  
 She seeks the bridal hower : a matron there  
 The rising fire supplies with busy care,  
 Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflamed,  
 Now worn with age, Eurymedusa named :  
 The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,  
 Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,  
 (A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd  
 On good Alcinoüs, honour'd as a god :  
 Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,  
 And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay  
 To town Ulysses took the winding way.  
 Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,  
 Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air ;  
 To shun the encounter of the vulgar crowd,  
 Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.  
 When near the famed Phæacian walls he drew,

The beauteous city opening to his view,  
 His step a virgin met, and stood before :  
 A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,  
 And youthful smiled ; but in the low disguise  
 Lay hid the goddess with the azure eyes.

' Show me, fair daughter (thus the chief demands),

The house of him who rules these happy lands.  
 Through many woes and wanderings, lo ! I come

To good Alcinoüs' hospitable dome.

Far from my native coast, I rove alone,  
 A wretched stranger, and of all unknown !'

The goddess answer'd : ' Father, I obey,  
 And point the wandering traveller his way :  
 Well known to me the palace you inquire,  
 For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire ;  
 But silent march, nor greet the common train  
 With question needless, or inquiry vain.

A race of rugged mariners are these ;  
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas :  
The native islanders alone their care,  
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.  
These did the ruler of the deep ordain  
To build proud navies, and command the  
main ;

On canvas wings to cut the watery way ;  
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they .

Thus having spoke, the unknown celestial  
leads :

The footsteps of the deity he treads,  
And secret moves along the crowded space,  
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.

(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes  
The mist objected, and condensed the skies.)

The chief with wonder sees the extended  
streets,

The spreading harbours and the riding fleets ;  
He next their princes' lofty domes admires,  
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires ;  
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of  
stone,

That gird the city like a marble zone.

At length the kingly palace gates he view'd ;  
There stopp'd the goddess, and her speech  
renew'd :

' My task is done ; the mansion you inquire  
Appears before you : enter, and admire.

High-throned, and feasting, there thou shalt  
behold

The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold :

A decent boldness ever meets with friends,  
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.

First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,  
Alcinous' queen; Arete is her name,

The same her parents, and her power the  
same.

For know, from Ocean's god Nausithous  
sprung,

And Peribæa, beautiful and young ;  
(Eurymedon's last hope, who ruled of old

The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold ;  
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,  
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir)

Who now by Neptune's amorous power  
compress'd,

Produced a monarch that his people bless'd,  
Father and prince of the Phæacian name ;

From him Rhevenor and Alcinous came.  
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fired,

New from his nuptials, hapless youth ! ex-  
pired.

No son survived : Arete heir'd his state,  
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.

With honours yet to womankind unknown,  
This queen he graces, and divides the throne :

In equal tenderness her sons conspire,  
And all the children emulate their sire.

When through the street she gracious deigns  
to move,

(The public wonder, and the public love)  
The tongues of all with transport sound her

praise,  
The eyes of all, as on a goddess, gaze.

She feels the triumph of a generous breast,  
To heal divisions, to relieve the oppress'd ;

In virtue rich ; in blessing others, bless'd.  
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,

And owe thy country and thy friends to her.  
With that the goddess deign'd no longer

stay,  
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her

way :  
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,

The winds to Marathon the virgin bore ;  
Thence, where proud Athens rears her

towery head,  
With opening streets and shining structures

spread,  
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known

seats ;  
And to Eretheus' sacred dome retreats.

Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,  
There stops, and anxious with his soul

debates,  
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.

The front appear'd with radiant splendours  
gay,

Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.

The walls were massy brass : the cornice high  
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky :  
Rich plates of gold the folding-doors incase ;  
The pillars silver, on a brazen base ;  
Silver, the lintels deep projecting o'er,  
And gold, the ringlets that command the  
door.

Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand,  
In sculptured gold and labour'd silver stand.  
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait  
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate ;  
Alive each animated frame appears,  
And still to live beyond the power of years.  
Fair thrones within from space to space were  
rais'd,

Where various carpets with embroidery  
blaz'd,

The work of matrons : these the princes  
press'd,  
Day following day, a long-continued feast.  
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,  
Which boys of gold with flaming torches  
crown'd ;

The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,  
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.  
Full fifty handmaids form the household train ;  
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain ;  
Some ply the loom ; their busy fingers move  
Like poplar leaves, when Zephyr fans the  
grove.

Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,  
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,  
Than works of female skill their women's  
pride,

The flying shuttle through the threads to  
guide :

Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,  
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended, and inclement skies.  
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,  
Fenced with a green enclosure all around ;  
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful  
mould ;

The reddening apple ripens here to gold :

Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,  
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,  
The branch here bends beneath the weighty  
pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.  
The balmy spirit of the western gale  
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :  
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,  
On apples apples, figs on figs arise :  
The same mild season gives the blooms to  
blow,

The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,  
With all the united labours of the year :  
Some to unload the fertile branches run,  
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,  
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,  
The groaning presses foam with floods of  
wine.

Here are the vines in early flower descried,  
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,  
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,  
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole pro-  
spect crown'd ;

This through the gardens leads its streams  
around,

Visits each plant, and waters all the ground ;  
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,  
And thence its current on the town bestows :  
To various use their various streams they  
bring,

The people one, and one supplies the king.  
Such were the glories which the gods or-  
dain'd,

To grace Alcinous, and his happy land !  
Even from the chief, who men and nations  
knew,

The unwonted scene surprise and rapture  
drew ;

In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,  
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.

Night now approaching, in the palace stand,  
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land ;

Prepared for rest, and offering to the god  
 Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.  
 Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,  
 With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.  
 Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,  
 And prostrate fell before the imperial dame.  
 Then from around him dropp'd the veil of  
 night ;  
 Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.  
 The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd ;  
 Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.  
 ' Daughter of great Rhexenor ! (thus began,  
 Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)  
 To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,  
 To all that share the blessings of your reign,  
 A suppliant bends ! O pity human woe !  
 'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.  
 A wretched exile to his country send,  
 Long worn with griefs, and long without a  
 friend.  
 So may the gods your better days increase,  
 And all your joys descend on all your race ;  
 So reign for ever on your country's breast,  
 Your people blessing, by your people bless'd !'  
 Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,  
 And humbled in the ashes took his place.  
 Silence ensued. The eldest first began,  
 Echeneus sage, a venerable man !  
 Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd,  
 And join'd to that the experience of the last.  
 Fit words attended on his weighty sense,  
 And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.  
 ' Oh sight (he cried) dishonest and unjust !  
 A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust !  
 To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground  
 Befits a monarch. Lo ! the peers around  
 But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,  
 And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.  
 Let first the herald due libation pay  
 To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his  
 way ;  
 Then set the genial banquet in his view,  
 And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.'

His sage advice the listening king obeys ;  
 He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to  
 raise,  
 And from his seat Laodamas removed,  
 (The monarch's offspring, and his best be-  
 loved.)  
 The next his side the godlike hero sat ;  
 With stars of silver shone the bed of state.  
 The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid  
 brings,  
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,  
 Whose polish'd vase with copious stream  
 A silver laver, of capacious size. [supplies  
 The table next in regal order spread,  
 The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread :  
 Viands of various kinds invite the taste,  
 Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast !  
 Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,  
 And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.  
 ' Let all around the due libation pay  
 To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.'  
 He said. Pontonus heard the king's com-  
 mand :  
 The circling goblet moves from hand to hand :  
 Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of  
 man.  
 Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began :  
 ' Princes and peers, attend ! while we im-  
 part  
 To you the thoughts of no inhuman heart.  
 Now pleased and satiate from the social rite  
 Repair we to the blessings of the night :  
 But with the rising day, assembled here,  
 Let all the elders of the land appear,  
 Pious observe our hospitable laws,  
 And heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause :  
 Then join'd in council, proper means explore  
 Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore :  
 (How distant that, imports not us to know,  
 Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe.)  
 Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear :  
 This interval, heaven trusts him to our care ;  
 But to his native land our charge resign'd,  
 Heaven's is his life to come, and all the woes  
 behind.





Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,  
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss'd,  
Heaven drove my wreck the Ogygian isle to  
find,

Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.  
Met by the goddess there with open arms,  
She bribed my stay with more than human  
charms ;

Nay promised, vainly promised, to bestow  
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

But all her blandishments successful prove,  
To banish from my breast my country's love.

I stay reluctant seven continued years,  
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.

The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,  
Or urged by Jove, or her own changeable heart.

A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea ;  
Herself supplied the stores and rich array ;

And gave the gales to waft me on the way.

In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing  
coast,

And woody mountains half in vapours lost :  
Joy touch'd my soul : my soul was joy'd in  
vain,

For angry Neptune roused the raging main ;  
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar ;

The splitting raft the furious tempests tore ;  
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave  
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,

To reach this isle : but there my hopes were  
lost,

The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.

I chose the safer sea, and chanced to find

A river's mouth, impervious to the wind,

And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood ;

Then took the shelter of the neighbouring  
wood.

'Twas night ; and cover'd in the foliage deep,  
Jove plunged my senses in the death of  
sleep.

All night I slept, oblivious of my pain :

Aurora dawn'd, and Phœbus shined in vain,

Nor till oblique he sloped his evening ray,

Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.

Then female voices from the shore I heard :  
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd :  
To her I sued, she pitied my distress ;  
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope considerate  
care ?

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare !

She gave me life, relieved with just supplies

My wants, and lent these robes that strike  
your eyes.

This is the truth : and oh, ye powers on high !  
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie.'

To this the king : ' Our daughter but ex-  
press'd

Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.

Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,

Why not herself did she conduct the way,

And with her handmaids to our court con-  
vey ?'

' Hero and king ! (Ulysses thus replied)

Nor blame her, faultless, nor suspect of pride :

She bade me follow in the attendant train ;

But fear and reverence did my steps detain,

Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind :

Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.'

' Far from my soul (he cried) the gods  
efface

All wrath ill grounded, and suspicion base !

Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve ;

And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,

Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were  
one,

Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son :

In such alliance couldst thou wish to join,

A palace stored with treasures should be  
thine.

But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay ?

Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,

And ships shall wait thee with the morning  
ray.

Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes ;

The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,

And seize the moment when the breezes rise ;

Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,

Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.

Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,  
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.  
Thither of old, Earth's giant-son to view,  
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they  
flew :

This land, from whence their morning course  
begun,

Saw them returning with the setting sun.  
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,  
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our  
sail,

When justly timed with equal sweep they row,  
And ocean whitens in long tracks below.'

Thus he. No word the experienced man  
replies,

But thus to heaven, (and heavenward lifts  
his eyes :)

'O Jove ! O father ! what the king accords  
Do thou make perfect ! sacred be his words !  
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine ;  
Let fame be his, and ah ! my country mine !'

Meantime Arete, for the hour of rest,  
Ordains the fleece conch, and covering vest :  
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,  
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.  
With torches blazing in their hands they  
pass'd,

And finish'd all their queen's command with  
haste :

Then gave the signal to the willing guest :  
He rose with pleasure, and retired to rest.  
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring  
sound

Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound !  
Within, released from cares, Alcinous lies ;  
And fast beside were closed Arete's eyes.

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### BOOK VIII.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved  
to transport Ulysses into his country. After which

splendid entertainments are made, where the  
celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays  
and sings to the guests. They next proceed to  
the games, the race, the wrestling, the discus, &c.,  
where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the  
admiration of all the spectators. They return  
again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the  
loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a com-  
pliment to the poet, desires him to sing the intro-  
duction of the wooden horse into Troy ; which  
subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of  
his guest his name, parentage, and fortunes.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,  
And all the ruddy orient flames with day :  
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,  
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night ;  
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,  
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.

Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,  
Shoots from the starry vault through fields  
of air ;

In form a herald of the king, she flies  
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries :

'Nobles and chiefs who rule Phœacia's  
states,

The king in council your attendance waits :  
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,  
O'er unknown seas arrived from unknown  
shores.'

She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous  
sounds

Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds ;  
At once the seats they fill : and every eye  
Gazed, as before some brother of the sky.

Pallas with grace divine his form improves,  
More high he treads, and more enlarged he  
moves ;

She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw ;  
And gives a dignity of mien to awe ;

With strength the future prize of fame to play,  
And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glittering throne Alcinous  
rose :

'Attend (he cried) while we our will dis-  
close.

Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,  
Toss'd by rude tempest through a war of  
waves ;

Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,  
 Or nations subject to the western ray.  
 Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,  
 (For here affliction never pleads in vain :)  
 Be chosen youths prepared expert to try  
 The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly :  
 Launch the tall bark, and order every oar ;  
 Then in our court indulge the genial hour.  
 Instant, you sailors, to this task attend :  
 Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend ;  
 Let none to strangers honours due disclaim :  
 Be there Demodocus, the bard of fame,  
 Taught by the gods to please, when high he sings  
 The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.'  
 Thus spoke the prince : the attending  
 peers obey,  
 In state they move ; Alcinous leads the way :  
 Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,  
 At once the sailors to their charge arise ;  
 They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,  
 And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales ;  
 Then to the palace move : a gathering throng,  
 Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along :  
 Now all access to the dome are fill'd ;  
 Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are  
 kill'd :  
 Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock,  
 they bring  
 To crown the feast ; so wills the bounteous  
 king.  
 The herald now arrives, and guides along  
 The sacred master of celestial song :  
 Dear to the Muse ! who gave his days to flow  
 With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty  
 woe :  
 With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual  
 ray,  
 But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.  
 High on a radiant throne sublime in state,  
 Eneireled by huge multitudes, he sat :  
 With silver shone the throne ; his lyre, well  
 strung  
 Torapturous sounds, at hand Pontonus hung ;

Before his seat a polish'd table shines,  
 And a full goblet foams with generous wines :  
 His food a herald bore ; and now they fed ;  
 And now the rage of craving hunger fled.  
 Then fired by all the muse, aloud he sings  
 The mighty deeds of demigods and kings :  
 From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,  
 That made Ulysses and Achilles foes ;  
 How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy ;  
 The stern debate Atrides hears with joy :  
 For heaven foretold the contest, when he  
 trod  
 The marble threshold of the Delphic god,  
 Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,  
 Ere yet he loosed the rage of war on Troy.  
 Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight re-  
 sign'd  
 To soft affliction all his manly mind :  
 Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,  
 Industrious to conceal the falling dew :  
 But when the music paused, he ceased to  
 shed  
 The flowing tear, and raised his drooping  
 head :  
 And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,  
 He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.  
 Transported with the song, the listening train  
 Again with loud applause demand the strain :  
 Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,  
 Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed :  
 Conceal'd he wept : the king observed alone  
 The silent tear and heard the secret groan :  
 Then to the bard aloud : 'O cease to sing,  
 Dumb be thy voice, and mute the harmonious  
 string ;  
 Enough the feast has pleased, enough the  
 power  
 Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour !  
 Incessant in the games your strength display,  
 Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day !  
 That pleased the admiring stranger may  
 proclaim  
 In distant regions the Phreacian fame :  
 None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,  
 Or swifter in the race devour the way ;

None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,  
Or firmer in the wrestling press the ground.'

Thus spoke the king : the attending peers obey :

In state they move ; Aleinous leads the way :  
His golden lyre Demodocus unstrung,  
High on a column in the palace hung ;  
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,  
Majestic to the lists of fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace : a countless throng,

Youth and hoar age ; and man drives man along :

The games begin ; ambitious of the prize,  
Acronus, Thoön, and Eretmeus rise ;  
The prize Ocyalus and Pymneus claim,  
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame :  
There Procrus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,  
And famed Amphialus, Polyneus' heir :  
Euryalus, like Mars terrific, rose,  
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes :  
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,  
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.

With these came forth Ambasineus the strong,  
And three brave sons from great Aleinous sprung.

Ranged in a line the ready racers stand,  
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand :

Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,  
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky :  
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow  
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough,

Clytonius sprung : he wing'd the rapid way,  
And bore the unrivall'd honours of the day.

With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join :

The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.  
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,  
Superior in the leap a length of ground :  
From Eratreus' strong arm, the discus flies,  
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.

And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,  
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the pegrage in the games contends,

In act to speak, Laodamas ascends :

'O friends, (he cries) the stranger seems well skill'd

To try the illustrious labours of the field :  
I deem him brave ; then grant the brave man's claim,

Invite the hero to his share of fame.

What nervous arms he boasts ! how firm his tread !

His limbs how turn'd ! how broad his shoulders spread !

By age unbroke ! but all-consuming care  
Destroys perhaps the strength that time would spare :

Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms !  
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.'

'Well hast thou spoke (Euryalus replies),  
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.'  
Swift at the word advancing from the crowd  
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud :

'Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display

His manly worth, and share the glorious day ?  
Father, arise ! for thee thy port proclaims  
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.

To fame arise ! for what more fame can yield  
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field ?  
Steal from corroding care one transient day,  
To glory give the space thou hast to stay ;  
Short is the time, and lo ! even now the gales  
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.'

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply :  
'Ah why the ill-suiting pastime must I try ?  
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free ;  
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree :  
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,  
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man !  
Whosuppliant to the king and peers, implores  
A speedy voyage to his native shores.'

'Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,  
 The sports of glory to the brave belong,  
 (Retorts Euryalus :) he boasts no claim  
 Among the great, unlike the sons of fame.  
 A wandering merchant he frequents the main,  
 Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain ;  
 Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,  
 But dreads the athletic labours of the field.'  
 Incensed Ulysses with a frown replies :  
 ' O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise !  
 With partial hands the gods their gifts dis-  
 pense :  
 Some greatly think, some speak with manly  
 sense ;  
 Here heaven an elegance of form denies,  
 But wisdom the defect of form supplies :  
 This man with energy of thought controls,  
 And steals with modest violence our souls,  
 He speaks reservedly, but he speaks with  
 force,  
 Nor can one word be changed but for 'a  
 worse ;  
 In public more than mortal he appears,  
 And as he moves the gazing crowd reveres :  
 While others, beauteous as the ethereal kind,  
 'The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.  
 In outward show heaven gives thee to excel,  
 But heaven denies the praise of thinking well.  
 Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,  
 And, youth, my generous soul resents the  
 wrong :  
 Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim  
 A post of honour with the sons of fame :  
 Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my  
 days ;  
 Now care surrounds me, and my force decays ;  
 Inured a melancholy part to bear,  
 In scenes of death, by tempest and by war ;  
 Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I waive  
 To prove the hero.—Slander stings the  
 brave.'  
 Then striding forward with a furious bound,  
 He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the  
 ground,

By far more ponderous, and more huge by  
 far,  
 Than what Phœacia's sons discharged in air.  
 Fierce from his arm the enormous load he  
 flings ;  
 Sonorous through the shaded air it sings :  
 Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,  
 The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the  
 skies :  
 Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round  
 Down rushing, it upturns a hill of ground.  
 That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,  
 Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cried aloud :  
 ' Even he who sightless wants his visual ray,  
 May by his touch alone award the day :  
 Thy signal throw transcends the utmost  
 bound  
 Of every champion, by a length of ground :  
 Securely bid the strongest of the train  
 Arise to throw : the strongest throws in vain.'  
 She spoke ; and momentary mounts the  
 sky :  
 The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy ;  
 Then thus aloud, elate with decent pride :  
 ' Rise, ye Phœacians, try your force (he  
 cried :)  
 If with this throw the strongest easter vie,  
 Sull, further still, I bid the disease fly.  
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet  
 wield ;  
 Or you, the swiftest racers of the field ;  
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes  
 grace :  
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.  
 In such heroic games I yield to none ;  
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone :  
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend ?  
 A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.  
 Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,  
 Who takes the kind, and pays the ungrateful  
 part :  
 Chiefly the man in foreign realms confined,  
 Base to his friend, to his own interest blind :  
 All, all your heroes I this day defy ;  
 Give me a man, that we our might may try.

Expert in every art, I boast the skill  
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;  
Should a whole host at once discharge the  
bow,  
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the  
foe:

Alone superior in the field of Troy,  
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.  
From all the sons of earth unrivall'd praise  
I justly claim; but yield to better days,  
To those famed days when great Alcides rose,  
And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:  
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,  
Swept from the earth he perish'd in his prime;  
Sudden the irremediable way he trod,  
Who boldly durst defy the bowyer-god.)  
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,  
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.  
Sole in the race the contest I decline,  
Stiff are my weary joints; and I resign,  
By storms and hunger worn: age well may  
fall,

When storms and hunger both at once assail.  
Alas! 'd the numbers hear the godlike man,  
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:

'Well hast thou spoke, and well thy  
generous tongue  
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:  
Warm are thy words, but warm without  
offence;

Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:  
Thy worth is known. Then hear our coun-  
try's claim,

And bear to heroes our heroic name;  
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,  
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;  
When bless'd with ease thy woes and wan-  
derings end,

Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend;  
How loved of Jove he crown'd our sires with  
praise,

How we, the offspring, dignify our race.

'Let other realms the deathful gauntlet  
wield,

Or boast the glories of the athletic field;

We in the course unrivall'd speed display,  
Or through cerulean billows plough the  
way;

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,  
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:  
Rise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him  
bear

Your fame to men that breathe a distant air,  
And faithful say, to you the powers belong  
To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song.  
But, herald, to the palace swift repair,  
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.'

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,  
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.  
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey  
The future games, the judges of the day:  
With instant care they mark a spacious  
round,

And level for the dance the allotted ground:  
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,  
The bard advancing meditates the lay:  
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming  
band,

Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand;  
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they  
rise,

Their feet half viewless quiver in the skies:  
Ulysses gazed, astonish'd to survey  
The glancing splendours as their sandals  
play.

Meantime the bard, alternate to the strings,  
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;  
How the stern god, enamour'd with her  
charms,

Clasp'd the gay panting goddess in his arms,  
By bribes seduced: and how the sun, whose  
eye

Views the broad heavens, disclosed the law-  
less joy.

Stung to the soul, indignant through the skies  
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:

Arrived, his sinewy arms incessant place  
The eternal anvil on the massy base.

A wondrous net he labours, to betray  
The wanton lovers, as entwined they lay;

Indissolubly strong ! Then instant bears  
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.  
Above, below, around, with art disspread,  
The sure enclosure folds the genial bed ;  
Whose texture even the search of gods de-  
ceives.

Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.  
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,  
He felgns a journey to the Lemnian shores,  
His favourite isle ! Observant Mars descries  
His wish'd recess, and to the godless flies ;  
He glows, he burns : the fair-hair'd queen of  
love

Descends smooth-gliding from the courts of  
Jove,

Gay blooming in full charms : her hand he  
press'd

With eager joy, and with a sigh address'd :  
'Come, my beloved ! and taste the soft  
delights :

Come, to repose the genial bed invites :

Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,  
Prefers his barbarous Sintiāns to thy arms !

Then, nothing loth, the enamour'd fair he  
led,

And sunk transported on the conscious bed,  
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay  
The careless lovers in their wanton play :

In vain they strive, the intangling snares deny  
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly.

Warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day,  
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way :

Arrived, he sees, he grieves, with rage he  
burns ;

Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven  
returns.

'O Jove ! (he cried) O all ye powers above,  
See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love !  
Me, awkward me, she scorns, and yields her  
charms

To that fair lecher, the strong god of arms.

If I am lame, that stain my natal hour

By fate imposed ; such me my parent bore :

Why was I born ? See how the wanton lies !

O sight tormenting to a husband's eyes !

But yet, I trust, this once even Mars would fly  
His fair one's arms—he thinks her, once, too  
nigh.

But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,  
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's  
dower.

Too dear I prized a fair enchanting face :  
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.'

Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan  
throng,

Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,

With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain ;

But modesty withheld the goddess-train.

All heaven beholds, imprison'd as they lie,

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky

Then mutual, thus they spoke : 'Behold  
on wrong [strong]

Swift vengeance waits ; and art subdues the

Dwells there a god on all the Olympian brow

More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan

slow ?

Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms

Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.'

Thus serious they : but he who gilds the  
skies,

The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries :

'Would'st thou, enchain'd like Mars, O  
Hermes, lie,

And bear the shame like Mars, to share the  
joy ?'

'O envied shame ! (the smiling youth re-  
join'd)

Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly  
bind ;

Gaze, all ye gods, and every goddess gaze,

Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.'

Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laughs  
aloud,

Yet sues importunate to loose the god :

'And free, (he cries) O Vulcan ! free from  
shame

Thy captives ; I ensure the penal claim.'

'Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithless  
trust ?

He suffers who gives surety for the unjust :



But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,  
To liberty restored, perfidious fly ;  
Say, wilt thou bear the mullet !' He instant  
cries,

'The mullet I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.'

To whom appeased : 'No more I urged delay !  
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey.'

'Then to the snares his force the god applies ;  
They burst ; and Mars to Thrace indignant  
flies :

To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,  
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves,  
Where to the power a hundred altars rise,  
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies :  
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,  
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial show-  
ers,

Unguents that charm the gods ! she last as-  
sumes

Her wondrous robes ; and full the goddess  
blooms.

Thus sung the bard : Ulysses hears with joy,  
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king com-  
mands :

Each blooming youth before the monarch  
stands,

In dance unmatch'd ! A wondrous ball is  
brought,

(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought)

This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,  
And bending backward whirls it to the sky ;

His brother, springing with an active bound,  
At distance intercepts it from the ground :

The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the  
strand,

Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.

The assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,

And send in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus Ulysses : 'Happy king, whose  
name

The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame :  
In subjects happy ! with surprise I gaze ;

Thy praise was just ; their skill transcends  
thy praise.'

Pleased with his people's fame the monarch  
hears,

And thus benevolent accosts the peers :

'Since wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,  
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues :

Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,  
O'er whom supreme imperial power I bear :

Bring gold, a pledge of love ; a talent bring,  
A vest, a robe ; and imitate your king :

Beswift to give ; that he this night may share  
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.

And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong :

A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.'

The assenting peers, obedient to the king,  
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring :

Then thus Euryalus : 'O prince, whose sway  
Rules this bless'd realm, repentant I obey !

Be his this sword, whose blade of brass dis-  
plays

A ruddy gleam ; whose hilt, a silver blaze ;  
Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious

pride,

Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.'

He said, and to his hand the sword con-  
sign'd ;

'And if (he cried) my words affect thy mind,  
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirl-

winds, hear,

And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air !

Crown, O ye heavens, with joy his peaceful  
hours,

And grant him to his spouse and native  
shores !'

'And bless'd be thou, my friend, (Ulysses  
cries)

Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies ;  
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,

And never, never may'st thou want this  
sword !'

He said, and o'er his shoulder flung the  
blade.

Now o'er the earth ascends the evening  
shade :

The precious gifts the illustrious heralds bear,  
And to the court the embodied peers repair.

Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold  
 The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining  
 gold;  
 Then to the radiant thrones they move in  
 state:  
 Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sat.  
 Thence to the queen: 'O partner of our  
 reign,  
 O sole beloved! command thy menial train  
 A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,  
 And healing waters for the bath prepare:  
 That, bathed, our guest may bid his sorrows  
 cease,  
 Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in  
 peace.  
 A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous  
 frame,  
 Ourselves we give, memorial of our name!  
 To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,  
 And every god that treads the courts above.'  
 Instant the queen, observant of the king,  
 Commands her train a spacious vase to bring;  
 The spacious vase with ample streams suf-  
 fice,  
 Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.  
 The flames climb round it with a fierce em-  
 brace,  
 The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.  
 Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd  
 The robes, the vests are ranged, and heaps  
 of gold:  
 And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,  
 A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,  
 Thus spoke to Ithacus: 'To guard with  
 bands  
 Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands;  
 Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,  
 The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.'  
 Then bending with full force, around he  
 roll'd  
 A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,  
 Closed with Circean art. A train attends  
 Around the bath: the bath the king ascends;  
 (Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour  
 He sail'd, ill-fated, from Calypso's bower,

Where, happy as the gods that range the sky,  
 He feasted every sense, with every joy.)  
 He bathes; the damsels with officious toil  
 Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of  
 oil:  
 Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he  
 spreads,  
 And to the feast magnificently treads.  
 Full where the dome its shining valves ex-  
 pands,  
 Nausicaa blooming as a goddess stands,  
 With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,  
 And graceful thus began the royal maid:  
 'Hail, godlike stranger! and when heaven  
 restores  
 To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,  
 This, ever grateful, in remembrance bear,  
 To me thou owest, to me, the vital air.'  
 'O royal maid, (Ulysses straight returns)  
 Whose worth the splendours of thy race  
 adorns,  
 So may dread Jove, whose arm in venge-  
 ance forms  
 The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with  
 storms,  
 Restore me safe, through weary wanderings  
 tost,  
 To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,  
 As while the spirit in this bosom glows,  
 To thee, my goddess, I address my vows:  
 My life, thy gift I boast!—He said and sat,  
 Fast by Alcinous, on a throne of state.  
 Now each partakes the feast, the wine pre-  
 pares,  
 Portions the food, and each his portion shares.  
 The bard a herald guides: the gazing throng  
 Pay low obeisance as he moves along:  
 Beneath a sculptured arch he sits enthroned,  
 The peers encircling form an awful round.  
 Then from the thine, Ulysses carves with art  
 Delicious food, an honorary part;  
 'This, let the master of the lyre receive,  
 A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.  
 Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,  
 Who sacred honours to the bard denies?

The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;  
The muse indulgent loves the harmonious  
kind.'

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,  
Not fond of flattery, nor displeased with praise.

When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,  
Thus to the lyrist wise Ulysses said :

' O more than man ! thy soul the Muse in-  
spires,

Or Phoebus animates with all his fires :

For who, by Phoebus uninform'd, could know  
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe !  
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,

Or taught the labours of the dreadful day !

The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,

And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.

Once more harmonious strike the sounding  
string,

The Epæan fabric, framed by Pallas, sing :

How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,

With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.

If faithful thou record the tale of fame,

The god himself inspires thy breast with  
flame :

And mine shall be the task, henceforth, to  
raise

In every land thy monument of praise.'

Full of the god, he raised his lofty strain,  
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the  
main :

How blazing tents illumined half the skies,  
While from the shores the winged navy flies :

How even in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,  
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting  
hands :

All Troy up-heaved the steed ; of different  
mind,

Various the Trojans counsell'd ; part consign'd  
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave

To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave ;

The unwise award to lodge it in the towers,

An offering sacred to the immortal powers :

The unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,

And by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls ;

Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,

And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human  
blood.

He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the  
steed,

How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed :

How to thy dome, Deïphobus ! ascends

The Spartan king ; how Ithacus attends

(Horrid as 'Mars), and how with dire alarms

He fights, subdues ; for Pallas strings his  
arms.

Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,  
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground  
bedew.

As some fond matron views in mortal fight

Her husband falling in his country's right :

Frantic through clashing swords, she runs,  
she flies,

As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and  
dies :

Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,  
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping

wound ;

She cries, she shrieks ; the fierce insulting foe

Relentless mocks her violence of woe :

To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores:  
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores.

So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes

Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs :

Conceal'd he grieved : the king observed  
alone

The silent tear, and heard the secret groan :

Then to the bard aloud : ' O cease to sing,

Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful  
string :

To every note his tears responsive flow,

And his great heart heaves with tumultuous  
woe ;

Thy lay too deeply moves : then cease the lay,

And o'er the banquet every heart be gay :

This social right demands : for him the sails,

Floating in air, invite the impelling gales :

His are the gifts of love : the wise and good

Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

' But, friend, discover faithful what I crave ;

Artful concealment ill becomes the brave :

Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,  
 Imposed by parents in the natal hour?  
 (For from the natal hour distinctive names,  
 One common right, the great and lowly claims.)  
 Say from what city, from what regions tost,  
 And what inhabitants those regions boast?  
 So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,  
 In wondrous ships self-moved, instinct with mind;  
 No helm secures their course, no pilot guides;  
 Like man intelligent, they plough the tides,  
 Conscious of every coast and every bay,  
 That lies beneath the sun's all-seeing ray:  
 Though clouds and darkness veil the encumber'd sky,  
 Fearless through darkness and through clouds they fly:  
 Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling main,  
 The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain;  
 Even the stern god that o'er the waves presides,  
 Safe as they pass, and safe repress the tides,  
 With fury burns; while careless they convey  
 Promiscuous every guest to every bay.  
 These ears have heard my royal sire disclose  
 A dreadful story big with future woes:  
 How Neptune raged, and how, by his command,  
 Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand  
 A monument of wrath: how mound on mound  
 Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.  
 But this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,  
 As suits the purpose of the eternal will.  
 But say through what waste regions hast thou stray'd,  
 What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd?  
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,  
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?  
 Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,

Why heaved thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?  
 Just are the ways of heaven: from heaven proceed  
 The woes of man; heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed,  
 A theme of future song! Say then if slain  
 Some dear-loved brother press'd the Phrygian plain?  
 Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,  
 And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

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 BOOK IX.
 

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## ARGUMENT.

 THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICON, LOTOPHAGI,  
 AND CYCLOPS.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures. how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From whence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and, lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

THEN thus Ulysses:—'Thou, whom first in sway,  
 As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;  
 How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!  
 The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;  
 The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,  
 A land rejoicing, and a people bless'd!  
 How goodly seems it, ever to employ  
 Man's social days in union and in joy;  
 The plenteous board high-heap'd with cakes divine,  
 And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!

'Amid these joys, why-seeks thy mind to know  
The unhappy series of a wanderer's woe ;  
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,  
Alas ! must open all my wounds anew ?  
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,  
Of woes unnumber'd sent, by heaven and fate ?

'Know first, the man (though now a wretch distress'd)  
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest :  
Behold Ulysses ! no ignoble name,  
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heaven  
my fame.

'My native soil is Ithaca the fair,  
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air :  
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd  
With shady mountains, spread their isles  
around.

(These to the north and night's dark regions  
run,

Those to Aurora and the rising sun.)  
Low lies our isle, yet bless'd in fruitful stores ;  
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her  
shores ;

And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,  
Of all the lands that heaven o'erspreads with  
light !

In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,  
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay ;  
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,  
And added magic, to secure my love.

In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,  
My country's image never was forgot,  
My absent parents rose before my sight,  
And distant lay contentment and delight.

'Hear then the woes, which mighty Jove  
ordain'd

To waft my passage from the Trojan land.  
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,  
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.  
We boldly landed on the hostile place,  
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,  
Their wives made captive, their possessions  
shared,

And every soldier found a like reward.

I then advised to fly ; not so the rest,  
Who staid to revel, and prolong the feast :  
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,  
And howls fly round, and riot wastes the day.  
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retired,  
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fired ;  
With early morn the gather'd country swarms,  
And all the continent is bright with arms ;  
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers  
O'erspread the land, when spring descends  
in showers :

All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,  
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.  
Now fortune changes (so the fates ordain),  
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.  
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,  
Wounded they wound, and man expires on  
man.

Long as the morning sun increasing bright  
O'er heaven's pure azure spread the growing  
light,

Promiscuous death the form of war con-  
founds,

Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds :  
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the  
main,

Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian  
train.

Six brave companions from each ship we lost,  
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.  
With sails outspread we fly the unequal strife,  
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.

Yet as we fled, our fellows' rites we paid,  
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.

'Meanwhile the god, whose hand the  
thunder forms,

Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heaven  
with storms :

Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas  
sweeps,

And night rush'd headlong on the shaded  
deeps.

Now here, now there, the giddy ships are  
borne,

And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.

We furl'd the sail, we plied the labouring oar,  
 Took down our masts, and row'd our ships  
 to shore.  
 Two tedious days and two long nights we  
 lay,  
 O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.  
 But the third morning when Aurora brings,  
 We rear the masts, we spread the canvas  
 wings;  
 Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclined,  
 We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.  
 Then to my native country had I sail'd;  
 But, the cape doubled, adverse winds pre-  
 vail'd.  
 Strong was the tide, which, by the northern  
 blast  
 Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.  
 Nine days our fleet the uncertain tempest  
 bore  
 Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;  
 The tenth we touch'd, by various errors  
 toss'd,  
 The land of Lotos, and the flowery coast.  
 We climb'd the beach, and springs of water  
 found,  
 Thenspread our hasty banquet on the ground.  
 Three men were sent, deputed from the crew,  
 (A herald one) the dubious coast to view,  
 And learn what habitant's possess'd the place.  
 They went, and found a hospitable race;  
 Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,  
 They eat, they drink, and nature gives the  
 feast;  
 The trees around them all their fruit produce;  
 Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice I  
 (Thencecall'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,  
 Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,  
 Nor other home nor other care intends,  
 But quits his house, his country, and his  
 friends:  
 The three we sent, from off the enchanting  
 ground  
 We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:  
 The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,  
 Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.

Now placed in order on their banks, they  
 sweep  
 The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary  
 deep;  
 With heavy hearts we labour through the  
 tide,  
 To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untried  
 'The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,  
 Nor tamed by manners, nor by laws confined:  
 Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;  
 They all their products to free nature owe.  
 The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,  
 With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,  
 Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters  
 pour,  
 And Jove descends in each prolific shower.  
 By these no statutes and no rights are known,  
 No council held, no monarch fills the throne;  
 But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,  
 Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.  
 Each rules his race, his neighbour not his  
 care,  
 Heedless of others, to his own severe.  
 'Opposed to the Cyclopean coast there lay  
 An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;  
 Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a  
 grove,  
 Where savage goats through pathless thickets  
 rove:  
 No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,  
 Or wretched hunters, through the wintry  
 cold,  
 Pursue their flight; but leave them safe to  
 bound  
 From hill to hill o'er all the desert ground.  
 Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,  
 Or feels the labours of the crooked share;  
 But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown  
 It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.  
 For there no vessel with vermilion proue,  
 Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;  
 The rugged race of savages, unskill'd  
 The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,  
 Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;  
 Unlearn'd in all the industrious arts of toil.

Yet here all products and all plants abound,  
 Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;  
 Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,  
 And vines that flourish in eternal green,  
 Refreshing meads along the murmuring  
 main,  
 And fountains streaming down the fruitful  
 plain.

'A port there is, enclosed on either side,  
 Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and un-  
 tied,  
 Till the glad mariners incline to sail,  
 And the sea whitens with the rising gale.  
 High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock,  
 In living rills a gushing fountain broke :  
 Around it, and above, for ever green,  
 The bushing alders form'd a shady scene.  
 Hither some favouring god, beyond our  
 thought,

Through all-surrounding shade our navy  
 brought ;  
 For gloomy night descended on the main,  
 Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the ethereal plain :  
 But all unseen the clouded island lay,  
 And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,  
 Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay.  
 Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,  
 And slept secure along the sandy shore.  
 Soon as again the rosy morning shone,  
 Reveal'd the landscape and the scene un-  
 known ;

With wonder seiz'd we view the pleasing  
 ground,  
 And walk delighted, and expatiate round.  
 Roused by the woodland nymphs, at early  
 dawn,

The mountain goats came bounding o'er the  
 lawn :

In haste our fellows to the ships repair,  
 For arms and weapons of the sylvan war ;  
 Straight in three squadrons all our crew we  
 part,

And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart :  
 The bounteous gods afford a copious prey,  
 And nine fat goats each vessel bears away ;

The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete  
 We thus supplied (for twelve were all the  
 fleet).

'Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the  
 light,

We sat indulging in the genial rite :  
 Nor wines were wanting ; those from ample  
 jars

We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.  
 The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near ;  
 The voice of goats and bleating flocks we  
 hear,  
 And from their mountains rising smokes ap-  
 pear.

Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er  
 The face of things : along the sea-beat shore  
 Satiated we slept : but when the sacred dawn,  
 Arising, glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,  
 I call'd my fellows, and these words ad-  
 dress'd :

"My dear associates, here indulge your rest ;  
 While with my single ship, adventurous, I  
 Go forth, the manners of yon men to try ;  
 Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,  
 Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right ;  
 Or such who harbour pity in their breast,  
 Revere the gods, and succour the distress'd."

'This said, I climb my vessel's lofty side ;  
 My train obey'd me, and the ship untied,  
 In order seated on their banks, they sweep  
 Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yield-  
 ing deep.

When to the nearest verge of land we drew,  
 Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,  
 High, and with darkening laurels cover'd  
 o'er ;

Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round  
 the shore.

Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,  
 Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading  
 oak,

A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains  
 Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,  
 In shelter thick of horrid shade reclined ;  
 And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.

A form enormous ! far unlike the race  
 Of human birth, in stature, or in face ;  
 As some lone mountain's monstrous growth  
 he stood,  
 Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding  
 wood,  
 I left my vessel at the point of land,  
 And close to guard it, gave our crew com-  
 mand :  
 With only twelve, the boldest and the best,  
 I seek the adventure, and forsake the rest.  
 Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious  
 wine,  
 The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line  
 (The priest of Phœbus at the Ismarian  
 shrine).  
 In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood  
 Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood ;  
*Him and his house heaven moved my mind*  
 to save,  
 And costly presents in return he gave ;  
 Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,  
 A silver bowl that held a copious draught,  
 And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,  
 Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine !  
 Which now some ages from his race con-  
 ceal'd,  
 The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd :  
 Such was the wine ; to quench whose fervent  
 steam  
 Scarce twenty measures from the living  
 stream  
 To cool one cup sufficed : the goblet crown'd  
 Breathed aromatic fragrances around.  
 Of this an ample vase we heaved aboard,  
 And brought another with provisions stored.  
 My soul foreboded I should find the bower  
 Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous  
 power ;  
 Some rustic wretch, who lived in heaven's  
 despite,  
 Contemning laws, and trampling on the  
 right.  
 The cave we found, but vacant all within,  
 (His flock the giant tended on the green ;)

But round the grot we gaze ; and all we view,  
 In order ranged, our admiration drew :  
 The bending shelves with loads of cheeses  
 press'd,  
 The folded flocks each separate from the rest  
 (The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,  
 The new-fallen young here bleating for their  
 dams,  
 The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies) :  
 The cavern echoes with responsive cries.  
 Capacious chargers all around were laid,  
 Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.  
 With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store  
 My friends advise me, and to quit the shore ;  
 Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,  
 Consult our safety, and put off to sea.  
 Their wholesome counsel rashly I declined,  
 Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,  
*And try what social rites a savage lends :*  
 Dire rites, alas ! and fatal to my friends !  
 'Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare  
 For his return with sacrifice and prayer.  
 The laden shelves afford us full repast ;  
 We sit expecting. Lo ! he comes at last.  
 Near half a forest on his back he bore,  
 And cast the ponderous burden at the door.  
 It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,  
 And sought the deep recesses of the den.  
 Now driven before him, through the arching  
 rock,  
 Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, the un-  
 number'd flock ;  
 Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,  
 (The males were penn'd in outward courts  
 behind.)  
 Then, heaved on high, a rock's enormous  
 weight  
 To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and closed  
 the gate.  
 (Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact  
 and strong,  
 The massy load could bear, or roll along.)  
 He next betakes him to his evening cares,  
 And, sitting down, to milk his flocks pre-  
 pares ;



Of half their udders cases first the dams,  
Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs.  
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he  
press'd,

And high in wicker-baskets heap'd : the rest,  
Reserved in bowls, supplied the nightly feast.  
His labour done, he fired the pile, that gave  
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.

We stand discover'd by the rising fires ;  
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires :

“What are ye, guests? on what ad-  
venture, say,

Thus far ye wander through the watery way ;  
Pirates, perhaps, who seek through seas un-  
known

The lives of others, and expose your own ?”

‘His voice like thunder through the cavern  
sounds :

My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,  
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man !  
At length, with heart recover'd, I began :

“From Troy's famed fields, sad wanderers  
o'er the main,

Behold the relics of the Greeian train !

Through various seas by various perils toss'd,  
And forced by storms, unwilling, on your  
coast ;

Far from our destined course, and native  
land,

Such was our fate, and such high Jove's  
command !

Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,  
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)

Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to  
bow ;

Victors of late, but humble suppliants now !  
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore ;  
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.

At least some hospitable gift bestow ;

'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe :

'Tis what the gods require : those gods revere,  
The poor and stranger are their constant  
care ;

To Jove their cause and their revenge be-  
longs,

He wanders with them, and he feels their  
wrongs.”

“Fools that ye are ! (the savage thus re-  
plies,

His inward fury blazing at his eyes ;)

Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,

To bid me reverence or regard the gods.

Know then we Cyclops are a race, above

Those air-bred people, and their goat-nursed

Jove :

And learn, our power proceeds with thee and  
thine,

Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.

But answer, the good ship that brought ye  
o'er,

Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the  
shore ?”

‘Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,

(Versed in the turns of various humankind)

And, cautious, thus : “Against a dreadful  
rock,

Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke ;  
Scarce with these few I 'scaped ; of all my  
train,

Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the  
main ;

The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back  
again.”

‘He answer'd with his deed. His bloody  
hand

Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band,  
And dash'd like dogs against the stony  
floor :

The pavement swims with brains and  
mingled gore.

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid  
feast,

And fierce devours it like a mountain beast :  
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he  
drains,

Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.

We see the death from which we cannot  
move,

And humbled groan beneath the hand of  
Jove.

His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,  
 A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;  
 Then stretch'd in length o'er half the  
   cavern'd rock,  
 Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.  
 To seize the time, and with a sudden wound  
 To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,  
 My soul impels me; and in act I stand  
 To draw the sword; but wisdom held my  
   hand.  
 A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate;  
 No mortal forces from the lofty gate  
 Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,  
 And sigh, expecting the return of day.  
 'Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,  
 And shed her sacred light along the skies.  
 He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the  
   dams,  
 And to the mothers' teat submits the lambs.  
 The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,  
 Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.  
 Then, pleased and whistling, drives his  
   flock before,  
 Removes the rocky mountain from the door,  
 And shuts again: with equal ease disposed,  
 As a light quiver's lid is oped and closed.  
 His giant voice the echoing region fills:  
 His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.  
 'Thus left behind, even in the last de-  
   spair,  
 I thought, devised, and Pallas heard my  
   prayer.  
 Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my  
   breast;  
 But this of many counsels seem'd the best:  
 The monster's chub within the cave I spied,  
 A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,  
 Green from the wood; of height and bulk  
   so vast,  
 The largest ship might claim it for a mast.  
 This, shorten'd of its top, I gave my train  
 A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;  
 The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;  
 Whose point we harden'd with the force of  
   fire,

And hid it in the dust that strow'd the cave.  
 Then to my few companions, bold and brave,  
 Proposed, who first the venturous deed should  
   try,  
 In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye  
 To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed  
   wood,  
 When slumber next should tame the man of  
   blood.  
 Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:  
 Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.  
 He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock  
 Before him march, and pour into the rock;  
 Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind:  
 (So fortune chanced, or so some god design'd.)  
 Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy  
   weight,  
 He roll'd it on the cave, and closed the gate.  
 First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,  
 And then permits their udder to the lambs.  
 Next seized two wretches more, and head-  
   long cast,  
 Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.  
 I then approach'd him reeking with their  
   gore,  
 And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:  
 "Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy  
   feast,  
 Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:  
 Know hence what treasures in our ship we  
   lost,  
 And what rich liquors other climates boast.  
 We to thy shore the precious freight shall  
   bear,  
 If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.  
 But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,  
 The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy  
   shore,  
 And never shalt thou taste this nectar more."  
 'He heard, he took, and pouring down  
   his throat,  
 Delighted, swill'd the large luxurions draught.  
 "More! give me more! (he cried) the boon  
   be thine.  
 Whoe'er thou art, that bear'st celestial wine,

Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,  
Such as the unblest'd Cyclopean climes pro-  
duce,

(Though sure our vine the largest cluster  
yields,

And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench  
our fields;)

But this descended from the bless'd abodes,  
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods."

'He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady  
bowl,

Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his  
soul.

His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;

While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume:

"Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,

And plead my title: Noman is my name.

By that distinguish'd from my tender years,

'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers."

'The giant then: "Our promised grace  
receive,

The hospitable boon we mean to give:

When all thy wretched crew have felt my  
power,

Noman shall be the last I will devour."

'He said: then nodding with the fumes of  
wine

Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay  
supine.

His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,

Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames  
the strong!

There belch'd the mingled streams of wine  
and blood,

And human flesh, his indigested food.

Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire

With animating breath the seeds of fire;

Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,

And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.

The stakenow glow'd beneath the burning bed  
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.

Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;

With beating heart my fellows form a ring.

Urged by some present god, they swift let fall

The pointed torment on his visual ball.

Myself above them from a rising ground  
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round  
and round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen  
o'er,

Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to  
bore;

Urged on all hands it nimbly spins about,

The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:

In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;

From the pierced pupil spouts the boiling  
blood;

Singed arc his brows; the scorching lids grow  
black;

The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.

And as when armourers temper in the ford

The keen-edged pole-axe, or the shining  
sword,

The red-hot metal hisses in the lake:

Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.

He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around

Through all their inmost winding caves re-  
sound.

Scared we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,

He tore and dash'd on earth the gory brand:

Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him  
dwell,

With voice like thunder, and a direful yell;

From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,

From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.

All haste, assembled at his well-known roar,

Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.

"What hurts thee, Polyphemus? what  
strange affright

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the  
night?

Does any mortal in the unguarded hour

Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power?

Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?"

Thus they. The Cyclop from his den replies:

"Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the  
hour

Of sleep oppresses me with fraudulent power."

"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine

Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:

To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"  
 The brethren cried, and instant strode away.  
 'Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,  
 Pleased with the effect of conduct and of art.  
 Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,  
 Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round :  
 At last, the stone removing from the gate,  
 With hands extended in the midst he sat ;  
 And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,  
 Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door,  
 (Such as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)  
 But secret I revolved the deep design ;  
 'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought ;  
 Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought ;  
 This way and that I cast, to save my friends,  
 Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.  
 'Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,  
 Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.  
 These three and three, with osier bands we tied,  
 (The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied ;)  
 'The midmost bore a man ; the outward two  
 Screen'd each side : so bound we all the crew.  
 One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock ;  
 In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,  
 And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,  
 There eling implicit, and confide in Jove.  
 When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,  
 He drove to pasture all the lusty males ;  
 The ewes, still folded, with distended thighs  
 Unmilk'd lay bleating in distressful cries.  
 But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,  
 He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,  
 (Fool that he was) and let them safely go,  
 All unsuspecting of their freight below.  
 'The master ram at last approach'd the gate,

Charged with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.  
 Him, while he pass'd, the monster blind be-spoke :  
 "What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?  
 First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,  
 First to the field and river's bank to lead,  
 And first with stately step at evening hour  
 Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.  
 Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow  
 Thou movest, as conscious of thy master's woe !  
 Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain,  
 (The deed of Noman and his wicked train ?)  
 Oh ! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,  
 And would but fate the power of speech afford ;  
 Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here  
 The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear :  
 Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,  
 His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.  
 No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,  
 While such a monster as vile Noman lives."  
 'The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock  
 Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.  
 No sooner freed, and through the enclosure past,  
 First I release myself, my fellows last :  
 Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,  
 And reach our vessel on the winding shore.  
 With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,  
 And hail us living whom us dead they mourn'd.  
 Big tears of transport stand in every eye :  
 I check their fondness, and command to fly.  
 Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,  
 And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.  
 'Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,  
 As far as human voice could reach the ear ;

With taunts the distant giant I accost :  
 "Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!  
 'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,  
 Thou meditatest thy meal in yonder cave;  
 But one, the vengeance fated from above  
 Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.  
 Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,  
 The god, the god revenges by my hands."

'These words the Cyclop's burning rage  
 provoke:  
 From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;  
 High o'er the billows flew the massy load,  
 And near the ship came thundering on the  
 flood.

It almost brush'd the helm and fell before;  
 The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the  
 shore.

The strong concussion on the heaving tide  
 Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:  
 Again I shoved her off; our fate to fly,  
 Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.  
 Just 'scaped impending death, when now  
 again

We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,  
 Once more I raise my voice; my friends,  
 afraid,

With mild entreaties my design dissuade:  
 "What boots the godless giant to provoke,  
 Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?  
 Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,  
 Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.  
 The sounding voice directs his aim again;  
 The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scaped in  
 vain."

'But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,  
 Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear:  
 "Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,  
 Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?  
 Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed, declare,  
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;  
 Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,  
 Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the  
 ground."

'The astonish'd savage with a roar replies:  
 "O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!

This, Telemus Eurymides foretold;  
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew  
 old;

Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,  
 And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air;)   
 Long since he menaced, such was fate's  
 command;

And named Ulysses as the destined hand.  
 I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,  
 Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;  
 Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,  
 Who not by strength subdued me, but by  
 wine.

But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray  
 Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way:  
 For his I am, and I the lineage own:  
 The immortal father no less boasts the son.  
 His power can heal me, and relight my eye;  
 And only his, of all the gods on high."

"Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud re-  
 join'd)

From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody  
 mind,

And send thee howling to the realms of night,  
 As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight!"

'Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,  
 With hands uplifted to the starry skies:  
 "Hear me, O Neptune! thou whose arms  
 are hurl'd

From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.  
 If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,  
 And if the unhappy Cyclop be thy son;  
 Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,  
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.

If to review his country be his fate,  
 Be it through toils and sufferings, long and  
 late:

His lost companions let him first deplore;  
 Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;  
 And when at home from foreign sufferings  
 freed,

More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!"

'With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,  
 And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous  
 prayer.

A larger rock then heaving from the plain,  
He whirl'd it round : it sung across the main ;  
It fell, and brush'd the stern : the billows  
roar,

Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the  
shore.

With all our force we kept aloof to sea,  
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.  
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,  
Who, waiting long, by turns had hoped and  
fear'd.

There disembarking on the green sea-side,  
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide :  
Of these due shares to every sailor fall ;  
The master ram was voted mine by all :  
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)  
With pious mind to heaven I consecrate.

But the great god, whose thunder rends the  
skies,

Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice ;  
And sees me wandering still from coast to  
coast,

And all my vessels, all my people lost !

' While thoughtless we indulge the genial  
rite,

As plenteous eates and flowing bowls invite ;  
Till evening Phoebus roll'd away the light :  
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,  
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east :  
Then from their anchors all our ships un-  
bind,

And mount the decks, and call the willing  
wind ;

Now ranged in order on our banks, we sweep  
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding  
deep ;

Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,  
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.'

## BOOK X.

### ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LÆSTRIGONS,  
AND CIRCE.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Læstrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.

' At length we reach'd Æolin's sea-girt shore,  
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore ;  
A floating isle ! High-raised by toil divine,  
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.  
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur  
bred,

And six fair daughters, graced the royal bed :  
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain  
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their  
reign.

All day they feast, all day the bowls fly round,  
And joy and music through the isle resound :  
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,  
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the  
day.

' This happy port affords our wandering  
fleet

A month's reception, and a safe retreat.  
Full oft the monarch urged me to relate  
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate ;  
Full oft I told : at length for parting moved ;  
The king with mighty gifts my suit approved.  
The adverse winds in leathern bags he braided,  
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each  
struggling blast :

For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd  
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind ;

His word alone the listening storms obey,  
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.  
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,  
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong ;  
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales  
He charged to fill and guide the swelling  
sails :

Rare gift ! but oh, what gift to fools avails ?

'Nine prosperous days we plied the  
labouring oar ;

The tenth presents our welcome native shore :  
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,  
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.  
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,

Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest ;  
Then first my hands did from the rudder  
part,

(So much the love of home possess'd my  
heart)

When lo ! on board a long debate arose ;  
What rare device those vessels might enclose ?  
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought ?  
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his  
thought :

"Say, whence, ye gods, contending  
nations strive

Who most shall please, who most our hero  
give ?

Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan  
spoils ;

Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,  
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours  
mourn,

And only rich in barren fame return.

Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store ;

But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore."

They said : and (oh cursed fate ! ) the thongs  
unbound !

The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round ;  
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,  
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.  
Roused from my fatal sleep, I long debate  
If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate :

Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,  
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave  
way.

'Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid  
plain,

And soon the known Æolian coast regain :  
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the  
main.

We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast  
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd ;  
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend  
Our second progress to my royal friend ;  
And him amidst his jovial sons we found ;  
The banquet steaming, and the goblets  
crown'd ;

There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame  
and awe,

Nor nearer than the gate presumed to draw.  
But soon his sons their well-known guest  
descried,

And starting from their couches loudly cried :  
"Ulysses here ! what demon couldst thou meet  
To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet ?  
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care  
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held  
dear ?"

Thus they ; in silence long my fate I mourn'd,  
At length these words with accent low re-  
turn'd :

"Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft  
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift !  
But grant, O grant our loss we may retrieve :  
A favour you, and you alone can give."

'Thus I with art to move their pity tried,  
And touch'd the youths ; but their stern sire  
replied :

"Vile wretch, be gone ! this instant I com-  
mand

Thy fleet accursed to leave our hallow'd land.  
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,  
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the  
gods."

'Thus fierce he said : we sighing went  
our way,  
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.

<p>The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn, But mourn in vain ; no prospect of return. Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer, The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear, And Læstrigonia's gates arise distinct in air. The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain : But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear, And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care, So near the pastures, and so short the way, His double toils may claim a double pay, And join the labours of the night and day. 'Within a long recess a bay there lies, Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies ; The jutting shores that swell on either side Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide. Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,    '' And bound within the port their crowded fleet : <i>For here retired the sinking billows sleep,</i> And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep. I only in the bay refused to moor, And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore. 'From thence we climbed a point, whose airy brow Commands the prospect of the plains below : No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found, But smoky volumes rolling from the ground. Two with our herald thither we command, With speed to learn what men possess the land. They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road Which to the city drew the mountain wood ; When lo ! they met, beside a crystal spring, The daughter of Antiphates the king ; She to Artacia's silver streams came down, (Artacia's streams alone supply the town ;) The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race The people were ? who monarch of the place ?</p>	<p>With joy the maid the unwary strangers heard, And show'd them where the royal dome ap- pear'd. They went ; but as they entering saw the queen Of size enormous, and terrific mien, (Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height) A sudden horror struck their aching sight. Swift at her call her husband scour'd away To wreak his hunger on the destined prey : One for his food the raging glutton slew, But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew. 'Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies, And fills the city with his hideous cries ; A ghastly band of giants hear the roar, ' And pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore. Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow, And dash the ruins on the ships below : The crackling vessels burst ; hoarse groans arise, And mingled horrors echo to the skies ! The men like fish they stuck upon the flood, And cranm'd their filthy throats with human food. Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh ; And charged my men, as they from fate would fly, Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply. The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize, And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas ; Clear of the rocks the impatient vessel flies ; Whilst in the porch each wretch encumber'd dies. With earnest haste my frightened sailors press, While kindling transports glow'd at our suc- cess ; But the sad fate that did our friends destroy Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.</p>
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'Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,  
 Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day ;  
 Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain :  
 Thus from the sun descended, and the main.  
 (From the same lineage stern Æætes came,  
 The far-famed brother of the enchantress dame,)  
 Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong  
 Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.  
 Some god directing, to this peaceful bay  
 Silent we came, and melancholy lay,  
 Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights  
 roll'd on,  
 And now the third succeeding morning shone.  
 I climb'd a cliff with spear and sword in hand,  
 Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land ;  
 To learn if aught of mortal works appear,  
 Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear.  
 From the high point I mark'd in distant view,  
 A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,  
 And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,  
 Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.  
 'Thither to haste, the region to explore,  
 Was first my thought : but speeding back to shore  
 I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,  
 And send out spies the dubious coast to view.  
 As down the hill I solitary go,  
 Some power divine, who pities human woe,  
 Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,  
 To cool his fervour in the crystal flood ;  
 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,  
 Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.  
 I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound  
 Transpierced his back, and fix'd him to the ground.  
 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries :  
 Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.  
 I drew, and casting on the river-side  
 The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I tied  
 With twining osiers which the bank supplied.

An ell in length the pliant wisp I weaved,  
 And the huge body on my shoulders heaved ;  
 Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,  
 Upbore my load, and press'd the sinking sands  
 With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw  
 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew :  
 'Cheer up, my friends ! it is not yet our fate  
 To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.  
 Food in the desert land, behold ! is given,  
 Live, and enjoy the providence of heaven.'  
 'The joyful crew survey his mighty size,  
 And on the future banquet feast their eyes,  
 As huge in length extended lay the beast ;  
 Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.  
 There till the setting sun roll'd down the light,  
 They sat indulging in the genial rite.  
 When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er  
 The face of things, we slept along the shore.  
 But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,  
 My men I summon'd, and these words address'd :  
 "' Followers and friends ; attend what I propose :  
 Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes !  
 We know not here what land before us lies,  
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,  
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.  
 Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)  
 If any counsel, any hope remain.  
 Alas ! from yonder promontory's brow,  
 I view'd the coast, a region flat and low ;  
 An isle encircled with the boundless flood ;  
 A length of thickets, and entangled wood.  
 Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise,  
 And all around it only seas and skies !"  
 'With broken hearts my sad companions stood,  
 Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,  
 And horrid Læstrigons, the men of blood.  
 Presaging tears apace began to rain ;  
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

In equal parts I straight divide my band,  
 And name a chief each party to command.  
 I led the one, and of the other side  
 Appointed brave Euryloehus the guide.  
 Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,  
 And fortune casts Euryloehus to go :  
 He march'd, with twice eleven in his train :  
 Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.  
 ' The palace in a woody vale they found,  
 High raised of stone ; a shaded space around :  
 Where mountain wolves and brindled lions  
 roam,  
 (By magic tamed) familiar to the dome.  
 With gentle blandishment our men they  
 meet,  
 And wag their tails, and fawning lick their  
 feet.  
 As from some feast a man returning late,  
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,  
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive  
 (Such as the good man ever used to give : )  
 Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near :  
 They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with  
 fear.  
 Now on the threshold of the dome they  
 stood,  
 And heard a voice resounding through the  
 wood :  
 Placed at her loom within, the goddess sung ;  
 ' The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.  
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,  
 Immortal labour I worthy hands divine.  
 ' Polites to the rest the question moved,  
 (A gallant leader, and a man I loved :)  
 ' " What voice celestial, chanting to the  
 loom,  
 Or nymph or goddess, echoes from the room ?  
 Say shall we seek access ! " With that they  
 call ;  
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.  
 ' The goddess, rising, asks her guests to  
 stay,  
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way.  
 Euryloehus alone of all the band,  
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.

On thrones around with downy coverings  
 graced,  
 With semblance fair the unhappy men she  
 placed ;  
 Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,  
 And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines, the  
 treat :  
 But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the  
 bowl,  
 With drugs of force to darken all the soul :  
 Soon in the luscious feast themselves they  
 lost,  
 And drank oblivion of their native coast.  
 Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,  
 To hogs transforms them, and the sty re-  
 ceives.  
 No more was seen the human form divine ;  
 Head, face, and members bristle into swine.  
 Still cursed with sense, their minds remain  
 alone,  
 And their own voice affrights them when  
 they groan.  
 Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows  
 The mast and acorn, brutal food ! and strows  
 The fruits of cornel, as their feast around ;  
 Now prone and grovelling on unsavoury  
 ground.  
 ' Euryloehus with pensive steps and slow,  
 Aghast returns ; the messenger of woe  
 And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,  
 In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,  
 His swelling heart denied the words their  
 way :  
 But speaking tears the want of words supply.  
 And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.  
 Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,  
 We press to hear what sadly he relates.  
 " We went, Ulysses ! (such was thy com-  
 mand)  
 Through the lone thicket, and the desert land.  
 A palace in a woody vale we found  
 Brown with dark forests, and with shades  
 around.  
 A voice celestial echoed from the dome,  
 Or nymph or goddess, chanting to the loom.

Access we sought, nor was access denied :  
 Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:  
 The goddess mild invites the guests to stay:  
 They blindly follow where she leads the way.  
 I only wait behind, of all the train:  
 I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain:  
 The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;  
 And not a man appears to tell their fate."

'I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders  
 flung

The belt in which my weighty falchion hung,  
 (A beamy blade;) then seized the bended bow,  
 And bade him guide the way, resolved to go.  
 He, prostrate falling, with both hands em-  
 brace'd

My knees, and weeping thus his suit ad-  
 dress'd:

"O king beloved of Jove! thy servant  
 spare,

And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!  
 Never, alas! thou never shalt return,  
 Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.  
 With what remains from certain ruin fly,  
 And save the few not fated yet to die."

'I answer'd stern: "Inglorious then re-  
 main,

Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train:  
 Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;  
 The laws of fate compel, and I obey."

'This said, and scornful turning from the  
 shore

My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.  
 Till now approaching nigh the magic bower,  
 Where dwelt the enchantress skill'd in herbs  
 of power;

A form divine forth issued from the wood,  
 (Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)  
 In human semblance. On his bloomy face  
 Youth smiled celestial, with each opening  
 grace.

He seized my hand, and gracious thus began:  
 "Ah, whither roam'st thou? much-enduring  
 man!

O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove  
 The horrid mazes of this magic grove?

Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,  
 All lost their form, and habitants of styes.  
 Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?  
 Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,  
 Fall prone their equal: first thy danger  
 know,

Then take the antidote the gods bestow.

The plant I give through all the direful bower  
 Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.

Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes  
 The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;  
 Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,  
 For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.  
 Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the  
 word,

Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,  
 And menace death: those menaces shall  
 move

Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.  
 Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms;  
 Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:  
 So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,  
 And thy lost friends return to humankind.  
 But swear her first by those dread oaths that  
 tie

The powers below, the blessed in the sky;  
 Lest to thee, naked, secret fraud be meant,  
 Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent."

'Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant  
 he drew,

Where on the all-bearing earth unmark'd it  
 grew,

And show'd its nature and its wondrous  
 power:

Black was the root, but milky-white the  
 flower;

Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,  
 But all is easy to the ethereal kind.

This Hermes gave, then gliding off the glade,  
 Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.

'While full of thought, revolving fates to  
 come,

I speed my passage to the enchanted dome:  
 Arrived, before the lofty gates I stay'd;  
 The lofty gates the goddess wide display'd;

She leads before, and to the feast invites ;  
I follow sadly to the magic rites.  
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat  
Received my limbs ; a footstool eased my feet.

She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul ;  
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.  
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heaven :  
Then waved the wand, and then the word  
was given.

"Hence to thy fellows ! (dreadful she began)  
Go, be a beast !"—I heard, and yet was man.

'Then sudden whirling, like a waving  
flame,

My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.  
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,  
She faints, she falls ; she lifts her weeping  
eyes.

"What art thou ? say ! from whence, from  
whom you came ?

O more than human ! tell thy race, thy name.  
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain !  
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.

Or art thou he, the man to come, (foretold  
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)  
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean  
round ;

The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
Ulysses ? oh ! thy threatening fury cease,  
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands  
in peace ;

Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,  
And love and love-born confidence be thine."

"And how, dread Circe ! (furious I rejoin)  
Can love and love-born confidence be mine,  
Beneath thy charms when my companions  
groan,

Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their  
own ?

O thou of fraudulent heart ! shall I be led  
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed :  
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have  
vent,

And magic bind me, cold and impotent ?  
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied ;

Or swear that oath by which the gods are  
tied,

Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,  
Swear by the vow which never can be vain !"

'The goddess swore : then seized my hand,  
and led

To the sweet transports of the genial bed.  
Ministrant to their queen with busy care  
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites pre-  
pare ;

Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from  
shady woods,

Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.

One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,  
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view :

White linen lay beneath. Another placed

The silver stands with golden flaskets graced :

With dulest beverage thisthe beaker crown'd,

Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around :

That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile

The water pours ; the bubbling waters boil :

An ample vase receives the smoking wave ;

And, in the bath prepared, my limbs I lave :

Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,

And take the painful sense of toil away.

A vest and tunie o'er me next she threw,

Fresh from the bath and dropping balny

dew ;

Then led and placed me on the sovereign  
seat,

With carpets spread ; a footstool at my feet.

The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,

Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs ;

With copious water the bright vase supplies

A silver laver of capacious size.

I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,

They heap the glittering canisters with bread ;

Viands of various kinds allure the taste,

Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast !

Circe in vain invites the feast to share ;

Absent I ponder, and absorb'd in care ;

While scenes of woe rose anxious in my

breast,

The queen beheld me, and these words ad-  
dress'd :

"Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,  
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his  
heart?

Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,  
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.  
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,  
When sworn that oath which never can be  
vain?"

'I answer'd, "Goddess! human is thy  
breast,  
By justice sway'd, by tender pity press'd:  
Ill-fits it me, whose friends are sunk to  
beasts,

To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.  
Me wouldst thou please? for them thy cares  
employ,  
And them to me restore, and me to joy."

'With that, she parted: in her potent hand  
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.  
Then hastening to the styes, set wide the  
door,

Urged forth, and drove the bristly herd be-  
fore;

Unwieldy, out they rush'd, with general cry,  
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.

Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change  
again,

And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.

Those hairs of late that bristled every part,  
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!

Till all the form in full proportion rise,  
More young, more large, more graceful to  
my eyes.

They saw, they knew me, and with eager  
pace

Clung to their master in a long embrace;

Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran  
o'er,

And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:  
Even Circe wept, her adamant heart  
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

"Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)  
O much-enduring, much-experienced man!  
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,  
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:

Then bring thy friends, secure from future  
harms,

And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and  
arms."

'She said. Obedient to her high command  
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand;  
My sad companions on the beach I found,  
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.  
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field  
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet  
yield)

The lowing herds return; around them  
throng

With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd  
young,

Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,

And echoing hills return the tender cry:

So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,

With cries and agonies of wild delight,

The weeping sailors, nor less fierce their joy  
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.

"Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear,

(These tender words on every side I hear)

What other joy can equal thy return?

Not that loved country for whose sight we  
mourn,

The soil that nursed us, and that gave us  
breath:

But, ah! relate our lost companions' death."

'I answer'd cheerful: "Haste, your galley  
moor,

And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:

Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;

Then rise and follow where I lead the way.

Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and  
come

To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome."

'With ready speed the joyful crew obey:

Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.

"Whither (he cried) ah whither will ye run?

Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?

Will you the terrors of the dome explore,

In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,

Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour

In dreadful watch around the magic bower?"

Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed ;  
The leader's rashness made the soldiers  
bled."

'I heard incensed, and first resolved to  
speed

My flying falchion at the rebel's head.

Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,

This hand had stretch'd him breathless on  
the ground ;

But all at once my interposing train

For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.

"Leave here the man who dares his prince  
desert,

Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,

To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred  
shades

Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads."

'This with one voice declared, the rising  
train

Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.

Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,

He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the  
rest.

'Meanwhile the goddess, with indulgent  
cares

And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs ;

The bath, the feast, their fainting soul re-  
news ;

Rleh in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy  
dews :

Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold

Each other's face, and each his story told ;

Then gushing tears the narrative confound,

And with their sobs the vaulted roofs re-  
sound.

When hush'd their passion, thus the goddess  
eries :

"Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise,

Let this short memory of grief suffice.

To me are known the various woes ye bore,

In storms by sea, in perils on the shore ;

Forget whatever was in fortune's power,

And share the pleasures of this genial hour.

Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,

Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.

Exiles and wanderers now, where'er ye go,  
Too faithful memory renews your woe :

The cause renew'd, habitual griefs remain,  
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.'

'Her kind entreaty moved the general  
breast ;

Tired with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.

We plied the banquet and the bowl we  
crown'd,

Till the full circle of the year came round.

But when the seasons, following in their train,

Brought back the months, the days, and  
hours again ;

As from a lethargy at once they rise,

And urge their chief with animating cries.

"Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot ?

And is the name of Ithaca forgot ?

Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,  
Or the loved palace glitter in our eyes ?"

'Melting I heard ; yet till the sun's decline

Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:

But when the shades came on at evening hour,

And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower ;

I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,

The tender moment seized, and thus I said :

"Be mindful, goddess, of thy promise  
made ;

Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd ?

Around their lord my sad companions mourn,  
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to

return :

If but a moment parted from thy eyes,

Their tears flow round me, and my heart  
complies." [I,

"Go then, (she cried) ah go ! yet think, not

Not Circe, but the fates your wish deny.

Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air !

Far other journey first demands thy care ;

To tread the uncomfortable paths beneath,

And view the realms of darkness and of death.

There seek the Theban bard, deprived of  
sight ;

Within, irradiate with prophetic light ;

To whom Persephone, entire and whole,

Gave to retain the unseparated soul :

The rest are forms, of empty ether made ;  
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade."

'Struck at the word, my very heart was  
dead :

Pensive I sat ; my tears bedew'd the bed ;  
To hate the light and life my soul begun,  
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.  
Composed at length, the gushing tears sup-  
press'd,

And my toss'd limbs now wearied into rest,  
"How shall I tread (I cried), ah, Circe! say,  
The dark descent, and who shall guide the  
way?

Can living eyes behold the realms below?  
What bark to waft me, and what wind to  
blow?" [plied]

"Thy fated road, (the magic power re-  
Divine Ulysses I asks no mortal guide.  
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,  
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy  
way.

Soon shalt thou reach old ocean's utmost  
ends,

Where to the main the shelving shore de-  
scends ;

The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,  
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:  
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,  
And enter there the kingdoms void of day :  
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents rushing  
down,

Hiss in the flaming gulf of Aehron ;  
And where, slow rolling from the Stygian bed,  
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread :

Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal  
lake,

And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.  
First draw thy falchion, and on every side  
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide ;  
To all the shades around libations pour,  
And o'er the ingredient strew the hallow'd  
flour :

New wine and milk, with honey temper'd,  
bring,

And living water from the crystal spring.

Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts im-  
plore,

With promised offerings on thy native shore:  
A barren cow the stateliest of the isle,  
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing  
pile :

These to the rest ; but to the secret must bleed  
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.

These solemn vows and holy offerings paid  
To all the phantom-nations of the dead ;  
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place  
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their  
face :

But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw,  
And back to ocean glance with reverent awe.  
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades  
Thin airy shoals of visionary shades.

Then give command the sacrifice to haste,  
Let the flay'd victims in the flame be cast,  
And sacred vows and mystic song applied  
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

Wide o'er the pool thy falchion waved around  
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:  
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,  
Till awful from the shades arise the secret.

Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,  
The turns of all thy future fate display,  
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy  
day."

'So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone  
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.  
The goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd  
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.  
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array  
The nymph that added lustre to the day :  
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold ;  
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.  
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew ;  
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.  
"Rise, rise, my mates ! 'tis Circe gives com-  
mand :

Our journey calls us ; haste, and quit the  
land."

All rise and follow, yet depart not all,  
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

'A youth there was, Elpenor was he named,  
Not much for sense, nor much for courage  
famed;

The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,  
Born but to banquet and to drain the bowl.  
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height  
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:  
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,  
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;  
Full headlong from the roof the sleeper fell,  
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and waked in  
hell.

'The rest crowd round me with an eager  
look;

I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:  
"Already, friends! ye think your toils are  
o'er,

Your hopes already touch your native shore:  
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,  
Far other journey first demands our cares;  
To tread the uncomfortable paths beneath,  
The dreary realms of darkness and of death;  
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,  
And thence our fortunes and our fates to  
know."

'My sad companions heard in deep despair;  
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;  
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;  
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.  
Sadly they fared along the sea-beat shore;  
Still heaved their hearts, and still their eyes  
ran o'er.

The ready victims at our bark we found,  
The sable ewe, and ram, together bound:  
For swift as thought the goddess had been  
there,

And thence had glided, viewless as the air:  
The paths of gods what mortal can survey?  
Who eyes their motion, who shall trace their  
way?

## BOOK XI.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

Ulysses continues his narration—How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Ixion, Sisyphus, Hercules: till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

'Now to the shores we bend, a mournful  
train,  
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the  
main:

At once the mast we rear, at once unhind  
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:  
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares  
oppress'd,

And solemn horror saddens every breast.  
A freshening breeze the magic power  
supplied,

While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;  
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling  
sails

Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.

'Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,  
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:  
When, lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost  
bounds,

Where rocks control his waves with ever-  
during mounds.

'There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,  
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;  
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,  
When radiant he advances or retreats:



Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,  
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round  
in shades.

'The ship we moor on these obscure  
abodes;

Dishark the sheep, an offering to the gods;  
And hell-ward hending, o'er the heath desery  
The dolesome passage to the infernal sky.  
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean power,  
Eurylochus and Perimedes bare.

'Here open'd hell, all hell I here implored,  
And from the scabbard drew the shining  
sword;

And trenching the black earth on every side,  
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.  
New wine with honey-temper'd milk we  
bring,

Then living waters from the crystal spring;  
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,  
And on the surface shone the holy store.

'Now the wan shades we hail, the infernal  
gods,

To speed our course, and waft us o'er the  
floods;

So shall a barren heifer from the stall  
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;

So in our palace, at our safe return,  
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall  
burn;

So shall a ram the largest of the breed,  
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

'Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid  
To all the phantom nations of the dead.

Then died the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,  
And all the caverns smoked with streaming  
blood.

When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,  
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;

Fair pensive youths, and soft enamour'd  
maids;

And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled  
shades;

Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors  
slain

Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:

These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er  
the ground,

And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.

Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,

And a cold fear ran shivering through my  
blood:

Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,

Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are  
cast,

And mitter'd vows, and mystic song, applied  
To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.

'Now swift I waved my falchion o'er the  
blood;

Back started the pale throngs, and trembling  
stood.

Round the black trench the gore untasted  
flows,

Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

'There, wandering through the gloom, I  
first survey'd,

New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade:  
His cold remains all naked to the sky,

On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.

Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,

And ere I spoke the tears began to flow.

'O say what angry power Elpenor led

To glide in shades, and wander with the  
dead?

How could thy soul, by realms and seas dis-  
join'd,

Outfly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging  
wind?"

'The ghost replied: "To hell my doom I  
owe,

Demons accursed, dire ministers of woe!

My feet, through wine unfaithful to their  
weight,

Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height:

Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,

Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to  
hell.

But lend me aid, I now conjure thee, lend,

By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!

By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!

By loved Telemachus's blooming years!

Forwell I know that soon the heavenly powers  
Will give thee back to day and Circe's shores:  
There pious on my cold remains attend,  
There call to mind thy poor departed friend;  
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,  
And the possession of a peaceful grave.  
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,  
Revere the gods, the gods avenge the dead!  
A tomb along the watery margin raise,  
The tomb with manly arms and trophies

grace,  
To show posterity Elpenor was.  
There high in air, memorial of my name,  
Fix the smooth ear, and bid me live to fame."

"To whom with tears: "These rites, O  
mournful shade!

Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid."

"Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to  
moan,

Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded  
groan.

But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,  
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty  
sounds.

"There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,  
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:  
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;  
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!  
Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,  
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow.  
Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,  
Regardless of her son the parent stood.

"When lo! the mighty Theban I behold:  
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold:  
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!  
And from his holy lips these accents broke:

"Why, mortal, wander'st thou from cheer-  
ful day,

To tread the downward melancholy way?  
What angry gods to these dark regions led  
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?

But sheathe thy poniard, while my tongue  
relates

Heaven's steadfast purpose, and thy future  
fates."

"While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,  
And in the scabbard plunged the glittering  
blade.

Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd  
Dark things to come, the counsels of his  
breast.

"Weary of light, Ulysses here explores  
A prosperous voyage to his native shores:  
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose  
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of  
woes;

I see! I see thy bark by Neptune toss'd,  
For injured Cyclops, and his eye-ball lost!  
Yet to thy woes the gods decree an end.

If heaven thou please; and how to please—  
attend!

Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,  
Grazed numerous herds along the verdant  
shores;

Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous  
prey,

The herds are sacred to the god of day,  
Who all surveys with his extensive eye,  
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky!

Rob not the god, and so propitious gales  
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;

But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves  
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!

The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!  
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!

Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours  
end,

New foes arise, domestic ills attend!  
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,

And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.  
But vengeance hastes apace! These eyes

behold  
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!

That done, a people far from sea explore,  
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows

roar,  
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,  
A painted wonder flying on the main!

Bear on thy back an oar: with strange amaze  
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,

And names a van: there fix it on the plain,  
To calm the god that holds the watery reign;  
A threefold offering to his altar bring,  
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hallow the ocean-  
king.

But home return'd, to each ethereal power  
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:  
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,  
And steal thyself from life by slow decays:  
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,  
When late stern Neptune points the shaft  
"with death,

To the dark grave retiring as to rest,  
Thy people blessing, by thy people bless'd!  
"Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;  
This is thy life to come, and this is fate."

'To whom unmoved: "If this the gods  
prepare,

What heaven ordains, the wise with courage  
bear.

But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,  
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?

Why to the ground she lends her downcast  
eye?

Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?  
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal."

"Nor this (replies the seer) will I con-  
ceal.

Know; to the spectres that thy beverage  
taste,

The scenes of life recur, and actions pass'd;  
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;  
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly."

'The phantom-prophet ceased, and sunk  
from sight

To the black palace of eternal night.

'Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,  
When near Anticlea moved, and drank the  
blood.

Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,  
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:

"Comest thou, my son, alive, to realms be-  
neath,

The dolesome realms of darkness and of  
death?

Comest thou alive from pure ethereal day?  
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!  
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose  
their waves,

There the wide sea with all his billows raves!  
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her  
towers)

Comest thou a wanderer from the Phrygian  
shores?

Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,  
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?"

"Sourer of my life, (I cried) from earth I  
fly

To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,  
To learn my doom; for, toss'd from woe to  
woe,

In every land Ulysses finds a foe:  
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,  
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her  
towers.

"But when thy soul from her sweet man-  
sion fled,

Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?  
Has life's fair lamp declined by slow decays,  
Or swift expired it in a sudden blaze?

Say, if my sire, good old Laertes, lives?

If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?

Say, by his rule is my dominion awed,

Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?

Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust,  
Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just?

Or if no more her absent lord she wails,  
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?"

'Thus I: and thus the parent-shade re-  
turns:

"Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:  
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,  
Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails:  
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;

In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,  
And shares the banquet in superior state,  
Graced with such honours as become the  
great.

Thy sire in solitude foment his care:  
The court is joyless, for thou art not there!

No costly carpets raise his hoary head,  
No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed;  
Even when keen winter freezes in the skies,  
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch  
lies,  
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress  
The garb of woe and habit of distress.  
And when the autumn takes his annual  
round,

The leafy honours scattering on the ground;  
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,  
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.  
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,  
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

"For thee, my son, I wept my life away:  
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons  
stray:

Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,  
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;  
No dire disease bereaved me of my breath;  
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and  
death;

Unkindly with my love my son conspired,  
For thee I lived, for absent thee expired."

"Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to  
bind,

Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like  
empty wind,

Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.  
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide  
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs replied:

"Fly'st thou, loved shade, while I thus  
fondly mourn?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!  
Is it, ye powers that smile at human harms,  
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?  
Or has hell's queen an empty image sent,  
That wretched I might even my joys lament?"

"O son of woe! (the pensive shade re-  
join'd)

O most inured to grief of all mankind!  
'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives:  
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;  
No more the substance of the man remains,  
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:

These the funereal flames in atoms bear,  
To wander with the wind in empty air;  
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,  
Like a vain dream, to these infernal skies.  
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,  
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;  
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,  
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell."

'Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's  
empress brings

Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;  
Thick, and more thick, they gather round  
the blood,

Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly)  
stood!

Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,  
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;  
Then shade to shade in mutual form succeeds,  
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

'Tyro began: whom great Salmoëus  
bred;

The royal partner of famed Cretheus' bed.  
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns  
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns;  
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton  
pride,

And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,  
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves;  
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,  
The amorous god descends into her arms;  
Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,  
And high in air the liquid mountain rose;  
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he  
proves

The pleasing transport, and completes his  
loves.

Then softly sighing, he the fair address'd,  
And as he spoke her tender hand he press'd:

"Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births  
are owed

To the prolific raptures of a god.

Lo! when nine times the moon renews her  
horn,

Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;

Thy early care the future worthies claim,  
To point them to the arduous paths of fame ;  
But in thy breast the important truth conceal,  
Nor dare the secret of a god reveal :

For know, thou Neptune view'st I and at my  
nod

Earth trembles, and the waves confess their  
god."

'He added not, but mounting spurn'd the  
plain,

Then plunged into the chambers of the main.

'Now in the time's full process forth she  
brings

Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings ;  
O'er proud Ioleos Pelias stretch'd his reign,  
And godlike Neleus ruled the Pylian plain :  
Then fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed  
She gallant Pheres and famed Æson bred :  
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,  
Pleased with the din of war, and noble shout  
of foes.

'There moved Antiope with haughty  
charms,

Who bless'd the almighty thunderer in her  
arms :

Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus  
came,

Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name ;  
'Though bold in open field, they yet surround  
'The town with walls, and mound inject on  
mound ;

Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high  
in air,

And here through seven wide portals rush'd  
the war.

'There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,  
Who bore Alcides to the thundering god ;  
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,  
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

'Sullen and sour with discontented mien  
Jocasta frown'd, the incestuous Theban  
queen ;

With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,  
Though father's blood imbrued his murder-  
ous hands :

The gods and men the dire offence detest.  
The gods with all their furies rend his breast  
In lofty Thebes he wore the imperial crown  
A pompous wretch, accursed upon a throne  
The wife self-murder'd from a beam de-  
pends,

And her foul soul to blackest hell descends ;  
'Thence to her son the choicest plague she  
brings,'

And the fiends haunt him with a thousand  
stings.

'And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,  
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy !

With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her  
arms,

Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms ;  
Great in Orehomenos, in Pylos great,

He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.

Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,

Sage Nestor, Periclymenus the bold,

And Chromius last ; but of the softer race,

One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn,

The sire denies, and kings rejected mourn.

To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,

Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian  
fields

The herds of Iphichus, detain'd in wrong ;

Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong !

This dares a seer, but nought the seer pre-  
vails,

In beauty's cause illustriously he fails ;

Twelve moons the foe the captive youth  
detains

In painful dungeons and coercive chains ;

The foe at last, from durance where he lay,

His art revering, gave him back to day ;

Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil

The steadfast purpose of the almighty will.

'With graceful port advancing now I  
spied

Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride :

Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with fu-  
rious sway

The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray :

<p>And Castor glorious on the embattled plain Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein : By turns they visit this ethereal sky, And live alternate, and alternate die ! In hell beneath, on earth, in heaven above, Reign the twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.</p> <p>'There Iphimedia trod the gloomy plain, Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main ; Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung, More fierce than giants, more than giants strong : The earth o'erburden'd groan'd beneath their weight, None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height : The wondrous youths had scarce nine winters told, When high in air, tremendous to behold, Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head, And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread. Proud of their strength, and more than mor- tal size, The gods they challenge, and affect the skies ; Heaved on Olympus tottering Ossa stood ; On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood : Such were thy youths ! had they to manhood grown, Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne. But ere the harvest of the beard began To bristle on the chin, and promise mnn, His shafts Apollo aim'd ; at once they sound, And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.</p> <p>'There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves, Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves ; And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow, Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe ; The royal Minos Ariadne bred, She Theseus loved ; from Crete with Theseus fled ;</p>	<p>Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies, And towards his Athens bears the lovely prize ; There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires, The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph ex- pires.</p> <p>'There Clymenè and Mæra I behold ; There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold. But should I all recount, the night would fail, Unequal to the melancholy tale ; And all-composing rest my nature craves, Here in the court, or yonder on the waves : In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers, To land Ulysses on his native shores.'</p> <p>He ceased ; but left so charming on their ear His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.</p> <p>Till rising up, Aretè silence broke, Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke :</p> <p>'What wondrous man heaven sends us in our guest ! Through all his woes the hero shines con- fess'd ; His comely port, his ample frame express, A manly air, majestic in distress. He, as my guest, is my peculiar care ; You share the pleasure,—then in bounty share ; To worth in misery, a reverence pay, And with a generous hand reward his stay ; For since kind heaven with wealth our realm has bless'd, Give it to heaven, by aiding the distress'd.'</p> <p>Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow, Mature in wisdom rose : 'Your words (he cries) Demand obedience, for your words are wise ; But let our king direct the glorious way To generous acts ; our part is to obey.'</p>
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'While life informs these limbs, (the king replied)  
 Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd :  
 But here this night the royal guest detain,  
 Till the sun flames along the ethereal plain :  
 Be it my task to send with ample stores  
 The stranger from our hospitable shores :  
 Tread you my steps ! 'Tis mine to lead the  
     race,  
 The first in glory, as the first in place.'  
 To whom the prince : 'This night with  
     joy I stay,  
 O monarch great in virtue as in sway !  
 If thou the circling year my stay control,  
 To raise a bounty noble as thy soul ;  
 The circling year I wait, with ampler stores  
 And fitter pomp to hail my native shores :  
 'Then by my realms due homage would be  
     paid ;  
 For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd !'  
 'O king ! for such thou art, and sure thy  
     blood  
 Through veins (he cried) of royal fathers  
     flow'd ;  
 Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,  
 Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive ;  
 Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,  
 Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.  
 Thy words like music every breast control,  
 Steal through the ear, and win upon the  
     soul ;  
 Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,  
 Nor better could the muse record thy woes.  
 'But say, upon the dark and dismal coast  
 Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host ?  
 The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,  
 Fell before Troy, and nobly press'd the plain ?  
 And lo ! a length of night behind remains,  
 The evening stars still mount the ethereal  
     plains.  
 Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,  
 Thy woes on earth, the wondrous scenes in  
     hell,  
 Till in the vault of heaven the stars decay,  
 And the sky reddens with the rising day.'

'O worthy of the power the gods assign'd  
 (Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind !  
 Since yet the early hour of night allows  
 Time for discourse, and time for soft repose  
 If scenes of misery can entertain,  
 Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.  
 Prepare to hear of murder and of blood ;  
 Of godlike heroes who uninjured stood  
 Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,  
 Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.  
 'Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black  
     hall  
 The heroine shades ; they vanish'd at her call.  
 'When lo ! advanced the forms of heroes  
     slain  
 By stern Ægysthus, a majestic train,  
 And high above the rest, Atrides press'd the  
     plain.  
 He quaff'd the gore ; and straight his soldier  
     knew,  
 And from his eyes pour'd down the tender  
     dew ;  
 His arms he stretch'd ; his arms the touch  
     deceive,  
 Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give :  
 His substance vanish'd and his strength de-  
     cay'd,  
 Now all Atrides is an empty shade.  
 'Moved at the sight, I for a space resign'd  
 To soft affliction all my manly mind ;  
 At last with tears — "Oh, what relentless  
     doom,  
 Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb ?  
 Say, while the sea, and while the tempest  
     raves,  
 Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves :  
 Or nobly seized thee in the dire alarms  
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?"  
 'The ghost returns : "O chief of human-  
     kind  
 For active courage and a patient mind ;  
 Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,  
 Has fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves :  
 Nor nobly seized me in the dire alarms  
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.'

Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atreides died,  
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride ;  
Even in my mirth, and at the friendly feast,  
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his  
guest ;

Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls  
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.  
But not with me the direful murder ends,  
These, these expired ! their crime, they were  
my friends :

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord  
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.  
When war has thunder'd with its loudest  
storms,

Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms ;  
In duel met her on the listed ground,  
When hand to hand they wound return for  
wound ;

But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd  
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.  
Even in the flow of joy, when now the bowl  
Glow's in our veins and opens every soul,<sup>11</sup>  
We groan, we faint ; with blood the dome is  
dyed,

And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful  
tide—

Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,  
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies !  
Then though pale death froze cold in every  
vein,

My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain ;  
Nor did my traitoress wife these eyelids close,  
Or decently in death my limbs compose.

O woman, woman ! when to ill thy mind  
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend :  
And such was mine ! who basely plunged  
her sword

Through the fond bosom where she reign'd  
adored !

Alas ! I hoped, the toils of war o'ercome,  
To meet soft quiet and repose at home :  
Delusive hope ! O wife, thy deeds disgrace  
The perjured sex, and blacken all the race ;  
And should posterity one virtuous find,  
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind."

"O injured shade, (I cried) what mighty  
woes

To thy imperial race from woman rose !  
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful  
strand,

And Greece by woman lies a desert land."

"Warn'd by my ills beware, (the shade  
replies)

Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise ;  
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,  
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.  
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,  
For thee she feels sincerity of woe.

When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian  
arms,

She shone unrivall'd with a blaze of charms,  
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom press'd,  
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast ;

But now the years a numerous train have ran ;  
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man ;

Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,  
The sire shall bless his son, the son his sire ;

But my Orestes never met these eyes,  
Without one look the murder'd father dies ;

Then from a wretched friend this wisdom  
learn,

Even to thy queen disguised, unknown, re-  
turn ;

For since of womankind so few are just,  
Think all are false, nor even the faithful trust.

"But say, resides my son in royal port,  
In rich Orehomenos, or Sparta's court ?  
Or say, in Pyle ? for yet he views the light,  
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of  
night."

"Then I : "Thy suit is vain, nor can I say  
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day ;  
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies :  
Truth I revere ; for wisdom never lies."

"Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,  
And adds new horror to the realms of woe ;  
Till side by side along the dreary coast  
Advanced Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,  
A friendly pair ! near these the Pylian stray'd,  
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade !



War was his joy, and pleased with loud alarms,

None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.

'Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,

And as he speaks the tears descend in dew :

"Comest thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,

Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds ;  
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,  
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead ?"

'To whom with sighs : "I pass these dreadful gates

To seek the Theban, and consult the fates :  
For still distress'd I rove from coast to coast,  
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.  
But sure the eye of time beholds no name  
So bless'd as thine in all the rolls of fame ;  
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,  
And, dead, thou rulest a king in these abodes."

"Talk not of ruling, in this dolorous gloom,  
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom.

Rather I'd choose laborously to bear  
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,

Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.  
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,  
And emulates his godlike father's deeds ?  
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,  
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows ?  
Say if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns  
Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains ;  
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,  
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands ?  
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,  
And death release me from the silent urn !  
This arm that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,

And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,

Should vindicate my injured father's fame,  
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim."

"Illustrious shade ! (I cried) of Peleus' fates

No circumstance the voice of fame relates :  
But hear with pleased attention the renown,  
The wars and wisdom, of thy gallant son ;  
With me from Seyros to the field of fame  
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.

When Greece assembled all her hundred states

To ripen counsels, and decide debates ;  
Heavens ! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,

And won the heart with manly eloquence !  
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,  
The third in wisdom, where they all were wise ;

But when, to try the fortune of the day,  
Host moved toward host in terrible array,  
Before the van impatient for the fight,  
With martial port he strode, and stern delight ;

Heaps strew'd on heaps beneath his falchion groan'd,  
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.

The time would fail should I in order tell  
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell ;

How, lost through love, Eurypylos was slain,  
And round him bled his bold Cetaean train.  
To Troy no hero came of nobler line,  
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

"When Ilion in the horse received her doom,

And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb ;  
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,  
'Twas mine on Troy to pour the imprison'd war :

Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,  
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear ;

Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,  
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood ;

Intignant in the dark recess he stands,  
Pants for the battle, and the war demands ;  
His voice breathed death, and with a martial  
air

He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitter-  
ing spear.

And when the gods our arms with conquest  
crown'd,

When Troy's proud bulwarks smoked upon  
the ground,

Greece, to reward her soldier's gallant toils,  
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd  
spoils.

" Thus great in glory, from the din of war  
Safe he return'd without one hostile scar ;  
Though spears in iron tempest rain'd around,  
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a  
wound."

' While yet I spoke, the shade with trans-  
port glow'd,

Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod ;  
With haughty stalk he sought the distant  
glades

Of warrior-kings, and join'd the illustrious  
shades.

' Now without number ghost by ghost arose,  
All wailing with unutterable woes.

Alone, apart, in discontented mood,  
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood ;

For ever sad, with proud disdain he pined,  
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind ;

Though to the contest Thetis gave the laws,  
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.

Oh why was I victorious in the strife !

Oh dear-bought honour with so brave a life !  
With him the strength of war, the soldiers'  
pride,

Our second hope to great Achilles, died !  
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce  
refrain,

And tender sorrow thrills in every vein ;  
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost

With accents mild the inexorable ghost :  
" Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls  
resent

Even after death? Relent, great shade, re-  
lent !

Perish those arms which by the gods' decree  
Accursed our army with the loss of thee !

With thee we fell ; Greece wept thy hapless  
fates ;

And shook astonish'd through her hundred  
states ;

Not more, when great Achilles press'd the  
ground,

And breathed his manly spirit through the  
wound.

O deem thy fall not owed to man's decree,  
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in  
thee !

Turn then, O peaceful ! turn, thy wrath  
control,

And calm the raging tempest of thy soul."

' While yet I speak, the shade disdains to  
stay,

In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

' Touch'd at his sour retreat, through  
deepest night,

Through hell's black bounds I had pursued  
his flight,

And forced the stubborn spectre to reply ;  
But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.

High on a throne, tremendous to behold,  
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold ;

Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand  
Through the wide doom of Dis, a trembling  
band.

Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

' There huge Ordon, of portentous size,  
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunter flies ;

A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway  
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey ;

Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon  
fell,

Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of  
hell.

' There Tityus large and long, in fetters  
bound,

O'erspread nine acres of infernal ground ;

Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,  
 Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,  
 Incessant gore the liver in his breast,  
 The immortal liver grows, and gives the im-  
 mortal feast :

For as o'er Panope's enamell'd plains  
 Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,  
 With haughty love the audacious monster  
 strove  
 To force the godless, and to rival Jove.  
 'There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds  
 Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell  
 resounds) ;  
 Even in the circling floods refreshment craves,  
 And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves :  
 When to the water he his lip applies,  
 Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.  
 Above, beneath, around his hapless head,  
 Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread ;  
 There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,  
 Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,  
 There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,  
 And yellow apples ripen into gold ;  
 The fruit he strives to seize : but blasts arise,  
 Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.  
 'I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd  
 A mournful vision ! the Sisyphian shade.  
 With many a weary step, and many a groan,  
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round  
 stone ;  
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,  
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along  
 the ground.  
 Again the restless orb his toil renews,  
 Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends  
 in dews.  
 'Now I the strength of Hercules behold,  
 A towering spectre of gigantic mould,  
 A shadowy form ! for high in heaven's abodes  
 Himself resides, a god among the gods ;  
 There in the bright assemblies of the skies,  
 He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.  
 Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade  
 surround,  
 And clasp their pinions with terrific sound ;

Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw  
 The aerial arrow from the twanging bow.  
 Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,  
 Where woodland monsters grin in freited  
 gold :  
 There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,  
 The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar ;  
 There war and havoc and destruction stood,  
 And vengeful murder red with human blood.  
 Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,  
 Inimitably wrought with skill divine.  
 The mighty ghost advanced with awful look,  
 And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke :  
 "O exercised in grief ! by arts refined !  
 Otaught to bear the wrongs of base mankind !  
 Such, such was I ! still toss'd from care to  
 care,  
 While in your world I drew the vital air !  
 Even I who from the Lord of thunders rose,  
 Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes ;  
 To a base monarch still a slave confined,  
 (The hardest bondage to a generous mind !)  
 Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,  
 And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper  
 day ;  
 Even hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid  
 Of Maia's offspring and the martial maid."  
 'Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,  
 But turning stalk'd with giant-strides away.  
 'Curious to view the kings of ancient days,  
 The mighty dead that live in endless praise,  
 Resolved I stand ; and haply had survey'd  
 The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade ;  
 But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,  
 With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,  
 They scream, they shriek ; sad groans and  
 dismal sounds  
 Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost  
 bounds.  
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,  
 And my cold blood hangs shivering in my  
 veins ;  
 Lest Gorgon rising from the infernal lakes,  
 With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing  
 snakes,

Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,  
A stony image, in eternal night !  
Straight from the direful coast to purer air,  
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.  
My mates ascend the ship ; they strike their  
oars ;

The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores ;  
Swift o'er the waves we fly ; the freshening  
gales

Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the  
swelling sails.'

## BOOK XII.

### ARGUMENT

#### THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

He relates, how, after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the strait of Scylla and Charybdis : the manner in which he escaped those dangers : how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the sun ; the vengeance that followed : how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.

'THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,  
Till from the waves the Ææan hills arise.  
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bowers,  
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours ;  
Here Phœbus, rising in the ethereal way,  
Through heaven's bright portals pours the  
beamy day.

At once we fix our halsters on the land,  
At once descend, and press the desert sand ;  
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in  
sleep,

To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.

'Soon as the morn restored the day, we  
paid

Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.

Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,  
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.  
Around we stand, a melancholy train,  
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.  
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes  
spread,

The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,  
Fast by the roarings of the main we place ;

The rising tomb a lofty column bore,

And high above it rose the tapering oar.

'Meantime the goddess our return survey'd  
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous  
shade.

Swift she descends : a train of nymphs divine  
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine.

In act to speak, the power of magic stands,  
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands :

""O sons of woe ! decreed by adverse fates  
Alive to pass through hell's eternal gates !  
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread ;  
More wretched you, twice number'd with the  
dead !

This day adjourn your cares : exalt your souls,  
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling  
bowls ;

And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,  
Spread your broad sails, and plough the  
liquid way :

Lo ! I this night, your faithful guide, explain  
Your woes by land, your dangers on the  
main."

'The goddess spoke ; in feasts we waste  
the day,

Till Phœbus downward plunged his burning  
ray ;

Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest  
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.

Then, curious, she commands me to relate  
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state ;  
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,

The wondrous visions, and the laws of hell.

'Then thus : "The lot of man the gods  
dispose ;

These ills are past ; now hear thy future woes.

O prince, attend ; some favouring power be kind,  
And print the important story on thy mind !  
    " Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough  
    the seas ;  
Their song is death, and makes destruction  
please.

Unbless'd the man, whom music wins to stay  
Nigh the cursed shore, and listen to the lay ;  
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,  
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife !  
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around  
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground ;  
The ground polluted floats with human gore,  
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.  
Fly swift the dangerous coast ; let every ear  
Be stopp'd against the song : 'tis death to  
hear !

Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,  
Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound.  
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,  
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to  
band.

    " These seas o'erpass'd, be wise ! but I  
    refrain  
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main :  
New horrors rise ! let prudence be thy guide,  
And guard thy various passage through the  
tide.

    " High o'er the main two rocks exalt their  
    brow,  
The boiling billows thundering roll below ;  
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders  
move,  
Hence named Erratic by the gods above.  
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,  
That bears ambrosia to the ethereal king,  
Shuns the dire rocks : in vain she cuts the  
skies,  
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she  
flies.  
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes  
play,  
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate  
way ;

O'erwhelm'd it sinks : while round a smoke  
expires,  
And the waves flashing seem to burn with  
fires.

Scarce the famed Argo pass'd these raging  
floods,  
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods !  
Even she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride  
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the  
tide.

    " High in the air the rock its summit  
    shrouds

In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds ;  
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,  
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.  
When all the broad expansion, bright with  
day,

Glow with the autumnal or the summer ray,  
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,  
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds re-  
main.

Impervious to the step of man it stands,  
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd  
with twenty hands ;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise  
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.  
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,  
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade :  
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,  
Sent with full force, could reach the depth  
below.

Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,  
And the dire passage down to hell descends.  
O fly the dreadful sight ! expand thy sails,  
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble  
gales :

Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,  
Tremendous pest ! abhorr'd by man and  
gods !

Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar  
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.  
Twelve feet, deform'd and foul, the fiend  
dispreads ;

Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific  
heads ;

Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth ;

Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death ;  
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide ;  
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.

When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,

The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food ;  
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,  
And all the monsters of the watery way ;  
The swiftest racer of the azure plain

Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain ;

Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,

At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

"Close by, a rock of less enormous height  
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait ;

Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,  
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies ;  
Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign

'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main ;

Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,  
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.

Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves  
When seas retreating roar within her caves,  
Ye perish all ! though he who rules the main  
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.

Ah shun the horrid gulf ! by Scylla fly,  
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die."

'I then : "O nymph propitious to my prayer,  
Goddess divine, my guardian power, declare,  
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed ?

Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed ?"

'Then she : "O worn by toils, O broke in fight,

Still are new toils and war thy dire delight ?  
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,  
And never, never be to heaven resign'd ?

How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong !  
Deathless the pest ! impenetrably strong !  
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold !  
Even with a look she withers all the bold !  
She mocks the weak attempts of human might :

O fly her rage ! thy conquest is thy flight.  
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,  
Again the fury vindicates her prey,  
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.

From her foul womb Crataeis gave to air  
This dreadful pest ! To her direct thy prayer,  
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,  
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.

Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,

Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day !

Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains,

Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains ;

The wondrous kind a length of age survey,  
By breed increase not, nor by death decay.

Two sister goddesses possess the plain,  
The constant guardians of the woolly train ;  
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,

From Phœbus and the bright Naxos sprung :  
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers

And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.

Rob not the god ! and so propitious gales  
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails ;

But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,  
The gods, the gods avenge it, and ye die !

'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)  
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast."

'She ceased : and now arose the morning ray ;

Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.

Then to my mates I measured back the plain,  
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the  
main;

Then bending to the stroke, their oars they  
drew

To their broad breasts, and swift the galley  
flew.

Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening  
gales

The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling  
sails:

We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;  
The vessel light along the level glides.

When rising sad and slow, with pensive look  
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

"O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,  
Attend while I what heaven foredooms dis-  
close:

Hear all! fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies  
To live, or perish; to be safe, be wise!

"In flowery meads the sportive Sirens  
play,

Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;  
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,  
The gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.  
Hear and obey; if freedom I demand,  
Be every fetter strain'd, be added band to  
band."

'While yet I speak the winged galley flies,  
And lo! the Siren shores like minis arise.  
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,  
And waves below, at once forgot to move!  
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd  
the deep,

Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the  
waves to sleep.

Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply;  
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.  
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,  
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments  
roll'd;

The ærial region now grew warm with day,  
The wax dissolved beneath the burning ray;  
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,  
And from excess of frenzy lock'd the brain.

Now round the mast my mates the fetters  
roll'd,

And bound me limb by limb, with fold on  
fold.

Then bending to the stroke, the active train  
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the  
main.

'While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,  
Our swift approach the Siren quire deseries;  
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,  
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

"O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!  
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!  
Bless'd is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,  
The song instructs the soul, and charms the  
ear.

Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!  
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the  
wise!

We know whate'er the kings of mighty name  
Achieved at Ilion in the field of fame;

Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey  
lies.

O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!"

'Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the  
main:

My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly  
strain;

I give the sign, and struggle to be free:  
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the seal  
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,  
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:  
Then scudding swiftly from the dangerous  
ground,

The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains un-  
bound.

'Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;  
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows  
roll'd!

Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing  
flood;

All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!  
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful  
wave, [brave;

Fear seized the mighty, and unnerved the

Each dropp'd his oar : but swift from man to man  
 With look serene I turn'd, and thus began :  
 " O friends ! O often tried in adverse storms !  
 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms !  
 Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,  
 Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.  
 Learn courage hence ! and in my care confide :  
 Lo ! still the same Ulysses is your guide !  
 Attend my words ! your oars incessant ply ;  
 Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.  
 If from yon justling rocks and wavy war  
 Jove safety grants, he grants it to your care.  
 And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,  
 Pilot, attentive listen and obey ;  
 Bear wide thy course, nor plough those  
     angry waves  
 Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean  
     raves :  
 Steer by the higher rock ; lest whirl'd around  
 We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd."  
 ' While yet I speak, at once their oars they  
     seize,  
 Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working  
     seas.  
 Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress'd ;  
 That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest  
     breast.  
 ' Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,  
 All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine ;  
 High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,  
 Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand ;  
 Prepared to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,  
 Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.  
 Around the dungeon, studious to behold  
 The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd ;  
 In vain ! the dismal dungeon, dark as night,  
 Veils the dire monster, and confounds the  
     sight.  
 ' Now through the rocks, appall'd with  
     deep dismay,  
 We bend our course, and stem the desperate  
     way ;  
 Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,  
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.

When the tide rushes from her rumbling  
     caves  
 The rough rock roars ; tumultuous boil the  
     waves :  
 They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,  
 Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze ;  
 Eternal mists obscure the aerial plain,  
 And high above the rock she spouts the main !  
 When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,  
 She drains the ocean with the reflux tides.  
 The rock rebellows with a thundering sound ;  
 Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the  
     ground.  
 ' Struck with despair, with trembling hearts  
     we view'd  
 The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling  
     flood ;  
 When lo ! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her  
     prey,  
 Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men  
     away ;  
 Chiefs of renown ! loud echoing shrieks arise ;  
 I turn and view them quivering in the skies ;  
 They call, and aid with outstretch'd arms  
     implore :  
 In vain they call ! those arms are stretch'd  
     no more.  
 As from some rock that overhangs the flood,  
 The silent fisher casts the insidious food,  
 With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,  
 And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies :  
 So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,  
 So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky ;  
 In the wide dungeon she devours her food,  
 And the flesh trembles while she churns the  
     blood.  
 Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd ;  
 Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd !  
 My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow :  
 Aghast I stood, a monument of woe !  
 ' Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,  
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies ;  
 To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,  
 And now the glittering mountains rise to  
     view.



There, sacred to the radiant god of day,  
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous  
stray ;

Then suddenly was heard along the main  
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train !  
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound  
convey'd

The words of Circe and the Theban shade ;  
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to  
shun,

With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun :  
"O friends! O ever exercised in care!  
Hear heaven's commands, and reverence  
what ye hear!

To fly these shores the prescient Theban  
shade

And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd!  
Some mighty woe relentless heaven forebodes:  
Fly these dire regions, and revere the gods!"

'While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran  
Through every breast, and spread from man  
to man,

Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began :

"O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd  
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!  
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to  
woes;

And, cruel, enviest thou a short repose?  
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,  
The sun descending, and so near the shore?  
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,  
And doubles all the terrors of the main.

Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,  
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies ;  
Oh should the fierce south-west his rage dis-  
play,

And toss with rising storms the watery way,  
Though gods descend from heaven's aerial  
plain

To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain :  
Then while the night displays her awful  
shade,

Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!  
Haste ye to land! and when the morning  
ray

Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destined  
way.'

'A sudden joy in every bosom rose ;  
So will'd some demon, minister of woes!  
'To whom with grief: "O swift to be  
undone,

Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.  
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear ;  
Attest the heavens, and call the gods to hear :  
Content, an innocent repast display,

By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey."  
'Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,

With hands uplifted they attest the skies ;  
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,  
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day :  
They feed ; they quaff ; and now (their  
hunger fled)

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn  
the dead.

Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares  
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

'Now far the night advanced her gloomy  
reign,

And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain :  
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds  
rise,

And clouds and double darkness veil the skies ;  
The moon, the stars, the bright ethereal host,  
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost ;  
The furious tempest roars with dreadful  
sound :

Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the  
ground.

All night it raged ; when morning rose, to  
land [strand,

We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the  
Where, in a beauteous grotto's cool recess  
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring  
seas.

'There, while the wild winds whistled o'er  
the main,

Thus careful I address'd the listening train :

"O friends, be wise! nor dare the flocks  
destroy

Of these fair pastures :—if ye touch, ye die.

Warn'd by the high command of heaven,  
 be awed ;  
 Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god !  
 That god who spreads the radiant beams of  
 light,  
 And views wide earth, and heaven's unmea-  
 sured height."  
 'And now the moon had run her monthly  
 round,  
 The south-east blustering with a dreadful  
 sound ;  
 Unhurt the bees, untouch'd the woolly  
 train,  
 Low through the grove, or range the flowery  
 plain :  
 Then fail'd our food ; then fish we make  
 our prey,  
 Or fowl that screaming haunt the watery way.  
 Till now from sea or flood no succour found,  
 Famine and meagre want besieged us round.  
 Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,  
 From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade ;  
 There o'er my hands the living wave I pour ;  
 And heaven and heaven's immortal thrones  
 adore,  
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,  
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again.  
 Then o'er my eyes the god soft slumber shed,  
 While thus Eurylochus, arising, said :  
 "'O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals  
 lead  
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread ;  
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay  
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.  
 Why cease ye then to implore the powers  
 above,  
 And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove ?  
 Why seize ye not yon bees, and fleecy  
 prey ?  
 Arise unanimous ; arise and slay !  
 And if the gods ordain a safe return,  
 To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.  
 But should the powers that o'er mankind  
 preside,  
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,

Better to rush at once to shades below,  
 Than linger life away, and nourish woe !"  
 'Thus he : the bees around securely  
 stray,  
 When swift to ruin they invade the prey ;  
 They seize, they kill !—but for the rite divine,  
 The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.  
 Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride ;  
 And verdant leaves the flowery cake supplied.  
 'With prayer they now address the ethereal  
 train,  
 Slay the selected bees, and slay the slain ;  
 The thighs, with fat involved, divide with art,  
 Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.  
 Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,  
 And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.  
 The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails  
 dress'd,  
 They roast the fragments, and prepare the  
 feast.  
 "'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled  
 brain ;  
 Back to the bark I speed along the main.  
 When lo ! an odour from the feast exhales,  
 Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted  
 gales ;  
 A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,  
 And thus, obtesting heaven, I mourn'd aloud :  
 "'O sire of men and gods, immortal Jove !  
 O all ye blissful powers that reign above !  
 Why were my cares beguiled in short repose ?  
 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes !  
 A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,  
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heaven in  
 arms !"  
 'Meantime Lampetie mounts the aerial  
 way,  
 And kindles into rage the god of day :  
 "'Vengeance, ye powers (he cries), and  
 thou whose hand  
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the withen  
 brand !  
 Slain are those herds which I with pride  
 survey, [the day,  
 When through the ports of heaven I pour

Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.  
Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forego,  
And bear the lamp of heaven to shades  
below."

'To whom the thundering power: "O  
source of day!

Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,  
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright  
portals rise,

The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;  
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,  
To dash the offenders in the whelming tide."

'To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,  
Hermes convey'd these counsels of the gods.

'Meantime from man to man my tongue  
exclaims,

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.  
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,  
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

'Now heaven gave signs of wrath; along  
the ground

Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing  
sound

Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails  
groan'd.

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ  
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy:  
The seventh arose, and now the sire of gods  
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the  
tossing floods;

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious  
sails

Loosed from the yards invite the impelling  
gales.

Past sight of shore along the surge we bound,  
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!  
When lo! a murky cloud the thunderer forms  
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven  
with storms.

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out  
flies

The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.  
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast  
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the  
mast:

The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,  
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;  
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,  
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the  
main.

Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,  
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,  
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapp'd in  
flames;

Full on the bark it fell: now high, now low,  
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the  
blow;

At once into the main the crew it shook:  
Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering  
smoke.

Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink,  
they rise,

Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dread-  
ful cries;

And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.  
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the  
main

Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides  
in twain;

Again impetuous drove the furious blast,  
Snapp'd the strong helm, and bore to sea the  
mast.

Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,  
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,  
Through tumbling billows, and a war of  
wind.

'Now sunk the west, and now a southern  
breeze,

More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the  
seas;

For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,  
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering  
waves.

All night I drove; and, at the dawn of day,  
Fast by the rocks beheld the desperate way:  
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,  
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,  
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,  
The lofty fig-tree seized, and clung around;

So to the beam the bāt tenacious clings,  
And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.

High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,  
And o'er the dungeon east a dreadful shade;  
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,  
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.  
What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar  
To take repast, and stills the wordy war,  
Charybdis, rumbling from her inmost caves,  
The mast refunded on her reflux waves.  
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,  
Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;  
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,  
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.

Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:  
So Jove decreed (dread sire of men and gods).  
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,  
Heaved by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.

Weary and wet the Ogygian shores I gain,  
When the tenth sun descended to the main.  
There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers  
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguiled the hours.

'My following fates to thee, O king, are known,  
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.  
Enough; in misery can words avail?  
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?'

### BOOK XIII.

#### ARGUMENT.

##### THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune

changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceased; but left so pleasing on their ear  
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.

A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:  
The grateful conference then the king resumes:

'Whatever toils the great Ulysses pass'd,  
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;  
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,  
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.

But hear me, princes! whom these walls inclose,  
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows  
With wine unmix'd (an honour due to age,  
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage.)

Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest

Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;  
Without new treasures let him not remove,  
Large, and expressive of the public love:  
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,  
A general tribute, which the state shall owe.'

This sentence pleased: then all their steps address'd

To separate mansions, and retired to rest.

Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,  
And shed her sacred light along the skies.  
Down to the haven and the ships in haste  
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.

The king himself the vases ranged with care:  
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.

A victim ox beneath the sacred hand  
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.

To Jove the eternal, (power above all powers I  
Who wings the winds, and darkens heaven  
with showers,)

The flames ascend : till evening they prolong  
The rites, more sacred made by heavenly  
song :

For in the midst, with public honours graced,  
Thy lyre divine, Demodocus ! was placed.  
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight :  
He sat, and eyed the sun, and wish'd the  
night ;

Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to  
roll,

His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.  
As the tired ploughman spent with stubborn  
toil,

Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,  
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,  
When home, with feeble knees, he bends his  
way

To late repast (the day's hard labour done :)  
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.

Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest  
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus ad-  
dress'd :

'O thou, the first in merit and command !  
And you the peers and princes of the land !  
May every joy be yours ! nor this the least,  
When due libation shall have crown'd the  
feast,

Safe to my home to send your happy guest.  
Complete are now the bounties you have  
given :

Be all those bounties but confirm'd by  
heaven !

So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,  
My consort blameless, and my friends in  
peace.

On you be every bliss ; and every day,  
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away ;  
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending  
race,

May every god enrich with every grace !  
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,  
And public evil never touch the land !'

His words well weigh'd, the general voice  
approved

Benign, and instant his dismissal moved.

The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,  
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine.

'Great Jove the father, first (he cried) im-  
plore ;

Then send the stranger to his native shore.'

The luscious wine the obedient herald  
brought ;

Around the mansion flow'd the purple  
draught :

Each from his seat to each immortal pours,  
Whom glory circles in the Olympian bowers.

Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,  
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands ;

Then thus : 'O queen, farewell ! be still  
possess'd

Of dear remembrance, blessing still and  
bless'd !

Till age and death shall gently call thee  
hence :

(Sure fate of every mortal excellence !)

Farewell ! and joys successive ever spring  
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king !'

Thus he ; then parting prints the sandy  
shore

To the fair port : a herald march'd before,  
Sent by Alcinous : of Arete's train

Three chosen maids attend him to the main ;  
This does a tunic and white vest convey,

A various casket that, of rich inlay,

And bread and wine the third. The cheerful  
mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates :

Upon the deck, soft painted robes they  
spread,

With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.

He climb'd the lofty stern ; then gently  
press'd

The swelling couch, and lay composed to  
rest.

Now placed in order, the Phæacian train  
Their cables loose, and launch into the  
main :

At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,  
 And leave the sinking hills, and lessening shores ;  
 While on the deck the chief in silence lies,  
 And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.  
 As fiery coursers in the rapid race,  
 Urged by fierce drivers through the dusty space,  
 Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain ;  
 So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.  
 Back to the stern the parted billows flow,  
 And the black ocean foams and roars below.  
 Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies ;  
 Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies :  
 Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,  
 A man in wisdom equal to a god !  
 Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,  
 In storms by sea, and combats on the shore ;  
 All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,  
 Wrapp'd in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.  
 But when the morning star with early ray  
 Flamed in the front of heaven, and promised day ;  
 Like distant clouds the mariner descries,  
 Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.  
 Far from the town a spacious port appears,  
 Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears :  
 Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,  
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain ;  
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,  
 And ships secure without their halcers ride.  
 High at the head a branching olive grows,  
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.  
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess  
 Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas ;  
 Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,  
 And massy beams in native marble shone ;

On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,  
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.  
 Within the cave, the clustering bees attend  
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.  
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide ;  
 Two marble doors unfold on either side ;  
 Sacred the south, by which the gods descend,  
 But mortals enter at the northern end.  
 Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,  
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand ;)  
 Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,  
 And gently placed him on the rocky shore.  
 His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid  
 In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,  
 Secure from theft : then launch'd the bark again,  
 Resum'd their oars, and measured back the main.  
 Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme  
 The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.  
 Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood ;  
 And sought the secret counsels of the god.  
 ' Shall then no more, O sire of gods ! be mine  
 The rights and honours of a power divine ?  
 Scorn'd even by man, and (oh severe disgrace)  
 By soft Phæaciens, my degenerate race !  
 Against you destined head in vain I swore,  
 And menaced vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore ;  
 To reach his natal shore was thy decree ;  
 Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee ?  
 Behold him landed, careless and asleep,  
 From all the eluded dangers of the deep !  
 Lo, where he lies, amidst a shining store  
 Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore ;  
 And bears triumphant to his native isle  
 A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.  
 To whom the father of the immortal powers,  
 Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth  
 with showers :

'Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?  
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless  
main I

Revered and awful even in heaven's abodes,  
Ancient and great ! a god above the gods !  
If that low race offend thy power divine,  
(Weak, daring creatures ! ) is not vengeance  
thine ?

Go, then, the guilty at thy will chastise.'

He said : the shaker of the earth replies :

'This then I doom ; to fix the gallant ship  
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep :

To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,  
No more unlicensed thus to brave the main.  
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,  
If such thy will.—' We will it, (Jove replies)  
Even when with transport blackening all the  
strand,

The swarming people hail their ship to land,  
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone :

Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone ;

The trembling crowds shall see the sudden  
shade

Of whelming mountain overhang their head !'

With that, the god whose earthquakes  
rock the ground,

Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,

The winged pinnacle shot along the sea,

The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,

And roots her down an everlasting rock.

Aglast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;

All press to speak, all question with their eyes.

What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain !

And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main !

Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine :

Till great Alcinous, rising, own'd the sign.

'Behold the long-predestined day ! (he  
cries)

O certain faith of ancient prophecies !

These ears have heard my royal sire disclose

A dreadful story, big with future woes ;

How, moved with wrath that careless we  
convey

Promiscuous every guest to every bay,

Stern Neptune raged ; and how by his com-  
mand

Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand,  
(A monument of wrath ;) and mound on  
mound

Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the  
ground.

'The fates have follow'd as declared the  
seer.

Be humbled, nations ! and your monarch hear:  
No more unlicensed brave the deeps, no  
more

With every stranger pass from shore to shore ;

On angry Neptune now for mercy call :

To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.

So may the god reverse his purposed will,

Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.'

The monarch spoke : they trembled and  
obey'd,

Forth on the sands the victim oxen led :

The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,

And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.

The king of ocean all the tribes implore ;

The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,

Released from sleep, and round him might  
survey

The solitary shore, and rolling sea.

Yet had his mind through tedious absence  
lost

The dear remembrance of his native coast ;

Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,

Diffused around a veil of thicken'd air :

For so the gods ordain'd to keep unseen

His royal person from his friends and queen ;

Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford

An ample vengeance to their injured lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,

Another port appear'd, another shore,

And long-continued ways, and winding  
floods,

And unknown mountains, crown'd with un-  
known woods.

Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,

The king arose, and beat his careful breast ;

Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,  
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:  
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,  
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

'Ye gods! (he cried) upon what barren coast,

In what new region is Ulysses tost?  
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?  
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?  
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?  
And whither, whither, its sad owner fly?  
Ah why did I Alcinous' grace implore?  
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?  
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,  
And safe restored me to my native land.  
Is this the promised, long-expected coast,  
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?

Oh righteous gods! of all the great, how few  
Are just to heaven, and to their promise true?  
But he, the power to whose all-seeing eyes  
The deeds of men appear without disguise,  
'Tis his alone to avenge the wrongs I bear:  
For still the oppress'd are his peculiar care.  
To count these presents, and from thence to prove

Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove.'

Then on the sands he ranged his wealthy store,

The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:

All these he found, but still, in error lost,  
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,  
Sighs for his country, and laments again  
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.

When lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,  
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;  
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,  
Who seem'd descended from some princely line;

A graceful robe her slender body dress'd,  
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,  
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,  
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.

To whom the king: 'Whoe'er of human race

Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!  
With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend,  
To thee my treasures and myself commend.  
O tell a wretch in evile doon'd to stray,  
What air I breathe, what country I survey?  
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,  
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?'

'From what fair clime (said she) remote from fame

Arrivest thou here, a stranger to our name?  
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown  
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,  
Nor those that placed beneath his utmost reign

Behold him sinking in the western main.  
The rugged soil allows no level space  
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;  
Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,  
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:  
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,  
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:  
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove

The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:  
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,  
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.  
Even to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,  
Where Troy's majestic ruins strew the ground.'

At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,

His panting heart exulted in his breast;  
Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,  
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,  
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,  
His ready tale the inventive hero told.

'Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name;

For 'twas from Crete, my native soil, I came;  
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,

And left my children and my friends behind.



From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,  
Whose son, the swift Orsiloclus, I slew :  
(With brutal force he seized my Trojan prey,  
Due to the toils of many a bloody day.)  
Unseen I 'scaped ; and favour'd by the night  
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,  
For Pyle or Elis bound : but tempests toss'd,  
And raging billows drove us on your coast.  
In 'dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,  
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.  
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,  
While in the embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,  
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,  
They land my goods, and hoist their flying  
sails.

Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,  
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.'

Thus while he spoke, the blue-eyed maid  
began  
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man :  
Then changed her form ; and now, divinely  
bright,  
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to  
sight :

Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,  
Skill'd in the illustrious labours of the loom.

'O still the same Ulysses ! (she rejoin'd)  
In useful craft successfully refined !  
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind !  
Sufficed it not, that, thy long labours pass'd,  
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last ?  
But this to me ? who, like thyself, excel  
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well ;  
To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,  
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.  
Know'st thou not me ? who made thy life  
my care,

Through ten years' wandering, and through  
ten years' war ;

Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,  
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid ;  
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,  
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,  
And tell what more thou must from fate  
expect :

Domestic woes far heavier to be borne !  
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.  
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state ;  
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,  
And bear unmoved the wrongs of base man-  
kind,

The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.'

' Goddess of Wisdom ! (Ithacus replies)  
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,  
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise !  
When the bold Argives led their warring  
powers

Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,  
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid !  
Graced with thy sight, and favour'd with thy  
aid.

But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,  
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery  
way ;

Our fleet dispersed, and driven from coast to  
coast,

Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost :  
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,  
And heard thy counsels on Phœacia's shore.  
But, by the almighty author of thy race,  
Tell me, O tell, is this my native place ?  
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea  
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca ;  
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,  
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.'

Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus  
replies :

' How prone to doubt, how cautious are the  
wise !

Who, versed in fortune, fear the flattering  
show

And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.  
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,  
And guard the wisdom which herself in-  
spires.

Others, long absent from their native place,  
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager  
pace

To their wives' arms, and children's dear  
embrace.

Not thus Ulysses : he decrees to prove  
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected  
love ;

Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving  
years,

And wastes the days in grief, the nights in  
tears.

But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)  
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy  
coast :

Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,  
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?  
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore  
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.  
Behold the port of Phorcys ! fenced around  
With rocky mountains, and with olives  
crown'd.

Behold the gloomy grot ! whose cool recess  
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas :  
Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign  
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen  
slain.

Behold ! where Neritus the clouds divides,  
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.'

So spake the goddess, and the prospect  
clear'd,

The mists dispersed, and all the coast ap-  
pear'd.

The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,  
And on his knees salutes his mother earth :  
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,  
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his prayer:

"All hail ! ye virgin daughters of the  
main !

Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again !  
To you once more your own Ulysses bows ;  
Attend his transports, and receive his vows !  
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown  
The growing virtues of my youthful son,  
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,  
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.'

Then thus Minerva : ' From that anxious  
breast

Dismiss those cares, and leave to heaven the  
rest.

Our task be now thy treasured stores to save,  
Deep in the close recesses of the cave :  
Then future means consult"—she spoke, and  
trod

The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god.  
The closest caverns of the grot she sought ;  
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought ;  
These in the secret gloom the chief disposed,  
The entrance with a rock the goddess closed.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,  
Confer the hero and the martial maid.  
The goddess of the azure eyes began :—  
' Son of Laertes ! much-experienced man !  
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,  
Of that luxurious race to rid the land :  
Three years thy house their lawless rule has  
seen,

And proud addresses to the matchless queen.  
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,  
And inly bleeds and silent wastes away :  
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives  
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes de-  
ceives.'

To this Ulysses : ' O celestial maid !  
Praised be thy counsel, and thy timely aid :  
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,  
Like great Atreides just restored and slain.  
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,  
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.  
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,  
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built  
walls in fire.

Though leagued against me hundred heroes  
stand,

Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.'

She answer'd : ' In the dreadful day of  
fight

Know, I am with thee, strong in all my  
might.

If thou but equal to thyself be found,  
What gasping numbers then shall press the  
ground !

What human victims stain the feastful floor !  
How wide the pavements float with guilty  
gore !

It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,  
And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.  
For this, my hand shall wither every grace,  
And every elegance of form and face,  
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles  
spread,

'Turn hear the auburn honours of thy head,  
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,  
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;  
Add all the wants and the decays of life,  
Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy  
wife;

From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,  
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

'Go first the master of thy herds to find,  
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:  
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir  
And chaste Penelope, extends his care.  
At the Coracian rock he now resides,  
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;  
The sable water and the copious mast  
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!  
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,  
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall  
tell.

Me into other realms my cares convey,  
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:  
For know, to Sparta thy loved offspring came,  
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of fame.'

At this the father, with a father's care:  
'Must he too suffer, he, O goddess! bear  
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share?  
Through the wild ocean plough the danger-  
ous way,

And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?  
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd  
mind!

Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?'

To whom Minerva: 'Be thy soul at rest;  
And know, whatever heaven ordains, is best.  
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown:  
To other regions is his virtue known.  
Secure he sits, near great Atrides placed;  
With friendships strengthen'd, and with hon-  
ours grac'd.

But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;  
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:  
In vain I far sooner all the murderous brood  
'This injured land shall fatten with their blood.'

She spake, then touch'd him with her  
powerful wand;

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:  
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;  
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;  
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shined  
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the  
mind.

His robe, which spots indelible besmear,  
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:  
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;  
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;  
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,  
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.  
So look'd the chief, so mov'd! to mortal eyes  
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!  
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,  
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

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## BOOK XIV.

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### ARGUMENT.

#### THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

BUT he, deep musing, o'er the mountains  
stray'd

Through mazy thickets of the woodland  
shade,

And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along.  
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.

Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,  
A faithful servant, and without a fault.  
Ulysses found him busied, as he sat  
Before the threshold of his rustic gate ;  
Around the mansion in a circle shone  
A rural portico of rugged stone :  
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil  
His own industrious hands had raised the pile)  
The wall was stone from neighbouring quar-  
ries borne,

Encircled with a fence of native thorn,  
And strong with pales, by many a weary  
stroke  
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak ;  
Frequent and thick. Within the space were  
rear'd

Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.  
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd ;  
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd ;  
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,  
A stock by daily luxury decreased ;  
Now scarce four hundred left. These to de-  
fend,

Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.  
Here sat Eumæus, and his cares applied  
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.  
Of four assistants who his labour share,  
Three now were absent on the rural care ;  
The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train :  
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,  
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,  
And wearied heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,  
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew :  
Down sat the sage ; and cautious to with-  
stand,

Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.  
Sudden the master runs ; aloud he calls ;  
And from his hasty hand the leather falls ;  
With showers of stones he drives them far  
away ;

The scattering dogs around at distance bay.

' Unhappy stranger ! (thus the faithful  
swain

Began with accents gracious and humane)

What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate  
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate ?  
Enough of woes already have I known ;  
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.  
While here (ungrateful task ! ) his herds I feed,  
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed :  
Perhaps, supported at another's board,  
Far from his country roams my hapless lord ;  
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,  
Now cover'd with the eternal shade of death !

' But enter this my homely roof, and see  
Our woods not void of hospitality :  
Then tell me whence thou art ? and what the  
share  
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to  
bear ?'

He said ; and seconding the kind request,  
With friendly step precedes his unknown  
guest ;

A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,  
And with fresh rushes heaped an ample bed.  
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find  
So just reception from a heart so kind :  
' And oh, ye gods ! with all your blessings  
grace

(He thus broke forth) this friend of human  
meat !'

The swain replied : ' It never was our guise  
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise ;  
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,  
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the  
poor.

Little, alas ! is all the good I can ;  
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man :  
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,  
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords !  
Far hence is by unequal gods removed  
That man of bounties, loving and beloved !  
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is owed,  
And more, had fate allow'd, had been be-  
stow'd :

But fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore ;  
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.  
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd :  
Ah, perish Helen ! perish all her kind !

For whose cursed cause, in Agamemnon's name,  
 He trod so fatally the paths of fame.  
 His vest succinet then girding round his waist,  
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,  
 Straight to the lodgments of his herd he run,  
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun ;  
 Of two, his eutlass launch'd the spouting blood ;  
 These quarter'd, singed, and fix'd on forks  
 'of wood,  
 All hasty on the hissing coals he threw ;  
 And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,  
 Broachers and all ; then on the board display'd  
 The ready meal, before Ulysses laid,  
 With flour imbrown'd ; next mingled wine yet new,  
 And luscious as the bee's nectareous dew :  
 Then sat companion of the friendly feast,  
 With open look ; and thus bespoke his guest :  
 'Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,  
 Such food as falls to simple servants' share ;  
 The best our lords consume ; those thoughtless peers,  
 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears !  
 Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,  
 And honour justice and the righteous breast.  
 Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,  
 The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,  
 To whom offending men are made a prey,  
 When Jove in vengeance gives a land away ;  
 Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,  
 Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast ;  
 Some voice of God close whispering from within,  
 " Wretch ! this is villany, and this is sin."  
 But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,  
 That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.  
 Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs  
 Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise :

Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,  
 Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.  
 None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign  
 O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main,  
 Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway  
 The wide-extended continents obey :  
 First on the main land, of Ulysses' breed  
 Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed ;  
 As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd ;  
 As many lodgments for the tusked herd ;  
 Those foreign keepers guard : and here are seen  
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green ;  
 To native pastors is their charge assign'd ;  
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind :  
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,  
 All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd.  
 Thus he, benevolent : his unknown guest  
 With hunger keen devours the savoury feast ;  
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.  
 Silent and thoughtful while the board he eyed,  
 Eumæus pours on high the purple tide ;  
 The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,  
 And thus the kind inviting host address'd :  
 'Say now, what man is he, the man deplored,  
 So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord ?  
 Late with such affluence and possessions bless'd,  
 And now in honour's glorious bed at rest.  
 Whoever was the warrior, he must be  
 To fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me ;  
 Who (so the gods and so the fates ordain'd)  
 Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.'  
 'Small is the faith the prince and queen ascribe  
 (Replied Eumæus) to the wandering tribe :  
 For needy strangers still to flattery fly,  
 And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.

Each vagrant traveller that touches here,  
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,  
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,  
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.  
Such thou may'st be. But he whose name  
you crave

Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,  
Or food for fish, or dogs, his relics lie,  
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.  
So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)  
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.  
So mild a master never shall I find :  
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,  
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.  
Not with such transport would my eyes run  
o'er,

Again to hail them in their native shore,  
As loved Ulysses once more to embrace,  
Restored and breathing in his natal place.  
That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,  
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear :  
In my respect, he bears a prince's part ;  
And lives a very brother in my heart.'

Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus  
rejoin'd

The master of his grief, the man of patient  
mind :

'Ulysses, friend ! shall view his old abodes,  
Distrustful as thou art, nor doubt the gods.  
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,  
And what I speak attesting heaven has heard.  
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed ;  
Till his return no title shall I plead,  
Though certain be my news, and great my  
need.

Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,  
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

'Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove !  
And every god inspiring social love !  
And witness every household power that  
waits

Guard of these fires, and angel of these  
gates !

Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,  
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey ;

In blood and dust each proud oppressor  
mourn,

And the lost glories of his house return.'

'Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever  
more

Shall loved Ulysses hail this happy shore  
(Replied Eumæus) : to the present hour  
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our  
power.

From sad reflection let my soul repose ;  
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.  
But guard him, gods ! and to these arms  
restore !

Not his true consort can desire him more ;

Not old Laertes, broken with despair ;

Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.

Alas, Telemachus ! my sorrows flow

Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe !

Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,  
He grew, he flourish'd, and he bless'd the  
land ;

In all the youth his father's image shined,  
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind,  
What man, or god, deceived his better sense,  
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence ?

To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,  
To seek his father's fate, and find his own !

For traitors wait his way, with dire design

To end at once the great Aresian line.

But let us leave him to their wills above ;

The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.

And now, my venerable guest, declare

Your name, your parents, and your native air :

Sincere, from whence begun your course re-  
late,

And to what ship I owe the friendly freight.'

Thus he : and thus, with prompt invention  
bold,

The cautious chief his ready story told :

'On dark reserve what better can prevail,

Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,

Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful  
place

Confer, and wines and cates the table grace ;

But most the kind inviters' cheerful face ?

Thus might we sit, with social goblet crown'd,  
Till the whole circle of the year goes round ;  
Not the whole circle of the year would close  
My long narration of a life of woes.  
But such was heaven's high will ! Know  
then, I came  
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame,  
Castor Hylacides, (that name he bore)  
Beloved and honour'd in his native shore ;  
Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.  
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought em-  
brace,  
I shared his kindness with his lawful race ;  
But when that fate, which all must undergo,  
From earth removed him to the shades below,  
The large domain his greedy sons divide,  
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.  
Little, alas ! was left my wretched share,  
Except a house, a covert from the air :  
But what by niggard fortune was denied,  
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.  
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind  
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind ;  
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)  
Now wasting years my former strength con-  
found,  
And added woes have bow'd me to the  
ground ;  
Yet by the rubble you may guess the grain,  
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.  
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,  
And the fair ranks of battle to deform ;  
Me, Mars inspired to turn the foe to flight,  
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.  
Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,  
I saw him not ; it was not mine to fear.  
Before the rest I raised my ready steel ;  
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.  
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,  
The rural labour, or domestic care.  
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,  
And send swift arrows from the bounding  
string,  
Were arts the gods made grateful to my  
mind :

Those gods who turn (to various ends de-  
sign'd)  
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.  
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,  
Nine times commander on hy land or main,  
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,  
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :  
Thence charged with riches, as increased in  
fame,  
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.  
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,  
Which roused all Greece, and made the  
mighty bleed,  
Our states myself and Idomen employ  
To lead their fleets and carry death to Troy.  
Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw Ilion fall ;  
Homeward we sail'd, but heaven dispersed  
us all.  
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;  
So will'd the god who gives and takes away.  
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready  
stores,  
Intent to voyage to the Egyptian shores ;  
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train  
Six days consumed ; the seventh we plough'd  
the main.  
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ;  
Before the Boreas blast the vessels fly :  
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way ;  
The steersman governs, and the ships obey.  
The fifth fair morn we stem the Egyptian tide,  
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride ;  
To anchor there my fellows I command,  
And spies commission to explore the land.  
But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,  
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.  
The spreading clamour to their city flies,  
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.  
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields  
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing  
shields.  
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head  
We turn'd to flight : the gathering vengeance  
spread  
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie

I then explored my thought, what course to prove?  
 (And sure the thought was dictated by Jove;  
 Oh had he left me to that happier doom,  
 And saved a life of miseries to come!)  
 The radiant helmet from my brows unlaced,  
 And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,  
 I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,  
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.  
 He heard, he saved, he placed me at his side:  
 My state he pitied, and my tears he dried,  
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,  
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast:  
 Pious I to guard the hospitable rite,  
 And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.  
 'In Egypt thus with peace and plenty bless'd  
 I lived (and happy still had lived) a guest;  
 On seven bright years successive blessings wait;  
 The next changed all the colour of my fate.  
 A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,  
 Versed in vile arts, and foe to humankind,  
 With semblance fair invites me to his home;  
 I seized the proffer (ever fond to roam);  
 Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,  
 Till the swift sun his annual circle made.  
 To Libya then he meditates the way;  
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,  
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land:  
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.  
 Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,  
 Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:  
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,  
 And far from ken of any other coast,  
 When all was wild expanse of sea and air,  
 Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.  
 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head,  
 (The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread;)

He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole  
 Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;  
 In giddy rounds the whirling ship is lost,  
 And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.  
 As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,  
 The sable crows with intercepted flight  
 Drop endlong; scarr'd, and black with sulphurous hue,  
 So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.  
 Such end the wicked found! But Jove's intent  
 Was yet to save the oppress'd and innocent.  
 Placed on the mast (the last recourse of life)  
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife;  
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,  
 The tent's soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.  
 The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch relieved,  
 The sire with hospitable rites received,  
 And in his palace like a brother placed,  
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments graced.  
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame  
 How late Ulysses to the country came,  
 How loved, how honour'd in this court he staid,  
 And here his whole collected treasure laid;  
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store  
 Of steel elaborate, and refulgent ore,  
 And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;  
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come!  
 Meantime he voyaged to explore the will  
 Of Jove on high Dodona's holy hill,  
 What means might best his safe return avail,  
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?  
 Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,  
 Attesting solemn all the powers divine,  
 That soon Ulysses would return, declared,  
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepared.  
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,  
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;



To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd :  
 But other counsels pleased the sailors' mind :  
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,  
 And misery demands me once again.  
 Soon as remote from shore they plough the  
 wave,  
 With ready hands they rush to seize their  
 slave ;  
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrap me  
 round,  
 (Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound  
 At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land  
 The ship arrived : forth issuing on the sand,  
 They sought repast ; while to the unhappy  
 kind,  
 The pitying gods themselves my chains un-  
 bind.  
 Soft I descended, to the sea applied  
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.  
 Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the  
 flood,  
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.  
 Their prize escaped, the faithless pirates  
 mourn'd,  
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship  
 return'd.  
 Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes,  
 They led me to a good man and a wise ;  
 To live beneath thy hospitable care,  
 And wait the woes heaven dooms me yet to  
 bear.  
 ' Unhappy guest ! whose sorrows touch  
 my mind !  
 (Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)  
 For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,  
 Check not with fallacies the springing tear ;  
 Nor turn the passion into groundless joy  
 For him, whom heaven has destined to de-  
 stroy.  
 Oh ! had he perish'd on some well-fought  
 day,  
 Or in his friends' embraces died away !  
 That grateful Greece with streaming eyes  
 might mise  
 Historic marbles, to record his praise :

His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,  
 Had with transmissive honours graced his  
 son.  
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,  
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost !  
 While pensive in this solitary den,  
 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men,  
 I linger life ; nor to the court repair,  
 But when the constant queen commands my  
 care ;  
 Or when, to taste her hospitable board,  
 Some guest arrives with rumours of her lord ;  
 And these indulge their want, and those their  
 woe,  
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.  
 By many such have I been warn'd ; but chief  
 By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,  
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,  
 For murder banish'd from his native home :  
 He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete  
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet ;  
 A few revolving months should waft him o'er,  
 Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless  
 store.  
 O thou ! whom age has taught to understand,  
 And heaven has guided with a favouring  
 hand,  
 On god or mortal to obtrude a lie  
 Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.  
 Not for such ends my house and heart are  
 free,  
 But dear respect to Jove, and charity.'  
 ' And why, O swain of unbelieving mind !  
 (Thus quick replied the wisest of mankind)  
 Doubt you my oath ? yet more my faith to try,  
 A solemn compact let us ratify,  
 And witness every power that rules the sky !  
 If here Ulysses from his labours rest,  
 Be then my prize a tunic and a vest ;  
 And, where my hopes invite me, straight  
 transport  
 In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.  
 But if he greets not thy desiring eye,  
 Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high ;  
 The due reward of fraud and perjury.'

'Doubtless, O guest! great laud and  
praise were mine  
(Replied the swain) for spotless faith divine,  
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,  
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood:  
How would the gods my righteous toils suc-  
ceed,  
And bless the hand that made a stranger  
bleed?  
No more—the approaching hours of silent  
night  
First claim refection, then to rest invite;  
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,  
And here, unenvied, rural dainties taste.'  
Thus communed these; while to their  
lowly dome  
The full-fed swine return'd with evening  
home;  
Compell'd, reluctant, to their several sties,  
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.  
Then to the slaves—' Now from the herd the  
best  
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:  
With him, let us the genial banquet share,  
For great and many are the griefs we bear;  
While those who from our labours heap their  
board,  
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.'  
Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he  
took  
A weighty axe, and cleft the solid oak;  
This on the earth he piled; a boar full-fed,  
Of five years age, before the pile was led;  
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,  
Observant of the gods, begins the rite;  
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,  
And suppliant stands, invoking every power  
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.  
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,  
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit  
fled.  
The scorching flames climb round on every  
side:  
Then the singed members they with skill  
divide;

On these, in rolls of fat involved with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from every part.  
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they  
threw, [drew.  
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they  
These while on several tables they dispose,  
As priest himself the blameless rustie rose;  
Expert the destined victim to dispart  
In seven just portions, pure of hand and  
heart.  
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;  
Another to the winged son of May:  
The rural tribe in common share the rest,  
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,  
Who sat delighted at his servant's board:  
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.  
'Oh be thou dear (Ulysses cried) to Jove,  
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's  
love!  
' Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain  
replied)  
Enjoyment of the good the gods provide.  
From God's own hand descend our joys and  
woes;  
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:  
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,  
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfills.'  
This said, the first-fruits to the gods he gave:  
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:  
In great Ulysses' hand he placed the bowl,  
He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.  
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,  
(Eunaeus' proper treasure bought this slave,  
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,  
A servant added to his absent lord)  
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,  
And from the banquet take the bowls away.  
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.  
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd  
o'er  
The face of things; the winds began to roar;  
The driving storm the watery west wind  
pours,  
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.

Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,  
 Foreseeing from the first the storm would  
     rise;  
 In mere necessity of coat and cloak,  
 With artful preface to his host he spoke :  
     'Hear me, my friends! who this good  
     banquet grace;  
 'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,  
 And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,  
 Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,  
 The grave in merry measures frisk about,  
 And many a long-repent'd word bring out.  
 Since to be talkative I now commence,  
 Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.  
 Once I was strong (would heaven restore  
     those days)  
 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.  
 Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,  
 And join'd me with them, ('twas their own  
     command)  
 A deathful ambush for the foe to lay;  
 Beneath Troy walls by night we took our  
     way:  
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes  
     spread,  
 We made the osier-fringed bank our bed.  
 Full soon the inclemency of heaven I feel,  
 Nor had these shoulders covering, but of steel.  
 Sharp blew the north: snow whitening all  
     the fields  
 Froze with the blast, and gathering glazed  
     our shields.  
 There all but I, well fenced with cloak and  
     vest,  
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.  
 Fool that I was! I left behind my own,  
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,  
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!  
 When now was wasted more than half the  
     night,  
 And the stars faded at approaching light;  
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid  
 Fast by my side, and, shivering, thus I said:  
     '"Here longer in this field I cannot lie,  
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,

And die ashamed, (O wisest of mankind)  
 'The only fool who left his cloak behind."  
     'He thought, and answer'd: (hardly  
     waking yet,  
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;  
 That wit, which or in council, or in fight,  
 Still met the emergency, and determin'd  
     right)  
 "Hush thee, he cried, (soft whispering in my  
     ear)  
 Speak not a word, lest any Greek may  
     hear—"  
 And then, (supporting on his arm his head)  
 "Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)  
 Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:  
 Even now a vision stood before my eye,  
 And sure the warning vision was from high:  
 Let from among us some swift courier rise,  
 Haste to the general, and demand supplies."  
     'Upstart'd Thoas straight, Andraemon's  
     son,  
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down;  
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;  
 That instant, in his cloak I wrapp'd me  
     round:  
 And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone  
 The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.  
     'Oh were my strength as then, as then my  
     age,  
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's  
     rage.  
 Yet tatter'd as I look, I challenged then  
 The honours, and the offices of men:  
 Some master or some servant would allow  
 A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!  
     'Well hast thou spoke, (rejoin'd the attent-  
     ive swain)  
 Thy lips let fall no idle words or vain!  
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught  
     beside  
 Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.  
 But in the morning take thy clothes again,  
 For here one vest suffices every swain;  
 No change of garments to our minds is known:  
 But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son

With better hand shall grace with fit attires  
His guest, and send thee where thy soul  
desires.'

The honest herdsman rose as this he said,  
And drew before the hearth the stranger's  
bed :

The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough  
hide,

He spreads : and adds a mantle thick and  
wide :

With store to heap above him, and below,  
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.

There lay the king, and all the rest supine ;  
All, but the careful master of the swine :

Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care :

Well arm'd, and fenced against nocturnal air ;

His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied :

His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied :

With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and  
men,

He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.

There to the tusked herd he bends his way, "

Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd  
they lay.

## BOOK XV.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

The goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in  
a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he  
take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos :  
where they part ; and Telemachus sets sail, after  
having received on board Theoclymenus the sooth-  
sayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of  
Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of  
his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus  
arrives on the coast ; and, sending the vessel to  
the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of  
Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,  
Famed for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns.

Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,  
His instant voyage challenged all her care.  
Beneath the royal portico display'd,

With Nestor's son, Telemachus was laid :

In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies ;

Not thine, Ulysses ! Care unscal'd his eyes :

Restless he grieved, with various fears op-  
press'd,

And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.

When, 'O Telemachus ! (the goddess said)

Too long in vain, too widely hast thou  
stray'd :

Thus leaving careless thy paternal right

The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.

On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,

Even now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.

Hence to Atreides ; and his leave implore

To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore :

Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands  
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's com-  
mands.

Through both, Eurymachus pursues the  
dame ;

And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.

Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own  
remain ;

Thou know'st the practice of the female train,

Lost in the children of the present spouse,

They slight the pledges of their former vows :

Their love is always with the lover past ;

Still the succeeding flame expels the last.

Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,

Till heaven decrees to bless thee in a bride.

But now thy more attentive ears incline ;

Observe the warnings of a power divine :

For thee their snares the suitor lords shall  
lay

In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca :

To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous  
band,

Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.

No—sooner far their riot and their lust

All covering earth shall bury deep in dust !

Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,

Nor let the night retard thy full career ;

Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the  
gales  
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:  
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,  
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;  
But seek thou first the master of the swine,  
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)  
There pass the night; while he his course  
pursues

To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,  
That thou safe sailing from the Pylian strand  
Art come to bless her in thy native land.'

Thus spoke the goddess; and resumed her  
flight  
To the pure regions of eternal light.  
Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,  
And with these words the slumbering youth  
awakes:

'Rise, son of Nestor! for the road pre-  
pare,

And join the harness'd coursers to the car.'

'What cause (he cried) can justify our  
flight,

To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?  
Here wait we rather, till approaching day  
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready  
way.

Nor think of flight before the Spartan king  
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents  
bring;

Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stored,  
The sacred act of friendship shall record.'

Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd  
the east,

The king from Helen rose, and sought his  
guest.

As soon as his approach the hero knew,  
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,  
Then o'er his ample shoulders whir'd the  
cloak,

Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke:

'Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!

Let not thy friends in vain for license move.

Swift let us measure back the watery way,

Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.'

'If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,  
Ill (said the king) should I thy wish oppose;  
For oft in others freely I reprove  
The ill-timed efforts of officious love;  
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,  
And both the golden mean alike condemn;  
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,  
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;  
True friendship's laws are by this rule ex-  
press'd,

Welcome the coming, speed the parting  
guest.

Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take  
The noblest presents that our love can make:  
Meantime commit we to our women's care  
Some choice domestic viands to prepare:  
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,  
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.  
Then if a wider course shall rather please  
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of  
Greece,

Atrides in his chariot shall attend;  
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.

No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove  
Without some pledge, some monument of  
love:

These will the caldron, these the tripod give,  
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall  
receive,

Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.'

To whom the youth, for prudence famed,  
replied:

'O monarch, care of heaven! thy people's  
pride!

No friend in Ithaca my place supplies;

No powerful hands are there, no watchful  
eyes:

My stores exposed, and fenceless house, de-  
mand

The speediest succour from my guardian hand;

Lest in a search too anxious and too vain

Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.'

His purpose when the generous warrior  
heard, [pared.

He charged the household rates to be pre-

Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,  
Was Boethoëdes Eteoneus come;  
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,  
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.  
Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went  
Where the rich wardrobe breathed a costly  
scent.

The king selected from the glittering rows  
A bowl: the prince a silver beaker chose.  
The beauteous queen revolved with careful  
eyes

Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,  
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art  
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:  
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,  
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.  
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their  
guest,

And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd:  
'Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thunder-  
ing Jove

With happiest omens thy desires approve!  
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine  
Enchased with gold, this valued gift be thine:  
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,  
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;  
To thee we now consign the precious load,  
The pride of kings, and labour of a god.'

Then gave the cup; while Megapenthes  
brought

The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.  
The beauteous queen, advancing next, dis-  
play'd

The shining veil, and thus endearing said:  
'Accept, dear youth, this monument of  
love,

Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:  
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,  
To deck thy pride, and grace thy nuptial day.  
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed  
regain

Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.'  
She said, and gave the veil:—with grateful  
look

The prince the variegated present took.

And now, when through the royal dome they  
pass'd,

High on a throne the king each stranger  
placed.

A golden ewer the attendant damsel brings,  
Replete with water from the crystal springs;  
With copious streams the shining vase sup-  
plies

A silver laver of capacious size.

They wash. The tables in fair order spread,  
The glittering canisters are crown'd with  
bread;

Viands of various kinds allure the taste,  
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!  
While Eteoneus portions out the shares,  
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.  
And now (each sated with the genial feast,  
And the short rage of thirst and hunger  
ceased)

Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,  
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend:  
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,  
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.

The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant  
wine

(Libation destined to the powers divine)  
His right hand held: before the steeds he  
stands,

Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these  
commands:

'Farewell and prosper, youths!—let Nes-  
tor know

What grateful thoughts still in this bosom  
glow,

For all the proofs of his paternal care,  
Through the long dangers of the ten years'  
war.'

'Ah! doubt not our report (the prince  
rejoin'd)

Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.

And oh! return'd, might we Ulysses meet!  
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:  
How will each speed! his grateful wonder  
raise!

How will each gift indulge us in thy praise!

Scarcely ended thus the prince, when on the right  
 Advanced the bird of Jove ; auspicious sight !  
 A milk-white fowl his clenching talons bore,  
 With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.  
 Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,  
 In solemn speed the bird majestic flew  
 Full dexter to the car : the prosperous sight  
 Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.

But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,  
 And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke :  
 ' Say if to us the gods these omens send,  
 Or fates peculiar to thyself portend ? '

Whilst yet the monarch paused, with doubt oppress'd,  
 The beautiful queen relieved his labouring breast.

' Hear me (she cried) to whom the gods have given  
 To read this sign, and mystic sense of heaven.  
 As thus the plumed sovereign of the air  
 Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,  
 And wander'd through the wide ethereal way  
 To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey ;  
 So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain  
 Through all the dangers of the boundless main,

Arrive (or is perchance already come)  
 From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.'

' Oh ! if this promised bliss by thundering Jove  
 (The prince replied) stand fix'd in fate above ;  
 To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise,  
 And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.'

He said ; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung  
 Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong ;  
 The bounding shafts upon the harness play,  
 Till night descending intercepts the way.  
 To Diocles, at Phœræ, they repair,  
 Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir ;  
 With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,  
 Nor found the hospitable rites unpaid.

But soon as morning, from her orient bed,  
 Had tinged the mountains with her earliest red,

They joined the steeds, and on the chariot sprung ;

The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To Pylos soon they came : when thus begun  
 To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son :

' Let not Pisistratus in vain be press'd,  
 Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request ;  
 His friend by long hereditary claim,  
 In toils his equal, and in years the same.  
 No further from our vessel, I implore,  
 The coursers drive ; but lash them to the shore.

Too long thy father would his friend detain ;  
 I dread his proffer'd kindness, urged in vain.'

The hero paused, and ponder'd this request,

While love and duty warr'd within his breast.  
 At length resolved, he turn'd his ready hand,  
 And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.  
 There, while within the poop with care he stored

The regal presents of the Spartan lord ;  
 ' With speed be gone, (said he) call every mate,

Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate.

'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart  
 Brooks no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart ;

Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,  
 In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.  
 But when arrived he thy return shall know,  
 How will his breast with honest fury glow !'  
 This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,

And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.

' Now (cried Telemachus) with speedy care

Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.'

Swift as the word his willing mates obey,  
 And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores  
 Minerva, and her guardian aid implores ;

<p>When lo ! a wretch ran breathless to the shore, New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore :</p> <p>A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung, Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long, Till, urged by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose, Far from the hateful cause of all his woes. Neleus his treasures one long year detains ; As long, he groan'd in Phylacus's chains : Meantime, what anguish and what rage combined, For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind ! Yet 'scaped he death ; and, vengeful of his wrong, To Pylos drove the lowing herds along : Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air ; Argos the rich for his retreat he chose, There form'd his empire ; there his palace rose.</p> <p>From him Antiphates and Mantius came : The first begot Oicleus great in fame, And he Amphiarus, immortal name ! The people's saviour, and divinely wise, Beloved by Jove, and him who gilds the skies, Yet short his date of life ! by female pride he dies.</p> <p>From Mantius, Clitus ; whom Aurora's love Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above : And Polyphides ; on whom Phœbus shone With fullest rays, Amphiarus now gone ; In Hyperesia's groves he made abode, And taught mankind the counsels of the god.</p> <p>From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found (The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground) Telemachus : whom, as to heaven he press'd His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd : ' O thou ! that dost thy happy course pre- pare With pure libations, and with solemn prayer ;</p>	<p>By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid ; By all the lives of these ; thy own dear head ; Declare, sincerely, to no foe's demand, Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.'</p> <p>' Prepare then (said Telemachus) to know A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe. From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came, And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name !) Was once my sire : though now for ever lost In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost ! Whose fate inquiring, through the world we rove ; The last, the wretched proof of filial love.'</p> <p>The stranger then : ' Nor shall I aught conceal, But the dire secret of my fate reveal. Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew ; Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue With unrelenting rage, and force from home The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam. But bear, O bear me o'er yon æt'nal flood ; Receive the suppliant ! spare my destined blood !'</p> <p>' Stranger, (replied the prince) securely rest Affianced in our faith : henceforth our guest.' Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear : He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste, And by his side the guest accepted placed. The chief his orders gives : the obedient band With due observance wait the chief's command : With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind. Minerva calls ; the ready gales obey With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea. Crumns they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away, When thickening darkness closed the doubtful day ;</p>
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The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost,  
And skinn'd along by Elis' sacred coast.  
Then cautious through the rocky reaches  
wind,

And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the rest,  
Sat in the cottage, at their rural feast :

The banquet past, and satiate every man,

To try his host Ulysses thus began :

'Yet one night more, my friends, indulge  
your guest ;

'The last I purpose in your walls to rest :

To-morrow for myself I must provide,

And only ask your counsel, and a guide ;

Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,

And bless the friendly hand that gives me  
bread.

There in Ulysses' roof I may relate

Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate ;

Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,

Not undeserving, some support obtain.

Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,

Patron of industry and manual arts :

Few can with me in dextrous works contend,

The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend ;

To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame ;

Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.

Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,

Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and  
great.'

'Alas ! (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)

How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy  
mind ?

If on that godless race thou would'st attend,

Fate owes thee sure a miserable end !

Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the  
sky,

And pull descending vengeance from on  
high.

Not such, my friend, the servants of their  
feast ;

A blooming train in rich embroidery dress'd.

With earth's whole tribute the bright table  
bends ;

And smiling round celestial youth attends.

Stay then : no eye askance beholds thee here ;

Sweet is thy converse to each social car ;

Well pleased, and pleasing, in our cottage  
rest,

Till good Telemachus accepts his guest

With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,

And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.'

To him the man of woes :—'O gracious  
Jove !

Reward this stranger's hospitable love,

Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,

Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.

Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,

A life of wanderings is the greatest woe :

On all their weary ways wait care and pain,

And pine and penury, a meagre train.

To such a man since harbour you afford,

Relate the farther fortunes of your lord ;

What cares his mother's tender breast en-  
gage,

And sire, forsaken on the verge of age ;

Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,

Or range the house of darkness and of death ?'

To whom the swain : 'Attend what you  
inquire :

Laertes lives, the miserable sire ;—

Lives, but implores of every power to lay

The burden down, and wishes for the day.

Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,

Torn from the embraces of his tender wife,

Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away

Old age, untimely posting ere his day.

She too, sad mother ! for Ulysses lost,

Pined out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.

(So dire a fate, ye righteous gods ! avert

From every friendly, every feeling heart !)

While yet she was, though clouded o'er with  
grief,

Her pleasing converse minister'd relief :

With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,

One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.

But when the softly stealing pace of time

Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,

To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair ;

Me to the fields, to tend the rural care ;

Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,  
Nor less the darling object of her love.  
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,  
Yet Providence deserts me not at last ;  
My present labours food and drink procure,  
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.  
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear  
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear ;  
Blank and discountenanced the servants  
stand,  
Nor dare to question where the proud com-  
mand.  
No profit springs beneath usurping powers :  
Want feeds not there where luxury devours ;  
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns :  
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the  
swains.'

The suffering chief at this began to melt :—  
'And, oh Eumæus ! thou (he cries) has felt  
The spite of fortune too ! her cruel hand  
Snatched thee an infant from thy native land !  
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents'  
eyes,

To early wants ! a man of miseries !  
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare :  
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,  
Where once thy parents dwelt ? or did they  
keep,

In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep ?  
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,  
Rude pirates seized, and shipp'd thee o'er the  
main ?

Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's  
board,

The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.'

'If then my fortunes can delight my friend,  
A story, fruitful of events, attend :  
Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy ;  
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.  
Long nights the now declining year bestows :  
A part we consecrate to soft repose ;  
A part in pleasing talk we entertain,  
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.  
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,  
Their cares resuming with the dawning day :

Here let us feast ;—and to the feast be join'd  
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind ;—  
Review the series of our lives, and taste  
The melancholy joy of evils past :  
For he who much has suffer'd, much will  
know ;

And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on  
woe.

'Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,  
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name :  
(There curious eyes inscribed with wonder  
trace

The sun's diurnal, and his annual race)  
Not large, but fruitful ; stored with grass to  
keep

The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep.  
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,  
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.  
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,  
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below :  
But when a length of years unnerves the  
strong

Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along ;  
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,  
And void of pain the silent arrows kill.  
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,  
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.  
But both in constant peace one prince obey,  
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.  
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort,  
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port ;  
What time it chanced the palace entertain'd,  
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.  
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician  
train,

To wash her robes descending to the main,  
A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind ;  
(For love deceives the best of woman-kind)  
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew ;  
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.  
"I too (she cried) from glorious Sidon came,  
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame ;  
But snatch'd by pirates from my native place,  
The Taphians sold me to this man's em-  
brace."

"Haste then, (the false designing youth  
 rep'lld)  
 Haste to thy country: love shall be thy  
 guide:  
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's  
 breast;  
 For still he lives, and lives with riches  
 bless'd."  
 "Swear first, (she cried) ye sailors! to  
 restore  
 A wretch in safety to her native shore."  
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.  
 She then proceeds: "Now let our compact  
 made  
 Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,  
 Nor near me any of your crew deseri'd  
 By road frequented, or by fountain side.  
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's  
 spies  
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)  
 Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be  
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.  
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic pass'd,  
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:  
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,  
 And more, the infant offspring of the king.  
 Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead  
 away,  
 (A noble prize!) and to your ship convey."  
 'Thus spoke the dame, and homeward  
 took the road.  
 A year they traffic, and their vessel load.  
 Their stores complete, and ready now to  
 weigh,  
 A spy was sent their summons to convey.  
 An artist to my father's palace came,  
 With gold and amberchains, elaborate frame:  
 Each female eye the glittering links em-  
 ploy;  
 They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.  
 He took the occasion as they stood intent,  
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.  
 She straight pursued, and seized my willing  
 arm;  
 I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.

Three golden goblets in the porch she found;  
 (The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd)  
 Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore.  
 Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore:  
 Arriving then where, tilting on the tides,  
 Prepared to launch the freighted vessel rides,  
 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks,  
 and sweep  
 With level oar along the glassy deep.  
 Six calm days and six smooth nights we sail,  
 And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.  
 The seventh, the fraudulent wretch (no cause  
 descried)  
 Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow died.  
 Down dropp'd the caitiff-corps; a worthless  
 load,  
 Down to the deep; there roll'd the future food  
 Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the  
 flood.  
 An helpless infant, I remain'd behind:  
 Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;  
 Sold to Laertes, by divine command,  
 And now adopted to a foreign land.  
 To him the king: 'Reciting thus thy cares,  
 My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares,  
 But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high  
 will)  
 Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:  
 Torn from thy country to no hapless end,  
 The gods have, in a master, given a friend.  
 Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,  
 (For she needs little) daily bread and wine.  
 While I, so many wanderings past and woes,  
 Live but on what thy poverty bestows.'  
 So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away  
 The night: then down to short repose they  
 lay;  
 Till radiant rose the messenger of day.  
 While in the port of Ithaca, the band  
 Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;  
 Their sails they loosed, they lash'd the mast  
 aside,  
 And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:  
 Then, on the breezy shore descending, join  
 In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.

When thus the prince : 'Now each his  
course pursue ;

I to the fields, and to the elty you.

Long absent hence, I dedicate this day

My swains to visit, arfd the works survey.

Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies

Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.'

Then Theoclymenus : 'But who shall lend,

Meantime, protection to thy stranger friend?

Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly ;

Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply?'

The prince return'd :—'Renown'd in days  
of yore

Has stood our father's hospitable door ;

No other roof a stranger should receive,

Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.

But in my absence riot fills the place :

Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face ;

From noiseful revel far remote she flies ;

But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.

No :—let Eurymachus receive my guest ;

Of nature courteous, and by far the best ;

He woos the queen with more respectful  
flame,

And emulates her former husband's fame.

With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,

And the hoped nuptials turn to joy or woe.'

Thus speaking, on the right up soar'd in air

The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger ;

His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove :

The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,

Between the hero and the vessel pour

Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine  
shower.

The observing augur took the prince aside,

Seized by the hand, and thus prophetic cried :

'Yon bird that dexter cuts the aerial road,

Rose ominous, nor flies without a god !—

No race but thine shall Ithaca obey :

To thine, for ages, heaven decrees the sway.'

'Succeed the omen, gods ! (the youth re-  
join'd)

Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind ;

And soon each envied happiness attend

The man who calls Telemachus his friend.'

Then to Peiræus : 'Thou whom time has  
proved

A faithful servant, by thy prince beloved !

Till we returning shall our guest demand,

Accept this charge, with honour, at our hand.'

To this Peiræus : 'Joyful I obey ;

Well pleased the hospitable rites to pay.

The presence of thy guest shall best reward

(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.'

With that, their anchors he commands to  
weigh,

Mount the tall bark and launch into the sea.

All with obedient haste forsake the shores,

And placed in order, spread their equal oars,

Then from the deck the prince his sandals  
takes ;

Poised in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.

They part ; while, lessening from the hero's  
view,

Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew :

The hero trod the margin of the main,

And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

## BOOK XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses, commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

SOON as the morning blush'd along the plains,  
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains  
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,  
And forth to pasture send the bristly eare.  
The prince's near approach the dogs desery,  
And, fawning round his feet, confess their joy.

Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,  
Heard his resounding step, and instant said :

'Some well-known friend, Eumæus I bends  
this way ;

His steps I hear ; the dogs familiar play.'

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing  
drew

Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.  
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,  
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his bosom  
hung ;

Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye  
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.  
As some fond sire who ten long winters  
grieves,

From foreign climes an only son receives,  
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy  
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite  
boy :

So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,  
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

'And is it thou, my ever-dear delight !  
Oh art thou come to bless my longing sight ?  
Never, I never hoped to view this day,  
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desper-  
ate way.

Enter, my child ! beyond my hopes restored,  
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.  
Enter, oh seldom seen ! for lawless powers  
Too much detain thee from these sylvan  
bowers.'

The prince replied : 'Eumæus, I obey.  
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.  
But say, if in the court the queen reside,  
Severely chaste, or if commenced a bride ?'

Thus he ; and thus the monarch of the  
swains :

'Severely chaste Penelope remains,  
But lost to every joy, she wastes the day  
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.'

He ended, and (receiving as they pass  
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)  
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with  
marble shined ;

His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.

'Not so :—(exclaims the prince with decent  
grace)

For me, this house shall find an humbler  
place :

To usurp the honours, due to silver hairs  
And reverend strangers, modest youth for-  
bears.'

Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,  
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.  
There sat the prince : the feast Eumæus  
spread,

And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.  
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands  
lay,

The frugal remnants of the former day.  
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,  
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.  
And now the rage of thirst and hunger fled,  
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said :

'Whence, father, from what shore this  
stranger, say ?

What vessel bore him o'er the watery way ?  
To human step our land impervious lies,  
And round the coast circumfluent oceans  
rise.'

The swain returns :—'A tale of sorrows  
hear.

In spacious Crete he drew his natal air :  
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and  
main ;

For heaven has wove his thread of life with  
pain,

Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew  
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.  
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign :  
I gave him my protection ;—grant him thine.'

'Hard task (he cries) thy virtue gives thy  
friend,

Willing to aid, unable to defend.

Can strangers safely in the court reside,  
'Midst the swill'd insolence of lust and pride ?  
Even I unsafe.—The queen in doubt to wed,  
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed !  
Perhaps she weds ; regardless of her fame,  
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssean name.

However, stranger ! from our grace receive  
 Such honours as befit a prince to give :  
 Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove ;  
 And safe to sail with ornaments of love.  
 Till then, thy guest amid the rural train  
 Far from the court, from danger far, detain.  
 'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,  
 And clothe the naked from the inelement sky.  
 Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,  
 And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.  
 For should'st thou suffer, powerless to relieve  
 I must behold it, and can only grieve.  
 The brave encompass'd by a hostile train,  
 O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.  
 To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,  
 With warmth replies the man of mighty woes :  
 ' Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my  
 tongue  
 At once to pity and resent thy wrong.  
 My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave  
 Live to base insolence of power a slave.  
 But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou be-  
 hold,  
 And hear, their midnight revels uncontroll'd ?  
 Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise ;  
 Or priests in fabled oracles advise ?  
 Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy  
 power,  
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour ?  
 Oh that I were from great Ulysses sprung,  
 Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were  
 strung ;  
 Or, heavens ! might he return ! (and soon  
 appear  
 He shall, I trust ; a hero scorns despair ;)  
 Might he return, I yield my life a prey  
 To my worst foe, if that avenging day  
 Be not their last.—But should I lose my life,  
 Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,  
 I choose the nobler part ; and yield my  
 breath,  
 Rather than bear dishonour, worse than  
 death :  
 Than see the hand of violence invade  
 The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid ;

Than see the wealth of kings consumed in  
 waste,  
 The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast.  
 Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye ;  
 Sincere the youthful hero made reply :  
 ' Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects  
 rise ;  
 Nor priests in fabled oracles advise ;  
 Nor are my brothers who should aid my  
 power  
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.  
 Ah me ! I boast no brother :—heaven's dread  
 king  
 Gives from our stock an only branch to  
 spring :  
 Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir ;  
 Alone Ulysses drew the vital air ;  
 And I alone the bed connubial graced,  
 An unblest'd offspring of a sire unblest'd !  
 Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our  
 woe,  
 Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe :  
 The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,  
 And lofty Zacynth crown'd with shady hills.  
 Even Ithaca and all her lords invade  
 The imperial sceptre, and the regal bed.  
 The queen, averse to love, yet awed by power,  
 Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour :  
 Meantime their licence uncontroll'd I bear ;  
 Even now they envy me the vital air :  
 But heaven will sure revenge, and gods there  
 are.  
 ' But go, Eumæus ! to the queen impart  
 Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.  
 Yet secret go : for numerous are my foes ;  
 And here at least I may in peace repose.'  
 To whom the swain : ' I hear, and I obey.  
 But old Laertes weeps his life away,  
 And deems thee lost. Shall I my speed em-  
 To bless his age, a messenger of joy ? [ploy  
 The mournful hour that tore his son away  
 Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray :  
 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,  
 He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden  
 blow ;

Nor food nor wine refused: but since the day

That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,  
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,

Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows;

Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,  
Pensive and pale he wanders half a ghost.'

'Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)

Yet cease to go—what man so bless'd but mourns?

Were every wish indulged by favouring skies,  
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.

But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear  
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:  
And let some handmaid of her train resort  
To good Laertes in his rural court.'

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,  
He braced his sandals on, and strode away.  
Then from the heavens the martial goddess flies

Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;

In form, a virgin of soft beauty's bloom,  
Skill'd in the illustrious labours of the loom.  
Alone to Ithaeus she stood display'd;

But unapparent as a viewless shade  
Escaped Telemachus: (the powers above,  
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move)  
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread  
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.

The goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless hands;

Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.

'Then why, (she said) O favour'd of the skies!

Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?

Stand forth reveal'd:—with him thy cares employ

Against thy foes.—Be vallant, and destroy!

Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,  
To combat by thy side, thy guardian power.'

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;

Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:

At once with grace divine his frame improves;

At once with majesty enlarged he moves:

Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;

His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;

Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior maid.

The hero re-ascends: the prince o'eraw'd  
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.

Then with surprise (surprise chastised by fears)

'How art thou changed! (he cried) a god appears!

Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,

Far other glories lighten from thy face!

If heaven be thy abode, with pious care

Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:

Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,  
To win thy grace:—O save us, power divine!

'Few are my days, (Ulysses made reply)

Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.

I am thy father.—O my son! my son!

That father, for whose sake thy days have run

One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,

And outraged by the wrongs of base mankind.'

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy  
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.

Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:

He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.

'Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)

Thou art not—no, thou canst not be my sire.

Heaven such illusion only can impose,

By the false joy, to aggravate my woes.

Who but a god can change the general doom,

And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?

Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod, Now, clothed in majesty, you move a god ! ' Forbear, (he cried) for heaven reserve that name, GIVE to thy father but a father's claim : Other Ulysses shalt thou never see : I am Ulysses ;—I, my son, am he. Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost, 'Tis given at length to view my native coast. Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds With grace divine ;—her power admits no bounds. She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed ; Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread. The gods with ease frail man depress, or raise, Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.' He spoke and sat. The prince with transport flew, Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew ; Nor less the father pour'd n social flood ! They wept abundant, and they wept aloud. As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung, Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young :— They cry, they scream, their unsledg'd brood a prey To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away. So they aloud—and tears in tides had run, Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun ; But, checking the full torrent in its flow, The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe : ' What ship transported thee, O father, say, And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way ?' ' All, all, (Ulysses instant made reply) I tell thee all, my child, my only joy ! Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd ; A nation ever to the stranger kind. Wrapt in the embrace of sleep, the faithful train O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign.	Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are hid Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade. Hither, intent the rival rout to slay, And plan the scene of death, I bend my way : So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain. The names and numbers of the audacious train ; 'Tis mine to judge if better to employ Assistant force, or singly to destroy.' ' O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name, Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial lure : Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost— Can we engage—not decads, but a host ? Can we alone in furious battle stand, Against that numerous and determined band ? Hear then their numbers.—From Dulichium came Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name ; Six are their menial train : twice twelve the boast Of Samos : twenty from Zacynthus' coast ; And twelve our country's pride ; to these belong Medon and Phemlus, skill'd in heavenly song. Two sewers from day to day the revels wait, Exact of taste and serve the feast in state. With such a foe the unequal fight to try, Were by false courage unrevenge'd to die. Then what assistant powers you boast, relate, Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.' ' Mark well my voice, (Ulysses straight replies) What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies ? If shielded to the dreadful fight we move, By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove ?' ' Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoind) Against the banded powers of all mankind : They, high enthroned above the rolling clouds, Wither the strength of man, and awe the gods.' ' Such aids expect (he cries) when strong in might We rise terrific to the task of fight.
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But thou, when morn salutes the aerial plain,  
The court revisit, and the lawless train;  
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads;  
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.  
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age,  
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.  
If outraged, cease that outrage to repel;  
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.  
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain  
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in  
vain;

For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call;  
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has  
doomed to fall.

Once more attend: when she whose power  
inspires

The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance  
fires,

I give the sign:—that instant from beneath,  
Aloft convey the instruments of death,  
Armour and arms: and if mistrust arise,  
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:

“These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd  
to Troy,

Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy:  
Then, beaming o'er the illumined wall they  
shone:

Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.  
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)  
From the pollution of the fuming fires;  
Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful  
mood

Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with  
blood;

Of ready swords in luckless hour incite  
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.”

‘Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:

For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.

Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,  
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield.

But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,  
By that regard a son his father owes,—

The secret, that thy father lives, retain  
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household  
train.

Hide it from all:—even from Eumæus hide;—  
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.  
One care remains: to note the loyal few  
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;  
And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove  
Who loves his prince:—for sure you merit  
love.’

To whom the youth: ‘To emulate I aim  
The brave and wise, and my great-father's  
fame.

But reconsider, since the wisest err:—  
Vengeance resolved, 'tis dangerous to defer.  
What length of time must we consume in  
vain,

Too curious to explore the menial train!  
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy  
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.

Suffice it in this exigence alone  
To mark the damsels that attend the throne:  
Dispersed the youth reside; their faith to  
prove

Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke  
from Jove.’

While in debate they waste the hours away,  
The associates of the prince repass'd the bay.  
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;  
With speed debarking, land the naval stores;  
Then faithful to their charge, to Clytus bear,  
And trust the presents to his friendly care.  
Swift to the queen a herald flies to impart  
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart:  
Lest, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,  
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.

The uncautious herald with impatience  
burns,

And cries aloud—‘Thy son, O queen, re-  
turns.’

Eumæus sage approach'd the imperial  
throne,

And breathed his mandate to her ear alone.  
Then measured back the way.—The suitor  
band;

Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand;  
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,  
With cloudy looks, a pale assembly, sate.

At length Eurymachus : ' Our hopes are  
vain ;  
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.  
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud  
display ;  
Haste, to our ambush'd friends ' the news  
convey ! '  
Scarcely had he spoke, when turning to the  
strand  
Amphinomus survey'd the associate band ;  
Full to the bay within the winding shores  
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.  
' O friends ! ( he cried—clate with rising joy )  
See to the port secure, the vessel fly !  
Some god has told them ; or themselves  
survey  
The bark escaped, and measure back their  
way.'  
Swift at the word descending to the shores,  
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores ;  
Then moving from the strand, apart they sate ;  
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.  
' Lives then the boy ? ' ' He lives ( Antin-  
ous cries )  
' The care of gods and favourite of the skies.  
All night we watch'd, till with her orient  
wheels  
Aurora flamed above the eastern hills,  
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day  
Took in the ocean with a broad survey.  
Yet safe he sails !—the powers celestial give  
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.  
But die he shall :—and thus condemn'd to  
bleed,  
Be now the scene of instant death decreed :  
Hope ye success ? undaunted crush the foe.  
Is he not wise ? know this, and strike the  
blow.  
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws  
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause ?  
Strike, ere, the states convened, the foe betray  
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.  
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly  
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown  
sky ?

The brave prevent misfortune :— then be  
brave,  
And bury future danger in his grave.  
Returns he ? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,  
Or where he hides in solitude and shade :  
And give the palace to the queen a dower,  
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.  
But if submissive you resign the sway,  
Slaves to a boy ; go, flatter and obey.  
Retire we instant to our native reign,  
Nor be the wealth of kings consumed in vain.  
Then wed whom choice approves : the queen  
be given  
To some bless'd prince, the prince decreed  
by heaven.'  
Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends ;  
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,  
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious  
reign  
( A land of plenty, bless'd with every grain ) :  
Chief of the numbers who the queen ad-  
dress'd ;  
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.  
Soft were his words ; his actions wisdom  
sway'd :  
Graceful awhile he paused—then mildly said :  
' O friends, forbear ! and be the thought  
withstood :  
' Tis horrible to shed imperial blood !  
Consult we first the all-seeing powers above,  
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.  
If they assent, even by this hand he dies ;  
If they forbid, I war not with the skies.'  
He said : the rival train his voice approved,  
And, rising, instant to the palace moved.  
Arrived, with wild tumultuous noise they sat,  
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.  
Then Medon, conscious of their dire de-  
bates,  
The murderous counsel to the queen relates.  
Touch'd at the dreadful story, she descends :  
Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.  
Full where the dome its shining valves ex-  
pands,  
Sudden before the rival powers she stands :

And veiling descent with a modest shade  
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said :

'O void of faith ! of all bad men the worst !  
Renown'd for wisdom, by the abuse accurs'd !  
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind !  
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.  
Wretch ! to destroy a prince that friendship  
gives,

While in his guest his murderer he receives :  
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong  
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of  
wrong.

Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art),  
Who saved thy father with a friendly part ?  
Lawless he ravaged with his martial powers  
The Taphian pirates on Thesprotia's shores ;  
Enraged, his life, his treasures they demand ;  
Ulysses saved him from the avenger's hand.  
And would'st thou evil for his good repay ?  
His bed dishonour, and his house betray ?  
Afflict his queen ? and with a murderous hand  
Destroy his heir ?—but cease ; 'tis I com-  
mand.'

'Far hence those fears, (Eurymachus  
replied)

O prudent princess ! bid thy soul confide.  
Breathes there a man who dares that hero  
slay,

While I behold the golden light of day ?  
No : by the righteous powers of heaven I  
swear,

His blood in vengeance smokes upon my  
spear.

Ulysses, when my infant days I led,  
With wine sufficed me, and with dainties fed :  
My generous soul abhors the ungrateful part,  
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.  
Then fear no mortal arm :—if heaven destroy,  
We must resign : for man is born to die.'

Thus smooth he ended ;—yet his death  
conspired :

Then, sorrowing, with sad step the queen  
retired,

With streaming eyes, all comfortless, de-  
plored,

Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her  
lord ;

Nor ceased, till Pallas bade her sorrows fly,  
And in soft slumbers seal'd her flowing eye.

And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,  
Came, late returning to his sylvan bower.  
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art  
A yearling boar ; and gave the gods their  
part :

Holy repast ! That instant from the skies  
The martial goddess to Ulysses flies :  
She waves her golden wand, and reassumes  
From every feature every grace that blooms ;  
At once his vestures change ; at once she  
sheds

Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads :  
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,  
Unable to contain the unruly joy.

When near he drew, the prince breaks  
forth ;—' Proclaim

What tidings, friend ? what speaks the voice  
of fame ?

Say, if the suitors measure back the main ;  
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain ?'

'Whether (he cries) they measure back the  
flood,

Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,  
Escaped my care : where lawless suitors sway,  
(Thy mandate borne) my soul disdain'd to  
stay.

But from the Hermæan height I cast a view,  
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew ;  
Her freight a shining band : with martial air  
Each poised his shield, and each advanced  
his spear :

And if aright these searching eyes survey,  
The eluded suitors stem the watery way.'

The prince, well pleased to disappoint  
their wiles,

Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.  
And now, a short repast prepared, they fed,  
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled :  
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,  
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

## BOOK XVII.

## ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace: where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with roscate light the dewy lawn,  
In haste the prince arose, prepared to part:  
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;  
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,  
And thus he greets the master of the swine:  
'My friend, adieu: let this short stay  
suffice;

I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,  
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her  
sighs.

But thou, attentive, what we order heed;  
This hapless stranger to the city lead;  
By public bounty let him there be fed,  
And bless the hand that stretches forth the  
bread:

To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,  
My will may covet, but my power denies.  
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,  
The pain of anger punishes the fault.  
The very truth I undisguised declare;  
For what so easy as to be sincere?'  
To this Ulysses: 'What the prince re-  
quires,

Of swift removal, seconds my desires.  
To want like mine, the peopled town can  
yield

More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.  
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,  
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.  
Adieu!—but since this ragged garb can bear  
So ill the inclemencies of morning air,

A few hours' space permit me here to stay:  
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,  
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the  
day.

Thus he:—nor aught Telemachus replied,  
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:  
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast  
elate,

Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.  
Arriving now before the imperial hall,  
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall.  
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;  
The marble pavement with his step resounds.  
His eye first glanced where Euryclen spreads  
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:  
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,  
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.  
All crowded round: the family appears  
With wild entrancement, and ecstasie tears.  
Swift from above descends the royal fair;  
Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus  
wear,

Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air;  
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;  
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:  
Few words she spoke, though much she had  
to say;  
And scarce those few, for tears, could force  
their way.

'Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-  
for joy!  
Has heaven from Pylos brought my lovely  
boy?

So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast  
thou known

Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.'  
'O dearest, most revered of womankind;

Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind  
(Replied the prince); nor be our fates  
deplored,

From death and treason to thy arms restored.  
Go bathe, and robed in white, ascend the  
towers;

With all thy handmaids thank the immortal  
powers;

To every god vow hecatombs to bleed,  
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty  
deed:

While to the assembled council I repair;  
A stranger sent by heaven attends me there;  
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,  
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.

The matron heard, nor was his word in  
vain.

She bathed; and robed in white with all her  
train,

To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,  
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty  
deed.

Arm'd with his lance the prince then pass'd  
the gate;

Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await:  
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;  
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves.  
Him gathering round, the haughty suitors  
greet

With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.  
Their false addresses generous he denied;  
Pass'd on, and sat by faithful Mentor's side;  
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage,  
(His father's counsellors, revered for age.)  
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,  
Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.  
The stranger-guest pursued him close be-  
hind;

Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.  
He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring  
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)  
Thus thoughtful answer'd: 'Those we shall  
not move,

Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove;  
We know not yet the full event of all:  
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,  
Us and our house if treason must o'erthrow,  
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:  
If death to these, and vengeance, heaven  
decrees,

Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.  
Till then, retain the gifts.'—The hero said,  
And in his hand the willing stranger led.

Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought.  
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble  
wrought.

Obedient handmaids with assistant toil  
Supply the limpid wave and fragrant oil:  
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they  
threw,

And fresh from bathing to their seats with-  
drew.

The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,  
Replenish'd from the pure translucent  
springs;

With copious streams that golden ewer sup-  
plies

A silver laver of capacious size.

They wash: the table, in fair order spread,  
Is piled with viands and the strength of  
bread.

Full opposite, before the folding gate,  
The pensive mother sits in humble state.  
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view  
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.  
The prince and stranger shared the genial  
feast,

Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceased.  
When thus the queen:—'My son! my  
only friend!

Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?  
(The couch deserted now a length of years,  
'The couch for ever water'd with my tears)  
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crowd  
Return, and riot shake our walls anew)  
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?  
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?'

To her the youth: 'We reach'd the Pylian  
plains,

Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.  
All arts of tenderness to him are known,  
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;  
No father with a sonder grasp of joy  
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.  
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,  
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath:  
For further search, his rapid steeds transport  
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.

There Argive Helen I beheld ; whose charms  
(So heaven decreed) engaged the great in  
arms.

My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd ;  
And still his words live perfect in my mind :

“ Heavens ! would a soft, inglorious,  
dastard train

Ah absent hero's nuptial joys profane ?

So with her young, amid the woodland  
shades,

A timorous hind the lion's court invades,  
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,  
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns ;  
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway  
The monarch savage rends the panting prey.  
With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.

O Jove ! supreme ! whom men and gods  
revere ;

And thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling  
sphere !

With power congenial join'd, propitious aid

The chief adopted by the martial maid !

Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,

As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,  
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,

And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor  
bless'd.

Then soon the invaders of his bed, and  
throne,

Their love presumptuous shall by death  
atone.

Now what you question of my ancient friend,  
With truth I answer—thou the truth attend.

Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,  
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of  
fate.

Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,  
The sad survivor of his numerous train,  
Ulysses lies ; detain'd by magic charms,  
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.  
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,  
Nor oars to cut the immeasurable way—”  
This told Atrides, and he told no more.  
Then safe I voyaged to my native shore.

He ceased ;—nor made the pensive queen  
reply,

But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.

When Theoclymenus the seer began :

“ O suffering consort of the suffering man !

What human knowledge could, those kings  
might tell ;

But I the secrets of high heaven reveal.

Before the first of gods be this declared,

Before the board whose blessings we have  
shared ;

Witness the genial rites, and witness all

This house holds sacred in her ample wall !

Even now, this instant, great Ulysses laid

At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,

Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view

Secret revolves ; and plans the vengeance due.

Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,

When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.

“ Succeed those omens, heaven ! (the queen  
rejoin'd)

So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind ;

And every envied happiness attend

The man who calls Penelope his friend.”

Thus communed they : while in the marble  
court

(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort.

Athwart the spacious square each tries his art

To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive ;

And from the field the victim flocks they  
drive.

Medon the herald (one who pleased them  
best,

And honour'd with a portion of their feast)

To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.

Swift to the hall they haste ; aside they lay

Their garments, and succinet the victim slay.

Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers  
bled,

And the proud steer was o'er the marble  
spread.

While thus the copious banquet they pro-  
vide ;

Along the road, conversing side by side,

Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain :  
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane :

'To town, observant of our lord's behest,  
Now let us speed ; my friend, no more my  
guest !

'Yet like myself I wish'd thee here pre-  
-ferr'd,

Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.  
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear ;  
The wrath of princes ever is severe.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made  
While the broad beams of Phœbus are dis-  
play'd,

Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly  
shade.'

'Just thy advice (the prudent chief re-  
join'd),

And such as suits the dictate of my mind.  
Lead on :—but help me to some staff to stay  
My feeble step,—since rugged is the way.'

Across his shoulders then the serip he  
slung,

Wide patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted  
thong.

A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way  
Cheerly they fare : behind, the keepers stay.  
These with their watchful dogs (a constant  
guard)

Supply his absence, and attend the herd.

And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes ;  
Alas ! how changed ! a man of miseries !

Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and hare,  
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air !

Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey  
down

The cavern'd way descending to the town,  
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse  
distils

A limpid fount ; that, spread in parting rills,  
Its current thence to serve the city brings :

A useful work ! adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus, Ithacens, Polyctor there

In sculptured stone immortalized their care ;

In marble urns received it from above,

And shaded with a green surrounding grove ;

Where silver alders, in high arches twined,  
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the  
wind.

Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen  
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green ;  
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,  
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.

Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred  
flame,

But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came ;  
Two grooms attend him. With an envious  
look

He eyed the stranger, and imperious spoke :

'The good old proverb how this pair fulfil !  
One rogue is usher to another still.

Heaven with a secret principle endued  
Mankind to seek their own similitude.

Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd  
guest ?

That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast !

Full many a post have those broad shoulders  
worn,

From every great man's gate repulsed with  
scorn :

To no brave prize aspired the worthless  
swain ;

'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in

To beg, than work, he better understands ;

Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.

For any office could the slave be good,

To cleanse the fold, or help the kid to food.

If any labour those big joints could learn,

Somewhey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.

To eringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,

Is all by which that graceless maw is fed.

Yet hear me ! if thy impudence but dare

Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare :

Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread,

With many a footstool thundering at thy  
head.'

He thus :—nor insolent of word alone,

Spurn'd with his rustic heel his kinsman unknown ;

Spurn'd, but not moved : he like a pillar stood,

Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the

road ;

Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,  
Or greet the pavement with his worthless  
head.

Short was that doubt:—to quell his rage in-  
ured,

The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endured.  
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heaved  
His hands obtesting, and this prayer con-  
ceived:

'Daughters of Jove, who from the ethereal  
bowers

Descend to swell the springs, and feed the  
flowers!

Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred  
names

Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!  
To whom Ulysses' piety prefer'd

The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd;  
Succeed my wish; your votary restore!

O be some god his convoy to our shore!

Due pains shall punish then this slave's  
offence,

And humble all his airs of insolence,

Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at  
large,

Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.'

'What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp re-  
joins)

This crafty miscreant big with dark designs:

The day shall come—nay, 'tis already near,—

When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,  
Must be my care; and hence transport thee  
o'er,

A load and scandal to this happy shore.

Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,

Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the  
heart

Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour

In lasting safety from the father's power.'

So spoke the wretch; but shunning further  
fray,

Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their  
way.

Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,  
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shared;

Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,  
He took his place: and plenty heap'd the  
board.

Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the  
sky,

Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy;  
(For Phemius to the lyre attuned the strain)

Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:

'Well may this palace admiration claim,

Great, and respondent to the master's fame!

Stage above stage the imperial structure  
stands,

Holds the chief honours and the town com-  
mands:

High walls and battlements the courts inclose,  
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.

Far other cares its dwellers now employ;

The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:

I see the smoke of sacrifice aspire,

And hear (what graces every feast) the lyre.'

Then thus Eumæus:—'Judge we which  
were best;

Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest

Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?

Or I first entering introduce the way?

Wait for a space without; but wait not long.

This is the house of violence and wrong:

Some rude insult thy reverend age may  
bear,

For like their lawless lords, the servants are.'

'Just is, O friend! thy caution, and ad-  
dress'd

(Replied the chief) to no unheeding breast:

The wrongs and injuries of base mankind

Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.

The bravely-patient to no fortune yields.

On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,

Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern de-  
bate;

And now in humbler scene submit to fate.

What cannot want? the best she will expose;

And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.

She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,

The sea, the land, and shakes the world  
with arms!



Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,  
 Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew ;  
 He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,  
 Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head !—  
 Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board ;  
 But ah ! not fated long to please his lord !  
 To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain ;  
 The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.  
 Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,  
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;  
 With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,  
 Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.  
 Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
 Unhoused, neglected, in the public way ;  
 And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,  
 Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.  
 He knew his lord :—he knew, and strove to meet ;  
 In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet ;  
 Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
 Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
 Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul :  
 Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole ;  
 Stole unperceived ; he turn'd his head, and dried  
 The drop humane ;—then thus impassion'd cried :  
 'What noble beast in this abandon'd state  
 Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate !  
 His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise ;  
 If, as he seems, he was in better days,  
 Some care his age deserves : or was he prized  
 For worthless beauty ! therefore now despised ?  
 Such dogs, and men there are ; mere things  
 of state,  
 And a'ways cherish'd by their friends, the great.'  
 'Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)  
 But served a master of a nobler kind :  
 Who never, never, shall behold him more !  
 Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore !

O had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,  
 Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong !  
 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,  
 None 'scaped him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood ;  
 His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,  
 To wind the vapour in the tainted dew !  
 Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast ;  
 Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost !  
 The women keep the generous creature bare ;  
 A sleek and idle race is all their care :  
 The master gone, the servants what restrains ?  
 Or dwells humanity where riot reigns ?  
 Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'  
 This said, the honest herdsman strode before ;  
 The musing monarch pauses at the door ;  
 The dog, whom fate had granted to behold  
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,  
 Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies ;  
 So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes !  
 And now Telemachus, the first of all,  
 Observed Eumæus entering in the hall :  
 Distant he saw, across the shady dome ;  
 Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.  
 There stood an empty seat, where late was placed,  
 In order due, the steward of the feast,  
 (Who now was busied carving round the board ;)  
 Eumæus took, and placed it near his lord.  
 Before him instant was the banquet spread,  
 And the bright basket piled with loaves of bread.  
 Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door,  
 A figure despicable, old, and poor,  
 In squalid vest, with many a gaping rent,  
 Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went.  
 Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,  
 Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight,

(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain;)

The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.

'These viands, and this bread, Eumæus, bear,

And let yon mendicant our plenty share :

Then let him circle round the suitors' board,

And try the bounty of each gracious lord.

Bold let him ask, encouraged thus by me ;

How ill, alas ! do want and shame agree.'

His lord's command the faithful servant bears ;

The seeming beggar answers with his prayers.

'Bless'd be Telemachus ! in every deed

Inspire him, Jove ! in every wish succeed !'

This said, the portion from his son convey'd,

With smiles receiving, on his scrip he laid.

Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,

He fed ; and ceased when silence held the lyre.

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,

Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes

To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,

And learn the generous from the ignoble heart ;

(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,

Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train.)

With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,

Humble he moves, imploring all around.

The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,

With such an image touch'd of human woe ;

Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,

And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze, and question with their eyes,

The bold Melanthius to their thought replies :

'My lords ! this stranger of gigantic port

The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.

Full well I mark'd the features of his face,

Though all unknown his elime, or noble race.'

'And is this present, swineherd ! of thy hand ?

Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land ?

(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)

Objects uncouth ! to check the genial joy.

Enough of these our court already grace ;

Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.

Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,

To share our feast, and lead the life of kings !

To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd :

'Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.

Who calls from distant nations to his own

The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone

Round the wide world are sought those men divine

Who public structures raise, or who design ;

Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,

Or bless with salutary arts to heal ;

But chief to poets such respect belongs ;

By rival nations courted for their songs :

These states invite, and mighty kings admire,

Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.

It is not so with want !—how few that feed

A wretch unhappy, merely for his need ?

Unjust to me and all that serve the state,

To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.

For me, suffice the approbation won

Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.'

To him Telemachus ;—' No more incense

The man by nature prone to insolence :

Injurious minds just answers but provoke—'

Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke :

'Thanks to thy care ! whose absolute command

Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.

Heaven bless its owner with a better mind !

From envy free, to charity inclined.

This both Penelope and I afford : [board.

Then, prince ! be bounteous of Ulysses'

To give another's is thy hand so slow ?

So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow ?'

'Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?  
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)  
Portions like mine if every suitor gave,  
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.'

He spoke; and lifting high above the board  
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.  
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread:  
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;  
But first before Antinous stopp'd and said:  
'Bestow, my friend!—thou dost not seem the worst

Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first:  
Then as in dignity, be first in worth;  
And I shall praise thee through the boundless earth.

Once I enjoy'd, in luxury of state,  
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great.  
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;

And hospitality was then my praise;  
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,  
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.  
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will  
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,  
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)  
With roving pirates o'er the Egyptian main:  
By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor:  
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;

But impotent of mind, with lawless will  
The country ravage, and the natives kill.  
The spreading clamour to their city flies,  
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:  
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields  
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:

Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head  
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread

On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.

Some few the foes in servitude detain;  
Death ill exchanged for bondage and for pain!

Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard;  
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:  
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer;

Still cursed by fortune, and insulted here!  
To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:—

'What god has plagued us with this gormand guest?

Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,

Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,  
Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.

From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave,  
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.

Nor wonder I at such profusion shown:—  
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.'

The chief, retiring:—'Souls like that in thee,

I'll suit such forms of grace and dignity.  
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford  
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,  
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps:—  
Yet starving want amidst the riot weeps.'

The haughty suitor with resentment burns;  
And sourly smiling, this reply returns:

'Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:

And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!  
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung;  
His shoulder-blade received the ungentle shock:

He stood, and moved not, like a marble rock;  
But shook his thoughtful head: nor more complain'd;

Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,  
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;

Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,  
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew:

'May what I speak your princely minds approve,

Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!

Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.  
If, when the sword our country's quarrel  
draws,  
Or if defending what is justly dear,  
From Mars impartial some broad wound we  
bear;

The generous motive dignifies the scar.  
But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong?  
Want brings enough of other ills along!  
Yet if injustice never be secure,  
If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor,  
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's  
head,

And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.'  
'Peace, wretch; and eat thy bread with-  
out offence,  
(The suitor cried) or force shall drag thee  
hence,  
Scourge through the public street, and cast  
thee there,

A mangled carcass for the hounds to tear.'  
His furious deed the general anger moved;  
All, even the worst, condemn'd; and some  
reproved.

'Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?  
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.  
Unbless'd thy hand I—if in this low disguise  
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;  
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign  
In forms like these, to round the earth and  
main,

Just and unjust recording in their mind,  
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.'  
Telemachus, absorb'd in thought severe,  
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no  
tear;

But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:  
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:  
'On him and his may the bright god of day  
That base inhospitable blow repay!  
The nurse replies: 'If Jove receives my  
prayer,

Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air.'  
'All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;  
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend

(Replies the queen); the stranger begg'd their  
grace,

And melting pity soften'd every face;  
From every other hand redress he found,  
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound.'  
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent  
queen:

Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.  
'Much of the experienced man I long to hear;  
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,  
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering  
lord.'

Thus she;—and good Eumæus took the  
word:

'A private audience if thy grace impart,  
The stranger's words may ease the royal  
heart.

His sacred eloquence in balm distils,  
And the soothed heart with secret pleasure  
fills.

Three days have spent their beams, three  
nights have run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,  
Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!  
As when some heaven-taught poet charms  
the ear,

(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain,  
Breathed from the gods to soften human pain)  
Time steals away with unregarded wing,  
And the soul hears him, though he cease to  
sing.

'Ulysses late he saw, on Cictau ground,  
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.  
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,  
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's  
shore.'

To this the queen: 'The wanderer let me  
hear,

While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,  
Devour the grazing ox, and browsing goat,  
And turn my generous vintage down their  
throat,

For where's an arm like thine, Ulysses!  
strong,

To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?'

She spoke :—Telemachus then sneez'd aloud ;  
Constrain'd, his nostril echoed through the crowd.

The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd :  
'So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd !'

Then to Eumæus : 'Bring the stranger ; fly !  
And if my questions meet a true reply,  
Graced with a decent robe he shall retire,  
A gift in season which his wants require.'

Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies  
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries :  
'The queen invites thee, venerable guest !  
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,  
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain  
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.  
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind  
Of decent robes a present has design'd :  
So finding favour in the royal eye,  
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.'

'Fair truth alone (the patient man replied)  
My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.

To him, to me, one common lot was given,  
In equal woes, alas ! involved by heaven.  
Much of his fates I know ; but check'd by fear

I stand :—the hand of violence is here :  
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,

And injured suppliants seek in vain for aid.  
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,  
Nor elain my story till the sun descend ;  
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,  
Composed and cheerful by the genial fire,  
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,  
Shall her pleased ear receive my words in peace.'

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain :  
'And say, (she cries) does fear, or shame,  
detain

The cautious stranger ? With the begging kind

Shame suits but ill.' Eumæus thus rejoin'd :

'He only asks a more propitious hour,  
And shuns (who would not ?) wicked men in power ;

At evening mild, meet season to confer,  
By turns to question, and by turns to hear.'

'Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies)

His every step and every thought is wise.  
For men like these on earth he shall not find,  
In all the miscreant race of humankind.'

Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends,  
And, parting, to the suitor-powers descends :  
There seeks Telemachus ; and thus apart  
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart :

'The time, my lord, invites me to repair  
Hence to the lodge ; my charge demands my care.

These sons of murder thirst thy life to take :  
O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake !'

'Thanks to my friend, (he cries) but now the hour

Of night draws on : go, seek the rural bower :  
But first refresh : and at the dawn of day  
Hither a victim to the gods convey.  
Our life to heaven's immortal powers we trust :

Safe in their care ; for heaven protects the just.'

Observant of his voice, Eumæus sat,  
And fed recumbent on a chair of state ;  
Then instant rose, and as he moved along,  
'Twas riot all amid the suitor-throng ;  
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song,

Till now declining toward the close of day,  
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

## BOOK XVIII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,  
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;  
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,  
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:  
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,  
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.  
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,  
She named Arctæus on his natal day:  
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,  
Practised, the common messenger, to fly;  
Irus, a name expressive of the employ.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,  
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.  
'Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed  
thy way,

Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy  
stay;  
See how with nods assent yon princely train!  
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain.  
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,  
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.'

To whom, with stern regard:—'Oh, in-  
solence;  
Indecently to rail without offence!  
What bounty gives, without a rival share:  
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this  
air:

Alike on alms we both precarious live:  
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?  
Know from the bounteous heavens all riches  
flow;  
And what man gives, the gods by man be-  
stow.

Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be  
proud.

Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood:  
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,  
How wouldst thou fly, nor even in thought  
return!

'Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl re-  
plied)

A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!  
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,  
Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey  
Uproots the bearded corn?—rise! try the  
fight:

Gird well thy loins; approach, and feel my  
might:

Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;  
Unequal fight! when youth contends with  
age!

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display  
More fierce intents, prelude to the fray.

Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,  
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:

'This happy day in mirth, my friends,  
employ:

And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.  
See, ready for the fight, and hand to hand,  
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand!

Why urge we not to blows?—Well pleased  
they spring [a ring.

Swift from their seats, and, thickening, form  
To whom Antinous:—'Lo! enrich'd with  
blood,

A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)

On glowing embers lie; on him bestow

The choicest portion who subdues his foe;

Grant him unrival'd in these walls to stay,

'The sole attendant on the genial day.'

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,  
And fears well-feign'd, disguised his daunt-  
less heart:

'Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;  
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?

Hard conflict! when calamity and age  
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, en-  
gage:

Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day  
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey.  
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in  
fight.'

The peers assent : when straight his sacred  
head

Telemachus upraised, and sternly said :

'Stranger, if prompted to chastise the  
wrong

Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong !

The injurious Greek that dares attempt a  
blow,

That instant makes Telemachus his foe ;

And these my friends\* shall guard the sacred  
ties

Of hospitality ;—for they are wise.'

Then girding his strong loins, the king  
prepares

To close in combat, and his body bares ;

Broad spread his shoulders ; and his nervous  
thighs

By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns,  
rise :

Ample his chest ; his arms are round and long,  
And each strong joint Minerva knits more  
strong,

(Attendant on her chief :) the suitor-crowd  
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud :

'Irus, alas ! shall Irus be no more ;

Black fate impends, and this the avenging  
hour !

Gods ! how his nerves a matchless strength  
proclaim,

Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace  
his frame !'

Then pale with fears, and sickening at the  
sight,

They dragg'd the unwilling Irus to the fight ;  
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,  
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

'Oh that such baseness should disgrace  
the light !

O hide it, death, in everlasting night !

\* Antinous and Eurymachus.

(Exclaims Antinous)—can a vigorous foe  
Meanly decline to combat age and woe ?  
But hear me, wretch ! if recreant in the fray,  
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day,  
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd,  
A tyrant fiercest of the tyrant-kind ;  
Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey  
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.'

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,  
In every joint the trembling Irus shook.  
Now front to front each frowning champion  
stands,

And poises high in air his adverse hands.

The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below

To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,

Or save his life : and soon his life to save

The king resolves ; for mercy sways the brave.

That instant Irus his huge arm extends,

Full on the shoulder the rude weight de-  
scends.

The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose

The hero latent in the man of woes,

Check'd half his might : yet rising to the  
stroke,

His jaw-bone dash'd ; the crashing jaw-bone  
broke :

Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning  
wound ;

His feet extended, quivering, beat the ground ;

His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood ;

His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with  
blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he  
lies,

With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted  
skies :

Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the  
wound,

His length of carcass trailing prints the  
ground :

Raised on his feet, again he reels, he falls,

Till propp'd reclining on the palace walls ;

Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,

And thus with just reproach address'd the  
slave :

'There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign  
A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train !  
But merey to the poor and stranger show ;  
Lest heaven in vengeance send some mightier  
woe.'

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder  
flung  
The broad-patch'd scrip ; the scrip in tatters  
hung,

Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.  
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay ;  
But to the palace measured back the way.

There as he rested, gathering in a ring,  
The peers with smiles address'd their un-  
known king :

'Stranger, may Jove and all the aerial  
powers

With every blessing crown thy happy hours !  
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe  
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe ;  
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing  
To Echetus, the monster of a king.'

While pleased he hears, Antinous bears  
the food,

A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood :  
The bread from canisters of shining mold,  
Amphinomus ; and wines that laugh in gold :  
'And oh ! (he mildly cries) may heaven dis-  
play

A beam of glory o'er thy future day !  
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear  
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.'

To whom with thought mature the king  
replies :

'The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is  
wise.

Such was thy father ! in imperial state,  
Great without vice, that oft attends the  
great :

Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declined :  
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy  
mind !

Of all that breathes, or grovelling creeps on  
earth,

Most vain is man ! calamitous by birth.

To-day with power elate, in strength he  
blooms !

The haughty creature on that power pre-  
sumes :

Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels ;  
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heaven the wretch  
rebels,

For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe ;  
Too high when prosperous ; when distressed  
too low.

There was a day, when with the scornful  
great,

I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state :  
Proud of the power that to high birth be-  
longs ;

And used that power to justify my wrongs ;  
Then let not man be proud : but firm of mind,  
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd ;  
Be dumb when heaven afflicts ! unlike yon  
train

Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain ;  
Who make their queen and all her wealth a  
prey :

But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.  
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian  
power,

Far, far be distant in that deathful hour !  
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,  
These lawless riots end in blood and death.'

'Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,  
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.  
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,  
He shook the graceful honours of his head :  
His boding mind the future woe forestalls :—  
In vain ; by great Telemachus he falls ;  
For Palms seals his doom : all sad he turns  
To join the peers ; resumes his throne, and  
mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires  
Thy soul, Penelope, from heaven inspires ;  
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,  
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day ;  
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's to raise,  
And crown the mother and the wife with  
praise.



Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,

Thus with a transient smile the matron cries :

'Eurynomè ! to go where riot reigns

I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains ;

To my loved son the snares of death to show,

And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe ;

Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,

Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.'

'Gò warn thyson, nor be the warning vain,

(Replied the sagest of the royal train)

But bathed, anointed, and adorn'd, descend ;

Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend ;

The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress :

Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.

Some joy remains :—to thee a son is given,

Such as in fondness parents ask of heaven.'

'Ah me ! forbear, (returns the queen) forbear.

O talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care !

No more I bathe, since he no longer sees

Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.

The day that bore Ulysses from this coast

Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.

But instant bid Autonoe descend,

Instant Hippodamè our steps attend :

Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen

Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.'

Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,  
From heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares ;

O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,  
She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest :

With every beauty every feature arms ;

Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms :

In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires ;

(Immortal gifts ! to kindle soft desires)

From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,

And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.

Such Venus shines, when with a measured bound

She smoothly gliding swims the harmonious round,

When with the Graces in the dance she moves,

And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.

Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends ;

And to the queen the damsel-train descends :

Waked at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose ;

The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes :

'Howe'er 'tis well, that sleep awhile can free

With soft forgetfulness a wretch like me ;

Oh ! were it given to yield this transient breath !

Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death !

Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,

Nor bury in the silent grave my cares ?

O my Ulysses ! ever-honour'd name !

For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.'

Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends :

On either hand a damsel train attends :

Full where the dome its shining valves expands,

Radiant before the gazing peers she stands ;

A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,

Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade :

Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,

And sudden flames in every bosom rise ;

They send their eager souls with every look,

Till silence thus the imperial matron broke :

'O why, my son, why now no more appears

That warmth of soul that urged thy younger years ?

Thy riper days no growing worth impart ;

A man in stature, still a boy in heart !

Thy well-knit frame, unprofitably strong,

Speaks thee a hero from a hero sprung :

But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow—

O wise alone in form, and brave in show !

Heavens ! could a stranger feel oppression's hand Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand ? If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline, His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine. To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns : 'That generous soul with just resentment burns. Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow For others' good, and melt at others' woe : But impotent these riots to repel, I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel : Helpless amid the snares of death I tread, And numbers leagued in impious union dread. But now no crime is theirs : this wrong proceeds From Iris : and the guilty Iris bleeds. Oh would to Jove ! or her whose arms display The shield of Jove ! or him who rules the day ! 'That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread These courts, within these courts like Iris bled : Whose loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd, Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast : Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny The coward wretch the privilege to fly.' Then to the queen Eurymachus replies : 'O justly loved, and not more fair than wise ! Should Greece through all her hundred states survey Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy sway, In rival crowds contest the glorious prize, Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes : O woman ! loveliest of the lovely kind, In body perfect, and complete in mind.' 'Ah me ! (returns the queen) when from this shore Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more !	The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep. Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove, My virtues last : my brightest charm is love. Now, grief, thou all art mine ! the gods o'ercast [last ! My soul with woes, that long, ah long must Too faithfully my heart retains the day That sadly tore my royal lord away : He grasp'd my hand, and " Oh, my spouse ! I leave Thy arms (he cried) perhaps to find a grave. Fame speaks the Trojans bold, they boast the skill To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill, To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car With dreadful inroad through the walks of war. My sentence is gone forth : and 'tis decreed Perhaps by righteous heaven that I must bleed ! My father, mother, all, I trust to thee ; To them, to them transfer the love of me : But when my son grows man, the royal sway Resign, and happy be thy bridal day !" Such were his words, and Hymen now prepares To light his torch and give me up to cares ; The afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear : A wretch the most complete that breathes the air ! Fallen even below the rights to woman due ! Careless to please, with insolence ye woo ! The generous lovers, studious to succeed, Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed ; By precious gifts the vow sincere display : You, only you, make her ye love your prey.' Well pleased Ulysses hears his queen deceive The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give : False hopes she kindles ; but those hopes betray, And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
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While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous  
cries,  
' Offspring of kings, and more than woman  
wise !  
'Tis right ; 'tis man's prerogative to give,  
And custom bids thee without shame re-  
ceive ;  
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move  
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.'  
The peers dispatch their heralds to convey  
The gifts of love ; with speed they take the  
way.  
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,  
The varying hues in gay confusion rise  
Rich from the artist's hand ! twelve clasps of  
gold  
Close to the lessening waist the vest infold :  
Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound  
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the  
ground.  
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,  
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,  
Eurymachus presents : and ear-rings bright,  
With triple stars that cast a trembling light.  
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art :  
And every peer, expressive of his heart,  
A gift bestows : this done, the queen ascends,  
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.  
Then to the dance they form the vocal  
strain,  
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train ;  
And now he raises, as the daylight fades,  
His golden circlet in the deepening shades :  
Three vases, heap'd with copious fires, display  
O'er all the palace a fictitious day ;  
From space to space the torch wide-beaming  
burns,  
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.  
To whom the king :—' Ill suits your sex to  
stay  
Alone with men ! ye modest maids, away !  
Go, with the queen the spindle guide ; or cull  
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool ;  
Be it my task the torches to supply,  
Even till the morning lamp adorns the sky :

Even till the morning, with unwearied care,  
Sleepless I watch : for I have learn'd to bear.'  
Scornful they heard : Melantho, fair and  
young,  
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,  
Who with the queen her years an infant led,  
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)  
Chiefly derides : regardless of the cares  
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares  
Nocturnal with Eurymachus. With eyes  
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies :  
' Oh ! whither wanders thy distemper'd  
brain,  
Thou bold intruder on a princely train ?  
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair ;  
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.  
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,  
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl ?  
Is it that vaquish'd Irus swells thy mind ?  
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind ;  
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy  
stay,  
Shall send thee howling all in blood away ?'  
To whom with frowns :—' O impudent in  
wrong !  
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue.  
Know, to Telemachus I tell the offence :  
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into  
sense.'  
With conscious shame they hear the stern  
rebuke,  
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.  
Then to the servile task the monarch turns  
His royal hands : each torch refulgent burns  
With added day : meanwhile in museful mood,  
Absorb'd in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he  
stood.  
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs  
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors' tongues :  
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,  
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began :  
' Hear me, (he cries) confederates and  
friends !  
Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly  
sends :

The shining baldness of his head survey ;  
It aids our torchlight, and reflects the ray.

Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy :  
' Say if large hire can tempt thee to employ  
Those hands in works ; to tend the rural trade,  
To dress the walk, and form the embower-  
ing shade ?

So food and raiment constant will I give :  
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,  
And starve by strolling, not by work to  
thrive.'

To whom incensed :— ' Should we, O  
prince, engage

In rival tasks beneath the burning rage  
Of summer suns ; were both constrain'd to  
wield,

Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field ;  
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare  
wounds,

With steers of equal strength, the allotted  
grounds ;

Beneath my labours, how thy wondering eyes  
Might see the sable field at once arise !

Should Jove dire war unloose ; with spear  
and shield

And nodding helm, I tread the ensanguin'd  
field,

Fierce in the van : then would'st thou,  
would'st thou,—say,

Misname me glutton, in that glorious day ?

No ; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave dis-  
grace :

'Tis thou injurious art : not I am base.

Proud to seem brave among a coward train !

But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.

Gods ! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,  
These gates would seem too narrow for thy  
flight.'

While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies  
With indignation flashing from his eyes ;

' Slave, I with justice might deserve the  
wrong,

Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,  
Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd.

Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold ?

Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,  
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe !'

He said, and with full force a footstool  
threw :

Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.  
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,  
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the  
blow.

Not so a youth who deals the goblet round  
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound :

Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet  
flies ;

He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless  
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the  
sky ;

'Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry :

' O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,  
To the black realms of darkness and of death,  
Ere yet he trod these shores !—To strife he  
draws

Peer against peer ; and what the weighty  
cause ?

A vagabond !—for him the great destroy,  
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.'

To whom the stern Telemachus uprose :  
' Gods ! what wild folly from the goblet flows !  
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,  
But from the license of the copious bowl ?  
Or heaven delusion sends. But hence ; away !  
Force I forbear, and without force obey.'

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke :  
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke :

' True are his words : and he whom truth  
offends,

Not with Telemachus, but truth, contends ;  
Let not the hand of violence invade

The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid ;  
Retire we hence ! but crown with rosy wine

The flowing goblet to the powers divine :  
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he  
stands :

This justice, this the social right demands.'

The peers assent : the goblet Mullus  
crown'd

With purple juice, and bore in order round ;

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous  
 cries,  
 ' Offspring of kings, and more than woman  
 wise !  
 'Tis right ; 'tis man's prerogative to give,  
 And custom bids thee without shame re-  
 ceive ;  
 Yet never, never, from thy dome we move  
 Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love.'  
 The peers dispatch their heralds to convey  
 The gifts of love ; with speed they take the  
 way.  
 A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,  
 The varying hues in gay confusion rise  
 Rich from the artist's hand ! twelve clasps of  
 gold  
 Close to the lessening waist the vest infold :  
 Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound  
 Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the  
 ground.  
 A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,  
 That shot effulgence like the solar ray,  
 Eurymachus presents ; and ear-rings bright,  
 With triple stars that cast a trembling light.  
 Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art :  
 And every peer, expressive of his heart,  
 A gift bestows : this done, the queen ascends,  
 And slow behind her damsel-train attends.  
 Then to the dance they form the vocal  
 strain,  
 Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train ;  
 And now he raises, as the daylight fades,  
 His golden circlet in the deepening shades :  
 Three vases, heap'd with copious fires, display  
 O'er all the palace a fictitious day ;  
 From space to space the torch wide-beaming  
 burns,  
 And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.  
 To whom the king :—' Ill suits your sex to  
 stay  
 Alone with men ! ye modest maids, away !  
 Go, with the queen the spindle guide ; or cull  
 (The partners of her cares) the silver wool ;  
 Be it my task the torches to supply,  
 Even till the morning lamp adorns the sky :

Even till the morning, with unwearied care,  
 Sleepless I watch : for I have learn'd to bear.'  
 Scornful they heard : Melanthe, fair and  
 young,  
 (Melanthe, from the loins of Dolius sprung,  
 Who with the queen her years an infant led,  
 With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)  
 Chiefly derides : regardless of the cares  
 Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares  
 Nocturnal with Eurymachus. With eyes  
 That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies :  
 ' Oh ! whither wanders thy distemper'd  
 brain,  
 Thou bold intruder on a princely train ?  
 Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair ;  
 Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.  
 Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,  
 Or flows licentious from the copious bowl ?  
 Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind ?  
 A foe may meet thee of a braver kind ;  
 Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy  
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 Shall send thee howling all in blood away ?'  
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 Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.  
 Then to the servile task the monarch turns  
 His royal hands : each torch refulgent burns  
 With added day : meanwhile in museful mood,  
 Absorb'd in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he  
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 And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs  
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 Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly  
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' Say if large hire can tempt thee to employ  
Those hands in works ; to tend the rural trade,  
To dress the walk, and form the embower-  
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*So food and raiment constant will I give :*  
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,  
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thrive.'

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prince, engage  
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage  
Of summer suns ; were both constrain'd to  
wield,  
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field ;  
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare  
wounds,  
With steers of equal strength, the allotted  
grounds ;

Beneath my labours, how thy wondering eyes  
Might see the sable field at once arise !  
Should Jove dire war unloose ; with spear  
and shield

And nodding helm, I tread the ensanguin'd  
field,

Fierce in the van : then would'st thou,  
would'st thou,—say,

Misname me glutton, in that glorious day ?

No ; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave dis-  
grace :

'Tis thou injurious art : not I am base.

Proud to seem brave among a coward train !

But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.

Gods ! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,

These gates would seem too narrow for thy  
flight.'

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With indignation flashing from his eyes ;

' Slave, I with justice might deserve the  
wrong,

Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,  
Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd.

Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold ?

Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,  
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe !'

He said, and with full force a footstool  
threw :

Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.  
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,  
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the  
blow.

Not so a youth who deals the goblet round :  
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound :

Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet  
flies ;

He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless  
' Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the  
sky ;

Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry :

' O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,  
To the black realms of darkness and of death,  
Ere yet he trod these shores !—To strife he  
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' True are his words : and he whom truth  
offends,

Not with Telemachus, but truth, contends ;

Let not the hand of violence invade

The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid ;

Retire we hence ! but crown with rosy wine

The flowing goblet to the powers divine ;

Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he  
stands :

This justice, this the social right demands.'

The peers assent : the goblet Milius  
crown'd

With purple juice, and bore in order round ;

Each peer successive his libation pours  
To the bless'd gods that fill the aerial bowers :  
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds  
obey,  
And, rushing forth tumultuous, reel away.

## BOOK XIX.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures ; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, and describes exactly his person and address ; affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea ; who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-eyed maid,  
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd :  
Revenge mature for act inflamed his breast ;  
And thus the son the fervent sire address'd :  
' Instant convey those stately stores of war  
To distant rooms, disposed with secret care :  
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,  
To soothe their fears a specious reason feign :  
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,  
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,  
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn :  
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.  
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspired,  
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fired,  
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,  
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.'

The prince obedient to the sage command,  
To Euryclea thus : ' The female band

In their apartments keep : secure the doors :  
These swarthy arms among the covert stores  
Are seemlier hid ; my thoughtless youth they  
blame,  
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering  
flame.'

' In happy hour (pleased Euryclea cries)  
' Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise !  
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,  
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.  
But who the lighted taper will provide,  
(The female train retired) your toils to guide ?  
' Without infringing hospitable right,  
This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding  
light.

I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast ;  
' They share the meal that earn it ere they  
taste.'

He said : from female ken she straight  
secures  
The purposed deed, and guards the bolted  
doors :

Auxiliar to his son Ulysses bears  
The plumy-crested helms, and pointed spears,  
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.  
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,  
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.  
Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere  
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere !  
A present deity the prince confess'd,  
And rapt with ecstasy the sire address'd :  
' What miracle thus dazzles with surprise !  
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise :  
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I  
turn,

And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn !  
Some visitant of pure ethereal race  
With his bright presence deigns the dome to  
grace.'

' Be calm, (replies the sire) to none impart,  
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart.  
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,  
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.  
Seek thou repose ; whilst here I sole remain,  
To explore the conduct of the female train :

The pensive queen perchance desires to know  
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.'

With tapers flaming day his train attends ;  
His bright alcove the obsequious youth  
ascends :

Soft slumbrous shades his drooping eye-lids  
close,

Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.

Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses  
stay'd.

In council secret with the martial maid,  
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait  
The queen, descending from her bower of  
state.

Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,  
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.

An ivory seat with silver ringlets graced,  
By famed Icmalius wrought, the menials  
placed :

With ivory silver'd thick the footstool shone,  
O'er which the panther's various hide was  
thrown.

The sovereign seat with graceful air she  
press'd ;

To different tasks their toil the nymphs ad-  
dress'd :

The golden goblets some, and some restored  
From stains of luxury the polish'd board :

These to remove the expiring embers came,  
While those with unctuous fir foment the  
flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien  
Renew'd the attack, incontinent of spleen :

'Avaunt, (she cried) offensive to my sight I  
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,  
In to the woman-state asquint to pry ;

A day-devourer, and an evening spy !  
Vagrant, be gone ! before this blazing brand

Shall urge'—and wav'd it hissing in her  
hand.

The insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,  
And, 'Why so turbulent of soul ? he cries ;  
Can these lean shrivell'd limbs unnerved with  
age,

These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage ?

In crowds, we wear the badge of hungry fate ;  
And beg, degraded from superior state !

Constrain'd ! a rent-charge on the rich I live ;  
Reduced to crave the good I once could give.  
A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,  
And all that makes the great be call'd the  
bless'd :

My gate, an emblem of my open soul,  
Embraced the poor, and dealt a bounteous  
dole.

Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid !  
'Tis Jove's high will ; and he his will obey'd !  
Nor think thyself exempt : that rosy prime  
Must share the general doom of withering  
time.

To some new channel soon, the changeful  
tide

Of royal grace the offended queen may guide ;  
And her loved lord unplume thy towering  
pride.

Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware :  
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's  
care ;

Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys ;  
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.'

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sove-  
reign's ear :

'Loquacious insolent ! (she cries) forbear :  
'To thee the purpose of my soul I told ;  
Venial discourse, unblamed, with him to  
hold :

The storied labours of my wandering lord,  
To soothe my grief, he haply may record.  
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath  
stung :

Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue !  
But thou, on whom my palace-cares depend,  
Eurynome, regard the stranger-friend :

A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare ;  
Due-distant, for us both to speak and hear.'

The menial fair obeys with dutious haste :  
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she placed :

Due-distant for discourse the hero sat ;  
When thus the sovereign from her chair of  
state :



'Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,  
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.'

He thus : 'O queen ! whose far-resounding  
fame

Is bounded only by the starry frame,  
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,  
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey !  
In wavy gold thy summer-vales are dress'd ;  
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit op-  
press'd :

With flocks and herds each grassy plain is  
stored ;

And fish of every fin thy seas afford :  
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,  
And bless the power that still delights to bless.  
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame !  
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name :  
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to  
weep ;

In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep !  
My woes awaked will violate your ear ;  
And to this gay censorious train, appear  
A winy vapour melting in a tear.'

'Their gifts the gods resumed, (the queen  
rejoin'd)

Exterior grace, and energy of mind,  
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy  
Auxiliar troops combined, to conquer Troy.  
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise  
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise !  
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort ;  
Here, with Dulichians join'd, besiege the  
court :

Zaeynthus, green with ever-shady groves,  
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves :  
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,  
They press the hymenean rite abhorr'd.  
Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,  
I live regardless of my state affairs :  
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve ;  
But ever for my lord in secret grieve !—  
This art, instinct by some celestial power,  
I tried, elusive of the bridal hour :

"Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart  
Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,

Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,  
Till this funereal web my labours end ;  
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath  
A pall of state, the ornament of death.  
For when to fate he bows, each Greeian dame  
With just reproach were licensed to defame,  
Should he, long honour'd in supreme com-  
mand,

Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."  
The fiction pleased ! their loves I long elude ;  
The night still ravel'd what the day renew'd.  
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,  
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd :  
Befriended by my own domestic spies,  
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.  
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,  
And fear forbids to falsify the brede.  
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,  
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice :  
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores  
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted  
stores—

But, stranger ! as thy days seem full of fate,  
Divide discourse ; in turn thy birth relate :  
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race ;  
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace."

'Princess ! (he cries) renew'd by your  
command,

The dear remembrance of my native land,  
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source ;  
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course !  
So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to  
roam,

The dues of nature to his natal home !—  
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey ;  
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.

'Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful  
soil !

And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle :  
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names  
In various tongues avow their various claims :  
Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,  
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due :  
The Dorians, plumed amid the files of war,  
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achæians share :

Cnossus, her capital of high command,  
 Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand  
 Divided right; each ninth revolving year,  
 By Jove received in council to confer.  
 His son Deucalion bore successive sway;  
 His son, who gave me first to view the day!  
 The royal bed an elder issue bless'd,  
 Idomeneus; whom Ilia fields attest  
 Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil,  
 I lived inglorious in my native isle,  
 Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.  
 'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came;  
 For elemental war, and wintry Jove,  
 From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove  
 To bright Lucina's fane; the shelvy coast  
 Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.  
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommensurable port!)  
 The hero sped to the Cnossian court:  
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find;  
 In leagues of long commutual friendship  
 join'd.  
 Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western  
 strand  
 Since my brave brother with his Cretan band  
 Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast  
 My honour'd roof received the royal guest.  
 Bees for his train the Cnossian peers as-  
 sign,  
 A public treat, with jars of generous wine.  
 Twelve days, while Borcas vex'd the aerial  
 space,  
 My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace;  
 And when the north had ceased the stormy  
 roar,  
 He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.  
 Thus the famed hero, perfected in viles,  
 With fair similitude of truth beguiles  
 The queen's attentive ear: dissolved in woe,  
 From her bright eyes the tears unbounded  
 flow.  
 As snows collected on a mountain freeze,  
 When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,  
 The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,  
 Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the  
 vales:

So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,  
 Down her fair cheek the copious torrent  
 roll'd:  
 She to her present lord laments him lost,  
 And views that object which she wants the  
 most!  
 Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,  
 His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare:  
 Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,  
 Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;  
 Firm wisdom interdicts the softening tear.  
 A speechless interval of grief ensues,  
 Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:  
 'Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof  
 Ulysses graced, confirm by faithful proof:  
 Delineate to my view my warlike lord;  
 His form, his habit, and his train record.'  
 'Tis hard (he cries) to bring to sudden sight  
 Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:  
 Rare on the mind those images are traced,  
 Whose footsteps twenty winters have defaced:  
 But what I can, receive:—In ample mode,  
 A robe of military purple flow'd  
 O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast  
 The double-clasping gold the king confess'd;  
 In the rich wool a hound, mosaic-drawn,  
 Bore on full stretch, and seized a dappled  
 fawn:  
 Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;  
 They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.  
 Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone  
 A vest that dazzled like a cloudless sun:  
 The female train, who round him throng'd  
 to gaze,  
 In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.  
 A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,  
 I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:  
 A mantle purple-tinged, and radiant vest,  
 Dimension'd equal to his size, express'd  
 Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.  
 A favourite herald in his train I knew,  
 His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:  
 Short woolly curls o'erfleece'd his bending  
 head,  
 O'er which a pronuntory-shoulder spread:

Eurybates! in whose large soul alone  
Ulysses view'd an image of his own.'

His speech the tempest of her grief restored ;

In all he told she recognized her lord ;

But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers,

A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers :

' O thou (she cried) whom first inclement fate

Made welcome to my hospitable gate ;

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end ;

Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend !

The vest much envied on your native coast,

And regal robe with figured gold emboss'd,

In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,

When my loved lord this blissful bower enjoy'd :

The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn  
Doom'd to survive, and never to return !'

Then lie, with pity touch'd : ' O royal dame !

Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,

From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.

I not the foudness of your soul reprove

For such a lord ! who crown'd your virgin-love

With the dear blessing of a fair increase ;

Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace :

Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend :

Truth forms my tale ; to pleasing truth attend.

The royal object of your dearest care,

Breathes in no distant elime the vital air ;

In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound

Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd :

Without retinue, to that friendly shore

Welcomed with gifts of price, a sumless store !

His sacrilegious train, who dared to prey

On herds devoted to the god of day,

Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,

To perish in the rough Trinaerian sea.

To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,  
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,  
And rode the storm ; till by the billows toss'd,  
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.

That race, who emulate the life of gods,

Receive him joyous to their bless'd abodes :

Large gifts confer ; a ready sail command,

To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.

But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul

High schemes of power in just succession roll)

His Ithaca refused from favouring fate,

Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.

Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway

Thesprotian tribes, a dutious race, obey :

And bade the gods this added truth attest,

(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)

That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,

To waft the hero to his natal land.

I for Dulichium urge the watery way ;

But first the Ulyssean wealth survey ;

So rich the value of a store so vast,

Demands the pomp of centuries to waste !

The darling object of your royal love

Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove ;

By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,

To form the conduct of his great design :

Irresolute of soul, his state to shroud

In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd.

Thus lives your lord : nor longer doom'd to roam,

Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.

By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power !

By the bless'd genius of this friendly bower !

I ratify my speech : before the sun

His annual longitude of heaven shall run ;

When the pale empress of yon starry train

In the next month renews her faded wane,

Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.'

'What thanks, what boon, (replied the queen) are due, [true !

When time shall prove the storied blessing

My lord's return should fate no more retard,  
 Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.  
 But my prophetic fears, alas ! presage  
*The wounds of destiny's relentless rage.*  
 I long must weep ! nor will Ulysses come,  
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home !—  
 Your other task, ye menial train, forbear :  
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare :  
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn :  
 Up-rising early with the purple morn,  
 His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,  
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil,  
 Then with Telemaehus the social feast  
 Partaking free, my sole invited guest,  
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,  
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.  
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed  
 In real fame, when most humane my deed :  
 And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,  
 If, stranger ! I permit that mean attire  
 Beneath the feastful bower.—A narrow space  
 Confines the circle of our destined race ;  
 'Tis ours, with good the scanty round to grace.  
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,  
 Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues ;  
 By death disrobed of all their savage powers,  
 Then, licensed rage her hateful prey devours.  
 But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,  
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend ;—  
 The wretched he relieves, diffuse his fame,  
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.'  
 'Princess, (he cried, in vain your bounties  
 flow  
 On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe.  
 When my loved Crete received my final view,  
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs with-  
 drew,  
 These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe re-  
 sign'd)  
 I chose, the livery of a woeful mind !  
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate  
 With splendid palls and canopies of state :  
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I  
 scorn,  
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.

The delicacy of your courtly train  
 To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain :  
 But if, in track of long experience tried,  
 And sad similitude of woes allied,  
 Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,  
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.'  
 Pleased with his wise reply, the queen re-  
 join'd :  
 'Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,  
 In all who grace'd this hospitable bower  
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.  
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,  
 To light received the lord of my desires,  
 New from the birth ; and with a mother's  
 hand  
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd :  
 Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind ;  
 Though now to life's extremest verge de-  
 clined,  
 Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—  
 Rise, Eurylea ! with officious care  
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath pre-  
 pare.  
 This debt his correspondent fortunes claim :  
 Too like Ulysses !—and perhaps the same !  
 Thus, old with woes my fancy paints him  
 now !  
 For age untimely marks the careful brow.'  
 Instant, obsequious to the mild command,  
 Sad Eurylea rose : with trembling hand  
 She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes ;  
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies :  
 'Son of my love, and monarch of my cares !  
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom  
 bears !  
 Are thus by Jove, who constant beg his aid,  
 With pious deed, and pure devotion paid ?  
 He never dared defraud the sacred fane  
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain :  
 There oft implored his tutelary power,  
 Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour ;  
 That form'd for empire with paternal care,  
 His realm might recognize an equal heir.  
 O destined head ! The pious vows are lost ;  
 His god forgets him on a foreign coast !—

Perhaps, like thee, poor guest I in wanton  
pride  
The rich insult him, and the young deride I  
Conscious of worth reviled, thy generous mind  
The friendly rite of purity declined ;  
My will concurring with my queen's com-  
mand,  
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.  
A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast ;  
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd :  
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,  
None imaged e'er like thee my master lost.\*

Thus half discover'd through the dark  
disguise,  
With cool composure feign'd, the chief re-  
plies :  
' You join your suffrage to the public vote ;  
The same you think, have all beholders  
thought.'

He said : replenish'd from the purest  
springs,  
The laver straight with busy care she brings :  
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd  
gold,  
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.  
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind  
The scar, with which his manly knee was  
sign'd,  
His face averting from the crackling blaze,  
His shoulders intercept the unfriendly rays.  
Thus cautious in the obscure he hoped to fly  
The curious search of Euryclæa's eye.  
Cautious in vain I nor ceased the dame to  
find  
The scar, with which his manly knee was  
sign'd.

This on Parnassus (combating the boar)  
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.  
Attended by his brave maternal race,  
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chase,  
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name  
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame :  
Hermes his patron god those gifts bestow'd,  
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont  
to load).

His course to Ithaca this hero sped,  
When the first product of Laertes' bed  
Was new disclosed to birth : the banquet  
ends,

When Euryclæa from the queen descends,  
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.  
' Receive (she cries) your royal daughter's son,  
And name the blessing that your prayers  
have won.'

Then thus the hoary chief :—' My victor arms  
Have awed the realms around with dire  
alarms :

A sure memorial of my dreaded fame  
The boy shall bear ; Ulysses be his name !  
And when with filial love the youth shall come  
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome  
With gifts of price shall send him joyous  
home.'

Lured with the promised boon, when youth-  
ful prize

Ended in man, his mother's natal clime  
Ulysses sought ; with fond affection dear  
Amphithea's arms received the royal heir :  
Her ancient lord\* an equal joy possess'd ;  
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast :  
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,  
Whose stately growth five flowery summers  
fed ;

His sons divide, and roast with artful care  
The limbs : then all the tasteful viands share.  
Nor ceased discourse (the banquet of the soul)  
Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal  
Resign'd the skies, and night involved the  
pole.

Their drooping eyes the slumbrous shade  
oppress'd,

Sated they rose, and all retired to rest.

Soon as the Morn, new-robed in purple  
light,  
Pierced with her golden shafts the rear of  
night ;

Ulysses, and his brave maternal race,  
The young Autolycæ, assay the chase.

\* Autolycus.

Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,  
 With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop  
 invades;  
 What time the sun from ocean's peaceful  
 stream,  
 Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.  
 The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;  
 The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;  
 And foremost of the train, his cornel spear  
 Ulysses waved, to rouse the savage war.  
 Deep in the rough recesses of the wood.  
 A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:  
 Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous  
 shower,  
 Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower,  
 With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!  
 The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar!  
 Roused by the hounds' and hunters' mingling  
 cries,  
 The savage from his leafy shelter flies:  
 With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,  
 And bristles high empale his horrid chine.  
 Young Ithacus advanced, defies the foe,  
 Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;  
 The savage renders vain the wound decreed,  
 And springs impetuous with opponent speed!  
 His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;  
 Aslope they glanced, the sinewy fibres tore,  
 And bared the bone:—Ulysses, undismay'd,  
 Soon with redoubled force the wound re-  
 pay'd:  
 To the right shoulder-joint the spear applied,  
 His further flank with streaming purple dyed:  
 On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain.  
 With joy, and vast surprise, the applauding  
 train  
 View'd his enormous bulk extended on the  
 plain.  
 With bandage firm Ulysses knee they bound;  
 Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound  
 Of sacred melody confess'd the force;  
 The tides of life regain'd their azure course.  
 Then back they led the youth with loud  
 acclaim:  
 Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,  
 Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic  
 dome  
 With added gifts return'd him glorious home.  
 He safe at Ithaca with joy received,  
 Relates the chase, and early praise achieved.  
 Deep o'er his knee inscam'd, remain'd the  
 scar:  
 Which noted token of the woodland war  
 When Euryalea found, the ablution ceased;  
 Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand  
 released:  
 The mingled fluids from the vase redound;  
 The vase reclining floats the floor around!  
 Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife  
 express'd  
 Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.  
 Her fluttering words in melting murmurs  
 died;  
 At length abrupt—'My son!—my king!—  
 she cried.  
 His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,  
 Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,  
 Ardent to speak the monarch safe restored;  
 But studious to conceal her royal lord,  
 Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,  
 And from the present bliss abstracts her  
 thought.  
 His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,  
 'Art thou foredoom'd my pest? (the hero  
 cried:)  
 Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd;  
 And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd  
 To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?  
 An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,  
 Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:  
 At length return'd, some god inspires thy  
 breast  
 To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.  
 This heaven-discover'd truth to thee con-  
 sign'd,  
 Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:  
 Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,  
 And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,  
 With their lewd mates thy undistinguish'd age  
 Shall bleed, a victim to vindictive rage.'

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear  
 'What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips  
 severe?  
 Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secured,  
 With ribs of steel and, marble heart im-  
 mured.  
 When heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,  
 Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd,  
 The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;  
 The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.'  
 'Thy aid avails me not, (the chief replied)  
 My own experience shall their doom decide;  
 A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:  
 Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.'  
 He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,  
 She to the fount conveys the exhausted vase:  
 The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil  
 With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.  
 Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,  
 His former seat received the stranger-guest;  
 Whom thus with pensive air the queen ad-  
 dress'd:  
 'Though night, dissolving grief in grateful  
 ease,  
 Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize,  
 Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,  
 Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.  
 The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of  
 joy!)  
 My menials, and domestic cares employ:  
 And, unattended by sincere repose,  
 The night assists my ever-wakeful woes;  
 When Nature's hush'd beneath her brooding  
 shade,  
 My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.  
 As when the months are clad in flowery green,  
 Sad Philoniel, in bowery shades unseen,  
 To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,  
 And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:  
 Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!  
 Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:  
 Now doom'd, a wakeful bird, to wail the  
 beauteous boy.  
 So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,  
 A sad variety of woes I mourn!

My mind reflective, in a thorny maze  
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.  
 Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long de-  
 spair:  
 Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;  
 And joining to my son's my menial train,  
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign?  
 Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;  
 Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord,  
 And from the peers select the noblest lord;  
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide  
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning  
 bride?  
 A visionary thought I'll now relate;  
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.  
 'A team of twenty geese (a snow-white  
 train!)  
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,  
 Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove  
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward  
 drove;  
 Each favourite fowl he pounced with death-  
 ful sway,  
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.  
 My pitying eyes effused a plenteous stream,  
 To view their death thus imaged in a dream:  
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,  
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.  
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom  
 burn'd,  
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:  
 Perch'd on the battlements he thus began,  
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man:)  
 "O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky  
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy:  
 View in this plumy form thy victor lord;  
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee de-  
 plored,  
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword."  
 This said the pleasing feather'd omen ceased.  
 When from the downy bands of sleep re-  
 leased,  
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train  
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.'

'The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)  
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:  
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed,  
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.'

'Hard is the task, and rare, (the queen  
rejoin'd)

Impending destinies in dreams to find!  
Immured within the silent bower of sleep,  
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:  
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,  
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:  
The gate opposed pellucid valves adorn,  
And columns fair incased with polish'd horn;  
Where images of truth for passage wait,  
With visions manifest of future fate.  
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom  
soar'd,

Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restored:  
Delusive semblance!—But my remnant life  
Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:  
With that famed bow Ulysses taught to bend  
For me the rival archers shall contend.

As on the listed field he used to place  
Six beams, opposed to six in equal space;  
Elanced afar by his unerring art,  
Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing  
dart:

So, when the sun restores the purple day,  
Their strength and skill the suitors shall  
assay:

To him the spousal honour is decreed,  
Who through the rings directs the feather'd  
reed.

Torn from these walls (where long the kinder  
powers

With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful  
hours!)

On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall  
beam;

The pleasure past supplies a copious theme  
For many a dreary thought, and many a  
doleful dream!

'Propose the sportive lot, (the chief replies)  
Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's  
prize:

Ulysses will surprise the unfinish'd game  
Avow'd, and falsify the suitor's claim.'

To whom with grace serene the queen  
rejoin'd:

'In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!  
O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,  
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.  
But heaven, that knows what all terrestrials  
need,

Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:  
Grateful vicissitude!—Yet me withdrawn,  
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn,  
Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy  
Estranged, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!  
Meanwhile instructed is the menial tribe  
Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.'

Thus affable, her bower the queen as-  
cends;

The sovereign step a beauteous train attends.  
There imaged to her soul Ulysses rose;  
Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow  
flows:

Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,  
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

## BOOK XX.

### ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his awaking, he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people: and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them: notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,  
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:



(The remnants of the spoils the suitor-crowd  
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)  
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste  
With duteous care a downy carpet cast;  
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom  
glows,

And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,  
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,  
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,  
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.  
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung;  
Wavering his thoughts in dubious balance  
hung,

Or instant should he quench the guilty flame  
With their own blood, and intercept the  
shame,

Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,  
And let the peers consummate the disgrace.

Round his swoln heart the murmurous fury  
rolls ;

As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,  
And bays the stranger-groom : so wrath  
compress'd

Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.

' Poor suffering heart ! (he cried) support the  
pain

Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,

When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil  
Dire Polypheme devour'd :—I then was freed,  
By patient prudence, from the death de-  
creed.'

Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful  
coast,

Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost ;

Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd :

As one who long with pale-eyed famine pined,  
The savoury cates on glowing embers cast

Incessant turns, impatient for repast ;

Ulysses so, from side to side devolved,

In self-debate the suitors' doom resolved.

When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,  
From heaven descends the Jove-born martial  
maid ;

And hovering o'er his head, in view confess'd,  
The goddess thus her favourite care ad-  
dress'd :

' O thou, of mortals most inured to woes ;  
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose ?  
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care ;  
Bless'd in thy queen ! bless'd in thy bloom-  
ing heir !

Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers  
bow,

They name, the standard of their dearest vow.

' Just is thy kind reproach, (the chief  
rejoin'd)

Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,  
In contemplation wrapt.—This hostile crew

What single arm hath prowess to subdue ?

Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,

They're doom'd to bleed, O say, celestial  
maid,

Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,  
Nations embattled to revenge the slain ?'

' Oh impotence of faith ! (Minerva cries)

If man on frail unknowing man relies,

Doubt you the gods ?—Lo Pallas' self  
descends,

Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.

In me affianced, fortify thy breast :

Though myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim  
contest,

My sure divinity shall bear the shield,

And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.

Now, pay the debt to craving nature due ;

Her faded powers with balmy rest renew.'

She ceased : ambrosial slumbers seal his  
eyes ;

His care dissolves in visionary joys :

The goddess, pleased, regains her natal skies.

Not so the queen : the downy bands of  
sleep

By grief relax'd, she waked again to weep ;

A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair ;

Then thus her fate invoked, with fervent  
prayer :

' Diana ! speed thy deathful ebon dart,

And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human  
race,

Toss'd through the void illimitable space :  
Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,  
Mewith his whelming wave let ocean shroud !  
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair  
Were doom'd to wander through the devious  
air ;

Thyself untimely and thy consort died :  
But four celestials both your cares supplied.  
Venus in tender delicacy rears  
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant  
years :

Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd  
A form majestic, and sagacious mind :  
With shapely growth Diana graced their  
bloom ;

And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.  
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,  
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove,  
(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye  
The registers of fate expanded lie)

Wing'd harpies snatch'd the unguarded  
charge away,

And to the furies bore a grateful prey.  
Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed  
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead :  
To seek my lord among the warrior train,  
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.  
When woes the waking sense alone assail,  
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,  
Of other wretches' care the torture ends:  
No truce the warfare of my heart sus-  
pends !

The night renews the day-distracting theme,  
And airy terrors sable every dream.  
The last alone a kind illusion wrought ;  
And to my bed my loved Ulysses brought,  
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,  
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace ;  
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,  
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.'

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple  
throne,  
In audible laments she breathes her moan ;

The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear ;  
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear  
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms ;  
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.  
Up-springing from his couch, with active  
haste

The fleece and carpet in the dome he placed ;  
(The hide without, imbibed the morning air)  
And thus the gods invoked, with ardent  
prayer :

'Jove, and ethereal thrones ! with heaven  
to friend

If the long series of my woes shall end,  
Of human race now rising from repose,  
Let one a blissful omen here disclose ;  
And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!  
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.'

Whilst lowly thus the chief adorning bows,  
The plying god his guardian aid avows.  
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:  
With springing hope the hero's heart re-  
bounds.

Soon, with consummate joy to crown his  
prayer,

An omen'd voice invades his ravih'd ear.  
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,  
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind:  
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran  
From the pure flour, (the growth and strength  
of man)

Discharging to the day the labour due,  
Now early to repose the rest withdrew ;  
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,  
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious  
mind,

And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:  
'Father of gods and men! whose thunders  
roll

O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole ;  
Whoe'er from heaven has gain'd this rare  
ostent

(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)  
In this bless'd moment of accepted prayer,  
Piteous, regard a wretch consumed with  
care !

Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,  
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:  
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,  
And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounced in earth  
and sky,

Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.

Meantime the menial train with unctuous  
wood

Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian  
food:

When, early dress'd, advanced the royal heir;

With manly grasp he waved a martial spear,

A radiant sabre graced his purple zone,

And on his foot the golden sandal shone.

His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;

And Eurylea thus he there address'd:—

'Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture  
owes,

Was care for due refection, and repose,

Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he  
grieved,

His age not honour'd, nor his wants relieved?

Promiscuous grace on all, the queen confers;

(In woes bewildered, oft the wisest errs;)

'The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,

And modest worth with noble scorn retires.'

She thus: 'O cease that ever-honour'd  
name

To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:

A bowl of generous wine sufficed the guest;

In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;

Nor would he court repose in downy state,

Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!

A hide beneath the portico was spread,

And fleecy skins composed an humble bed:

A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,

Secured him from the keen nocturnal air.'

His cornel javelin poised, with regal port,

'To the sage Greeks convened in Themis' court,

Forth issuing from the dome the prince re-  
pair'd:

Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,

Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay

The dame divides the labour of the day;

Thus urging to the toil the menial train:

'What marks of luxury the marble stain!

Its wonted lustre let the floor regain:

The seats with purple clothe in order due;

And let the abstersive sponge the board re-  
new:

Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold;

Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:

Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,

And copious waters pure for bathing bear.

Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay

The lunar feast-rites to the god of day.'

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair

Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:

With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.

Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.

Some wield the sounding axe; the dodder'd  
oaks

Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.

Soon from the fount, with each a brimming  
urn,

(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.

Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-  
chined,

He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:

In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,

Then to the king this friendly speech re-  
new'd:

'Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train

Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;

Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind  
humane?'

'Some pitying god (Ulysses sad replied)

With volley'd vengeance blast their towering  
pride!

No conscious blush, no sense of right re-  
strains

The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:

From vice to vice their appetites are toss'd;

All cheaply sated at another's cost!'

While thus the chief his woes indignant  
told,

Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,

The goodliest goats of all the royal herd

Spontaneous to the suitors' feast prefer'd:

Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;  
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs re-  
sound:

And to the chief austere, aloud began  
The wretch, unfriendly to the race of man:

'Here, vagrant, still! offensive to my lords!  
Blows have more energy than airy words.

These arguments I'll use:—nor conscious  
shame,

Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.  
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast  
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another  
host!'

Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;  
But shook his head, and rising wrath re-  
strain'd.

From Cephalenia, 'cross the surgy main,  
Philoctetus late arrived, a faithful swain.

A steer, ungrateful to the bull's embrace,  
And goats he brought, the pride of all their  
race!

Imported in a shallop not his own:

The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.

Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind

He thus began, benevolent of mind:

'What guest is he, of such majestic air?

His lineage and paternal clime declare:

Dim through the eclipse of fate, the rays di-  
vine

Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.

If monarchs by the gods are plunged in woe,

To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!'

Then affable he thus the chief address'd,

Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he  
press'd;

'Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,

And spin thy future with a whiter clue!—

O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;

The tyrant, not the father of the skies!

Unpiteous of the race thy will began!

The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,

With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,

The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.

Ulysses from his state a wanderer still

Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will:

O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—

Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!

Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his  
home!

Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!

Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,

In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!

Oh, grateful for the good his bounty gave,

I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!

His kind protecting hand my youth prefer'd,

The regent of his Cephalenian herd:

With vast increase beneath my care it  
spreads,

A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.

Constrain'd, the choicest beebes I thence im-  
port,

To cram these cormorants that crowd his  
court:

Who in partition seek his realm to share;

Nor human right, nor wrath divine, revere.

Since here resolved oppressive these reside,

Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:

Now to some foreign elime inclined to fly,

And with the royal herd protection buy.

Then, happier thoughts return the nodding  
scale,

Light mounts despair, alternate hopes pre-  
vail:

In opening prospects of ideal joy,

My king returns; the proud usurpers die.'

To whom the chief: 'In thy capacious  
mind

Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,

Attend a deed already ripe in fate:

Attest, O Jove! the truth I now relate!

This sacred truth attest each genial power,

Who bless the board, and guard this friendly  
bower!

Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)

Thy wish produced in act, with pleased  
survey,

Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful  
reign

By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,

And to the shades devote the suitor-train.'

'O Jove supreme, (the raptured swain replies)  
 With deeds consummate soon the promised joys!  
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,  
 In that bless'd cause should emulate the young—'  
 Assents Eumæus to the prayer address'd ;  
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.  
 Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,  
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate :  
 When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove  
 Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove ;  
 Sinister to their hope ! this omen eyed  
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cried :  
 ' The gods from force and fraud the prince defend.  
 O peers ! the sanguinary scheme suspend :  
 Your future thought let sable fate employ ;  
 And give the present hour to genial joy.'  
 From council straight the assenting peer-  
 age ceased,  
 And in the dome prepared the genial feast.  
 Disrobed, their vests apart in order lay,  
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay :  
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,  
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.  
 With fire prepared they deal the morsels round ;  
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,  
 By sage Eumæus borne : the purple tide  
 Melanthius from an ample jar supplied :  
 High canisters of bread Philætius placed  
 And eager all devour the rich repast.  
 Disposed apart, Ulysses shares the treat !  
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,  
 The prince appoints ; but to his sire assigns  
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.  
 ' Partake, my guest, (he cried) without control  
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl.

Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage ;  
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age :  
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be ;  
 From my great sire too soon devolved to me !  
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease ;  
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.'  
 Awed by the prince ; so haughty, brave,  
 and young.  
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.  
 Be patient, peers ! (at length Antinous cries)  
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise :  
 Would Jove permit the meditated blow,  
 That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.'  
 Without reply vouchsafed, Antinous ceased :  
 Meanwhile the pomp of festival increased :  
 By heralds rank'd, in martial order move  
 The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove :  
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,  
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid ;  
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.  
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepared,  
 (An humble side-board set) Ulysses shared.  
 Observant of the prince's high behest,  
 His menial train attend the stranger-guest :  
 Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fired,  
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspired.  
 A Samian peer, more studious than the rest  
 Of vice, who teen'd with many a dead-born jest ;  
 And urged, for title to a consort queen,  
 Unnumber'd acres arable and green ;  
 (Ctesippus named) this lord Ulysses eyed,  
 And thus burst out imposthumate with pride.  
 ' The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend :  
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,  
 Let each a token of esteem bestow :  
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe ;  
 With which he nobly may discharge his seat,  
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.'

He said; and of the steer before him  
 plac'd,  
 That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,  
 Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves com-  
 bined,  
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;  
 Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly  
 sign'd.  
 The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;  
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil;  
 When thus the prince, with pious rage in-  
 flamed:  
 'Had not the inglorious wound thy malice  
 aim'd  
 Fallen guiltless of the mark, my certain spear  
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:  
 Nor should thy sire, a queen his daughter  
 boast;  
 The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost!  
 No more, ye lewd accomplices, with lawless  
 power  
 Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:  
 For genuine worth, of age mature to know,  
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.  
 Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,  
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;  
 What single arm with numbers can contend?  
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,  
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.'  
 A long cessation of discourse ensued;  
 By gentler Agelaüs thus renew'd:  
 'A just reproof, ye peers!—your rage  
 restrain  
 From the protected guest, and menial train:  
 And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,  
 Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.  
 Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire re-  
 stored,  
 Of right the queen refused a second lord.  
 But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,  
 To think he still survives to claim the state?  
 Now press the sovereign dame with warm  
 desire  
 To wed, as wealth or worth her choice in-  
 spire:

The lord selected to the nuptial joys  
 Far hence will lead the long-contented prize;  
 Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty bless'd,  
 You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd.'  
 Sage and serene Telemachus replies:  
 'By him at whose behests the thunder flies!  
 And by the name on earth I most revere,  
 By great Ulysses, and his woes, I swear!  
 (Who never must review his dear domain;  
 Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train)  
 Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,  
 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:  
 But from this dome my parent queen to  
 chase!—  
 From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.'  
 But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom  
 The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!  
 A mirthful frenzy seized the fated crowd;  
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter  
 loud:  
 Floating in gore, portentous to survey,  
 In each discolour'd vase the viands lay!  
 Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous  
 flow,  
 And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.  
 In vision rapt, the Hyperæan \* seer  
 Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:  
 'O race to death devote! with Stygian  
 shade  
 Each destined peer impending fates invade!  
 With tears your wan distorted cheeks are  
 drown'd,  
 With sanguine drops the walls are rubied  
 round!  
 Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling  
 ghosts,  
 To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!  
 Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,  
 But universal night usurps the pole!'  
 Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate  
 The peers reproach the sure divine of fate;  
 And thus Eurymachus: 'The dotard's mind  
 To every sense is lost, to reason blind:

\* Theoclymenus.

Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;  
Let him in open air behold the day.'

'Tax not (the heaven-illumin'd seer re-join'd)

Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.  
No clouds of error dim the ethereal rays;  
Her equal power each faithful sense obeys;  
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,  
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend;

Lest, the ripe harvest of revenge begun,  
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.'

This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer,  
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.  
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:

Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,  
'Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice.  
Why such profusion of indulgence shown  
To this poor, timorous, toil-detesting drone?  
That other feeds on planetary schemes,  
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.

But, prince! for once at least believe a friend;  
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send:  
Where, if they yield their freight across the main,

Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.'  
Thus jovial they:—but nought the prince replies:

Full on his sire he roll'd his ardent eyes;  
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword,  
From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.

Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen

'To see the circle sat, of all unseen.  
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare  
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:  
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,  
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;  
A feast of death!—the feasters doom'd to bleed.

## BOOK XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

#### THE BENDING OF ULYSSES' BOW.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philœtius apart, discovers himself to them; then, returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus caused to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven: Ulysses accepts the omen; and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals' fires,  
With her own art Penelope inspires:  
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing  
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,

Shall end the strife, and win the imperial  
dame;

But discord and black death await the game!  
The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends;

At distance due a virgin-train attends;  
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,  
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:  
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,  
Where safe reposed the royal treasures lay;  
There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass  
and ore,

And there the bow which great Ulysses bore,  
And there the quiver, where now guiltless  
slept

Those winged deaths that many a matron  
wept.

This gift, long since, when Sparta's shores  
he trod,

On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:  
Beneath Orsiloehus's roof they met;  
One loss was private, one a public debt:

Messena's state from Ithaca detains  
 Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-  
 swains;  
 And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,  
 The king and elders trust their common cause.  
 But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,  
 Search'd the wide country for his wandering  
 mares,  
 And mules, the strongest of the labouring  
 kind;  
 Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!  
 For journeying on to Hercules at length,  
 That lawless wretch, that man of brutal  
 strength,  
 Deaf to heaven's voice, the social rite trans-  
 gress'd;  
 And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his  
 guest:  
 He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part  
 Received a pointed sword and missile dart:  
 Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore  
 Their first, last pledges! for they met no  
 more.  
 The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,  
 Ulysses bore not from his native land;  
 Nor in the front of battle taught to bend;  
 But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.  
 Now gently winding 'up the fair ascent,  
 By many an easy step the matron went;  
 Then o'er the pavement glides with grace  
 divine:  
 (With polish'd onk the level pavements shine)  
 The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,  
 With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.  
 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,  
 Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;  
 The wards respondent to the key turn round;  
 The bars fall back; the flying valves re-  
 sound;  
 Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,  
 So roar'd the lock when it released the spring.  
 She moves majestic through the wealthy  
 room,  
 Where treasured garments cast a rich per-  
 fume;

There from the column where aloft it hung,  
 Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow un-  
 strung.  
 Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,  
 And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.  
 To full satiety of grief she mourns;  
 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,  
 To the proud suitors bears in pensive state  
 The unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with  
 fate.  
 Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,  
 Which held the alternate brass and silver  
 rings.  
 Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,  
 And with her veil conceals the coming tears:  
 On either side awaits a virgin fair;  
 While thus the matron, with majestic air:  
 'Say you, whom these forbidden walls  
 inclose,  
 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage  
 flows;  
 If these neglected, faded charms can move?  
 Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?  
 If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,  
 Hear the conditions, and commence the  
 strife:  
 Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,  
 And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow  
 send,  
 Him will I follow, and forsake my home;  
 For him forsake this loved, this wealthy  
 dome,  
 Long, long the scene of all my past delight,  
 And still to last, the vision of my night!  
 Graceful she said: and bade Eumæus show  
 The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.  
 From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,  
 Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.  
 Philœtius too relents; but secret shed  
 The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:  
 'Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence,  
 away;  
 Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day:  
 Nor to the royal heart recall in vain  
 The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.



Enough her precious tears already flow—  
Or share the feast with due respect, or go  
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:—  
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew  
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses  
drew.

I well remember (for I gazed him o'er  
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!  
And still, all infant as I was, retain  
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the  
man.'

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise;  
And his proud hopes already win the prize.  
To speed the flying shaft through every  
ring,

Wretch! is not thine!—the arrows of the  
king  
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the  
wing!

Then thus Telemachus: 'Some god, I  
find,  
With pleasing frenzy has possess'd my mind;  
When a loved mother threatens to depart,  
Why with this ill-timed gladness leaps my  
heart?

Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize  
Richer than all the Achaian state supplies;  
Than all proud Argos or Mycena knows,  
Than all our isles or continents enclose:  
A woman matchless, and almost divine;  
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.  
No more excuses then, no more delay;  
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.  
I too may try, and if this arm can wing  
The feather'd arrow through the destined  
ring,

Then if no happier knight the conquest  
boast,  
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;  
But, bless'd in her, possess these arms alone,  
Heir of my father's strength, as well as  
throne.'

He spoke; then rising, his broad sword  
unbound,  
And cast his purple garment on the ground.

A trench he open'd; in a line he placed  
The level axes, and the points made fast.  
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers eyed,  
The game as yet unseen, as yet untried.)  
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;  
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his  
hand.

Three times, with beating heart, he made  
essay;

Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:  
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:  
And thrice he hoped, and thrice again he  
fear'd:

The fourth had drawn it. The great sire  
with joy

Beheld; but with a sign forbade the boy.  
His ardour straight the obedient prince sup-  
press'd,

And, artful, thus the suitor train address'd:  
'Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!  
(For heaven forbid, such weakness should  
endure)

How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,  
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?

But you!—whom heaven with better nerves  
has bless'd,

Accept the trial, and the prize contest.'

He cast the bow before him; and apart  
Against the polish'd quiver propp'd the dart.  
Resuming then his seat, Eupithes' son,  
The bold Antinous, to the rest begun:  
'From where the goblet first begins to flow,  
From right to left in order take the bow;  
And prove your several strengths.'—The  
princes heard,

And first Leiodes, blameless priest appear'd:  
The eldest born of CEnops' noble race,  
Who next the goblet held his holy place.  
He, only he, of all the suitor-throng,  
Their deeds detested, and abjured the wrong.  
With tender hands the stubborn horn he  
strains;

The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!  
Already in despair he gives it o'er:

'Take it who will, (he cries) I strive no more.

<p>What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow,          What souls and spirits shall it send below ?          Better indeed to die, and fairly give          Nature her debt, than disappointed live ;          With each new sun to some new hope a prey,          Yet still to-morrow falsèr than to-day. .          How long in vain Penelope we sought ?          This bow shall ease us of that idle thought ;          And send us with some humbler wife to live,          Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.          Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he          placed,          (With rich inlay the various floor was graced :)          At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws ;          And to the seat returns from whence he rose.          To him Antinous thus with fury said :          ' What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have          fled ?          Thy coward-function ever is in fear ;          Those arms are dreadful which thou canst          not bear.          Why should this bow be fatal to the brave ?          Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.          Mark then what others can '—He ended          there ;          And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare.          He gives it instant flame : then fast beside          Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.          With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,          Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.          Vain all their art, and all their strength as          vain :          The bow inflexible resists their pain.          The force of great Eurymachus alone          And bold Antinous, yet untried, unknown :          Those only now remain'd ;—but those con-          fess'd          Of all the train the mightiest and the best.          Then from the hall, and from the noisy          crew,          The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.          The king observes them : he the hall forsakes,          And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.          Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke :          ' Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock !</p>	<p>Shall I the secret of my breast conceal ;          Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell ?          Say, should some favouring god restore again          The lost Ulysses to his native reign ?          How beat your hearts ?—what aid would you          afford ?          To the proud suitors ; or your ancient lord ?'          Philætiüs thus :—' Oh were thy word not          vain !          Would mighty Jove restore that man again !          These aged sinews, with new vigour strung,          In his bless'd cause should emulate the          young.'          With equal vows Eumæus too implored          Each power above, with wishes for his lord.          He saw their secret souls, and thus began :          ' Those vows the gods accord : behold the          man !          Your own Ulysses ! twice ten years detain'd          By woes and wanderings from his hapless          land :          At length he comes ; but comes despised,          unknown ;          And finding faithful you, and you alone.          All else have cast him from their very          thought ;          Even in their wishes and their prayers forgot !          Hear then, my friends ! If Jove this arm          succeed,          And give yon impious revellers to bleed,          My care shall be, to bless your future lives          With large possessions, and with faithful          wives :          Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend ;          And each on young Telemachus attend,          And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.          To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye ;          Lo ! the broad scar indented on my thigh,          When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,          On Parnass' top I chased the tuskèd boar.'          His ragged vest then drawn aside disclosed          The sign conspicuous, and the scar exposed :          Eager they view'd ; with joy they stood          amazed ;          With tearful eyes o'er all their master gazed :</p>
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Around his neck their longing arms they cast ;  
His head, his shoulders, and his knees em-  
braced :

Tears follow'd tears :—no word was in their  
power ;

In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.

The king too weeps, the king too grasps  
their hands,

And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting  
sun,

But first the wise man ceased, and thus be-  
gun :

'Enough—on other eares your thought em-  
ploy ;

For danger waits on all untimely joy.

Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near :

Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.

Re-enter then : not all at once ; but stay

Some moments you, and let me lead the way.

To me, neglected as I am, I know

The haughty suitors will deny the bow ;

But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,

Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.

At every portal let some matron wait ;

And each lock fast the well-compacted gate :

Close let them keep, whate'er invades their  
ear ;

Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans  
they hear.

To thy strict charge, Philætiüs ! we consign  
The court's main gate : to guard that pass  
be thine.'

This said, he first return'd : the faithful  
swains

At distance follow, as their king ordains.

Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,

And turns the bow, and chafes it with his  
hands :

Still the tough bow unmoved. The lofty man  
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began :

'I mourn the common cause ; for, oh my  
friends !

On me, on all, what grief, what shame  
attends ?

Not the lost nuptials ean affect me more,  
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every  
shore)

But baffled thus ! confess'd so far below  
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow !

How shall all ages our attempt deride !

Our weakness scorn ! ' Antinous thus replied :

'Not so, Eurymachus : that no man draws

The wondrous bow, attend another cause.

Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,

Which thoughtless we in games would waste  
away :

Till the next dawn this ill-timed strife forego,

And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.

Now bid the sewer approach ; and let us join

In due libations, and in rites divine :

So end our night : before the day shall spring,

The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring :

Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs

Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the  
skies ;

So shall the patron of these arts bestow

(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.'

They heard, well-pleased : the ready  
heralds bring

The cleansing waters from the limpid spring :

The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,

In order circling to the peers around.

That rite complete, up rose the thoughtful  
man ;

And thus his meditated scheme began :

'If what I ask your noble minds approve,  
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love !

Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear

(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear) ;

And if Eurymachus the motion please ;

Give heaven this day, and rest the bow in  
peace.

To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,

And take it he, the favour'd of the skies !

But since till then this trial you delay,

Trust it one moment to my hands to-day ;

Pain would I prove, before your judging eyes,

What once I was, whom wretched you de-  
spise ;

If yet this arm its ancient force retain ;  
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)  
And wants and insults make me less than  
man.'

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors'  
eyes,  
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.  
Antinous then : ' O miserable guest !  
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy  
breast ?

Sufficed it not within the palace placed  
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence graced,  
Admitted here with princes to confer ;  
A man unknown, a needy wanderer ?  
To copious wine this insolence we owe :  
And much thy better wine can overthrow.  
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,  
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung ;  
Boundless the Centaur rag'd ; till one and  
all

The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the  
hall ;

His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they  
slit,

And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.  
Hence with long war the double race was  
curs'd :

Fatal to all ; but to the aggressor first.

Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,

If here this interdicted bow he bends.

Nor shall these walls such insolence con-  
tain :

The first fair wind transports him o'er the  
main ;

Where Echetus to death the guilty brings  
(The worst of mortals, e'en the worst of  
kings).

Better than that, if thine approve our cheer ;  
Cease the mad strife, and shame our bounty  
here.

To this the queen her just dislike express'd :  
' 'Tis impious, prince ! to harm the stranger-  
guest ;

Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name ;  
And some respect Telemachus may claim.

What if the immortals on the man bestow  
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow ?  
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs adored,  
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord ?  
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain :  
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.  
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene,  
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so  
mean !

' O fair ! and wisest of so fair a kind !  
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoind')  
Moved by no weak surmise, but sense of  
shame,  
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame ;  
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,  
The weakest woman : all can wrong the  
brave.

" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend  
Of that brave chief whose bow they could  
not bend !

In came a beggar of the strolling crew,  
And did what all those princes could not do.  
Thus will the common voice our deed de-  
fame ;

And thus posterity upbraid our name.'

To whom the queen : ' If fame engage  
your views,

Forbear those acts which infamy pursues :  
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise ;  
Know, friend ! that virtue is the path to  
praise.

The stature of our guest, his port, his face,  
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.  
To him the bow, as he desires, convey ;  
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,  
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear  
A two-edged falchion, and a shining spear,  
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,  
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.'

' O royal mother ! ever-honour'd name !  
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim  
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I  
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.  
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,  
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,

To me alone my father's arms descend;  
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.  
Retire, O queen! thy household task resume,  
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,  
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admired

His sage reply, and with her train retired:  
There in her chamber as she sat apart,  
Revolved his words, and placed them in her heart.

On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul:  
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,  
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,  
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.

Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,  
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.

'Hold, lawless rustie! whither wilt thou go?  
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?

Exiled for this to some sequester'd den,  
Far from the sweet society of men,  
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;  
If heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.'

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,

But bold Telemachus thus urged him on:  
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;

What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand,  
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.

Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well  
The oppressive suitors from my walls expel!  
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go  
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!

The suitors with a scornful smile survey  
The youth, indulging in the genial day.  
Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to bring  
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king.

Old Euryclea calling then aside,  
'Hear what Telemæhus enjoins (he cried):  
At every portal let some matron wait,  
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;  
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,  
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,  
Let none to call or issue forth presume,  
But close attend the labours of the loom.'

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;  
Closed in an instant were the palace-gates.  
In the same moment forth Philœtius flies,  
Secures the court, and with a cable ties  
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought  
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);  
Then unperceived and silent at the board  
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master bore,  
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;

Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,

Its owner absent, and untried so long.  
While some deriding—'How he turns the bow!

Some other like it sure the man must know,  
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals:  
Perhaps he makes them; or perhaps he steals.'

'Heaven to this wretch (another cried) be kind!

And bless, in all to which he stands inclined,  
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'

Heedless he heard them:—but disdain'd reply;

The bow perusing with exactest eye.

Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing

High notes, responsive to the trembling string,

To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,  
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,  
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro:  
So the great master drew the mighty bow;

And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd  
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.

From his essaying hand the string let fly  
'Twaig'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

A general horror ran through all the ræe;  
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.  
Signs from above ensued: the unfolding sky  
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.

Fired at the call of heaven's almighty lord,  
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:

(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,  
But soon to fly, the messengers of death.)

Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,  
Through every ringlet levelling his view;  
Then notch'd the shaft, released, and gave it wing;

The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,  
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.  
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;  
Pierced through and through, the solid gate resounds.

Then to the prince: 'Nor have I wrought thee shame;

Nor cr'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;  
Nor proved the toil too hard; nor have I lost  
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.  
Ill I deserve these haughty peers' disdain:  
Now let them comfort their dejected train,  
In sweet repast the present hour employ,  
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:  
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;—

Music, the banquet's most refined delight.'

He said, then gave a nod; and at the word  
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.  
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;  
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

## BOOK XXII.

## ARGUMENT.

## THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Pheimus are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;  
Strip'd of his rags, he blazed out like a god.

Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,  
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;  
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,  
And thus terrific, to the suitor-erew:

'One venturous game this hand has won to-day;

Another, princes! yet remains to play:  
Another mark our arrow must attain.

Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.'

Swift as the word the parting arrow sings;  
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings.  
Wretch that he was, of unprophectic soul!  
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;  
Even then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;

Changed to the deep, the bitter draught of death!

For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?

And fate to numbers, by a single hand?

Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon past,  
And pierced the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,  
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;  
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:  
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,

And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood  
 Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.  
 Amazed, confounded, as they saw him fall,  
 Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall :  
 O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye :  
 Each look'd for arms : in vain ; no arms were nigh :  
 'Ain't thou at princes ? (all amazed they said)  
 Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd ;  
 Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,  
 And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.  
 Vultures shall tear thee.'—Thus incensed they spoke ;  
 While each to chance ascribed the wondrous stroke :  
 Blind as they were ; for death even now invades  
 His destined prey, and wraps them all in shades.  
 Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,  
 That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke.  
 'Dogs ! ye have had your day : ye fear'd no more  
 Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore ;  
 While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,  
 Our house, our wealth, our helpless hand-  
 maids, lay :  
 Not so content, with bolder frenzy fired,  
 Even to our bed, presumptuous, you aspired :  
 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,  
 Or shame of men, or dread of gods above :  
 Heedless alike of infamy or praise,  
 Or fame's eternal voice in future days :  
 The hour of vengeance, wretches ! now is come ;  
 Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.'  
 Thus dreadful he. Confused the suitors stood ;  
 From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood :

Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide ;  
 Alone the bold Eurymachus replied :  
 ' If, as thy words import, (he thus began)  
 Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,  
 Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd  
 In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land.  
 The cause and author of those guilty deeds,  
 Lo ! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.  
 Not love, but wild ambition, was his guide :  
 To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,  
 These were his aims ; but juster Jove denied.  
 Since cold in death the offender lies, Oh spare  
 Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer !  
 Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray :  
 Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay ;  
 The waste of years refunded in a day.  
 Till then thy wrath is just.'—Ulysses burn'd  
 With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd :  
 'All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne  
 Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,  
 If offer'd, vainly should for merey call :  
 'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all.  
 Your blood is my demand ! your lives the prize,  
 Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.  
 Henee with those coward terms ; or fight,  
 or fly,  
 This choice is left ye, to resist or die :  
 And die I trust ye shall.'—He sternly spoke :  
 With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.  
 Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train :  
 'Ye archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain ;  
 But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,  
 (Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead.  
 Be mindful of yourselves ; draw forth your  
 swords,  
 And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,  
 (So need compels.) Then, all united, strive  
 The bold invader from his post to drive ;

<p>The city roused shall to our rescue haste, And this mad archer soon have shot his last.' Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword, And like a lion rush'd against his lord. The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd ; Who met the point, and forced it in his breast : His failing hand deserts the lifted sword, And prone he falls, extended o'er the board ! Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll The untasted viands, and the jovial bowl. Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound ; With dying rage his forehead beats the ground : He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell, And the fierce soul to darkness dived, and hell. Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends To force the pass : the godlike man defends. Thy spear, Telemachus ! prevents the attack The brazen weapon driving through his back, Thence through his breast its bloody passage tore, Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor, And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore, He left his javelin in the dead, for fear The long incumbrance of the weighty spear To the fierce foe advantage might afford, To rush between and use the shorten'd sword. With speedy ardour to his sire he flies ; And, 'Arm, great Father ! arm (in haste he cries) ; Lo, hence I run for other arms to wield, For missile javelins, and for helm and shield : Fast by our side let either faithful swain In arms attend us, and their part sustain.' 'Haste and return (Ulysses made reply) While yet the auxiliar shafts this hand supply ; Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host, Driven from the gate, the important pass be lost.'</p>	<p>With speed Telemachus obeys ; and flies Where piled on heaps the royal armour lies. Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears, And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears : At once in brazen panoply they shone ; At once each servant braced his armour on : Around their king a faithful guard they stand, While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand. Chief after chief expired at every wound, And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground. Soon as his store of flying fates was spent, Against the wall he set the bow unbent : And now his shoulders bear the massy shield ; And now his hands two beamy javelins wield : He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade. 'There stood a window near, whence looking down From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town. A double strength of valves secured the place ; A high and narrow, but the only pass : The cautious king, with all-preventing care, To guard that outlet, placed Eumæus there : When Agelaüs thus : 'Has none the sense To mount yon window, and alarm from thence 'The neighbour town ? the town shall force the door, And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.' Melanthius then :—'That outlet to the gate So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait. But other methods of defence remain ; Myself with arms can furnish all the train ; Stores from the royal magazine I bring, And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.' He said ; and mounting up the lofty stairs, Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears ;</p>
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All arm, and sudden round the hall appears  
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The hero stands oppress'd with mighty  
woe :

On every side he sees the labour grow :

' Oh curst event ! and oh unlook'd-for aid !

Melanthius or the women have betray'd—

Oh my dear son !' — The father with a  
sigh :

Then ceased ; the filial virtue made reply :

' Falsehood is folly ; and 'tis just to own

The fault committed : this was mine alone ;

My haste neglected yonder door to bar ;

And hence the villain has supplied their war.

Run, good Eumæus, then ; and (what before

I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door :

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,

Or (as my thought inisgives) by Dolius' son.'

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms  
again

To the high chamber stole the faithless swain :

Not unobserved. Eumæus watchful eyed ;

And thus address'd Ulysses near his side :

' The miscreant we suspected takes that  
way ;

Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay ?

Or drive him hither, to receive the meed

From thy own hand, of this detested deed ?'

' Not so (replied Ulysses) : leave him there.

For us sufficient is another care :

Within the structure of this palace wall

To keep inclosed his masters till they fall.

Go you and seize the felon : backward bind

His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind ;

On this, his body by strong cords extend,

And on a column near the roof suspend ;

So studied tortures his vile days shall end.'

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste :

Behind the felon unperceived they pass'd,

As round the room in quest of arms he goes,

(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking  
foes :)

One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the  
shield

Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,

Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and  
worn,

The brass corroded, and the leather torn.

Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,

Fierce on the villain from each side they  
leapt,

Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,

And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

Active and pleased, the zealous swains fulfil

At every point their master's rigid will :

First, fast behind, his hands and feet they  
bound ;

Then straiten'd cords involved his body  
round ;

So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,

The howling felon swung from side to side.

Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain :

' There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle  
swain !

On that soft pillow, from that envied height

First may'st thou see the springing dawn of  
light ;

So timely rise, when morning streaks the  
east,

To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast.'

This said, they left him tortured as he lay :

Secured the door, and hasty strode away :

Each, breathing death, resumed his danger-  
ous post

Near great Ulysses ; four against an host.

When lo ! descending to her hero's aid,

Jove's daughter, Pallas, war's triumphant  
maid :

In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his  
side ;

Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cried :

' Come, ever welcome, and thy succour  
lend ;

Oh every sacred name in one !—my friend !

Early we loved, and long our loves have  
grown :

Whate'er through life's whole series I have  
done

Or good or grateful, now to mind recall,

And aiding this one hour, repay it all.'

Thus he: but pleasing hopes his bosom warm

Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.

The adverse host the phantom warrior eyed;

And first, loud threatening, Agelatis cried:

'Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue persuade

Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid:

Our force successful shall our threat make good,

[blood.

And with the sire's and son's commix thy

What hopest thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay;

Then lop thy whole posterity away:

Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;

With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend:

Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.'

His barbarous insult even the goddess fires;  
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:

'Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find

The patient body and the constant mind?

That courage, once the Trojans' dally dread,

Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?

And where that conduct, which revenged the lust

Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?

If this, when Helen was the cause, were done,  
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy

son!

Rise then in combat; at my side attend;

Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,

And foes how weak, opposed against a friend!

She spoke; but willing longer to survey

'The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;

By farther toils decreed the brave to try,

And level poised the wings of victory:

Then with a change of form eludes their sight,

Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,

And unperceived enjoys the rising fight.

Damastor's son, bold Agelatis, leads

The guilty war: Eurynomus succeeds;

With these, Pisander, great Polycetor's son,

Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,

With Demoptolemus: these six survive;

The best of all the shafts had left alive.

Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,

Thus Agelatis roused the lagging band:

'The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more

With bleeding princes shall bestow the floor:

Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast:

The four remain; but four against a host.

Let each at once discharge the deadly dart;

One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:

Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain;

'The rest must perish, their great leader slain.'

Then all at once their mingled lances threw!

And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew:

In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,

And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;

With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,

One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;

The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man  
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:

'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw

(So speed them heaven) our javelins at the foe.

That impious race to all their past misdeeds  
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.'

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:

Great Demoptolemus, Ulysses slew;

Euryades received the prince's dart;

The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;

Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls:

Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.

The rest retreat: the victors now advance;

Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.

Again the foe discharge the steely shower ;  
Again made frustrate by the virgin-power :  
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,  
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall :

Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,  
Drop harmless on the pavement, sounding dead.

Then hold Amphimedon his javelin cast ;  
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly razed :  
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanced  
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanced :

Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)

Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.

Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamas, to bear  
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.

By the bold son Amphimedon was slain ;

And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.

Pierced through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,

And thus Philætiüs gloried o'er the dead :

'There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain,

O sharp in scandal, voluble and vain !

How weak is mortal pride ! to heaven alone

The event of actions and our fates are known ;

Seoffer ! behold what gratitude we bear ;

The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.'

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,

And Damastorides that instant fell :

Fast by, Leocritus expiring lay,

The prince's javelin tore its bloody way

Through all his bowels : down he tumbles prone,

His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

Now Pallas shines confess'd : aloft she spreads

The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads ;

The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye ;

Amazed they see, they tremble, and they fly :

Confused, distracted, through the rooms they fling,

Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,

When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.

Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chase  
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race.

When the wide field extended snares beset,  
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net ;

No help, no flight ; but wounded every way,  
Headlong they drop ; the fowlers seize the prey.

On all sides thus they double wound on wound ;

In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground :

Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,  
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Leiodes first before the victor falls ;

The wretched angur thus for mercy calls :

'O, gracious, hear ; nor let thy suppliant bleed ;

Still undishonour'd or by word or deed

Thy house, for me, remains ; by me repress'd

Full oft was check'd the injustice of the rest :

Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well ;

Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.

Oh spare an augur's consecrated head,

Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.'

'Priest as thou art ! for that detested band

Thy lying prophecies deceived the land !

Against Ulysses have thy vows been made :

For them, thy daily orisons were paid :

Yet more, even to our bed thy pride aspires :

One common crime one common fate requires.'

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took

Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook ;

Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped ;

Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance  
spared ;  
Phemius, the sweet, the heaven-instructed  
bard.

Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands ;  
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands :  
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly  
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, '   
Where oft Lactes holy vows had paid,  
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.  
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,  
Between the laver and the silver throne ;  
Then prostrate, stretch'd before the dreadful  
man,

Persuasive, thus with accent soft began :

' O king ! to mercy be thy soul inclined,  
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.  
A deed like this thy future fate would wrong :  
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.  
Self-taught I sing ; by heaven, and heaven  
alone,

The genuine seeds of poesy are sown ;  
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,  
To gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.  
Save then the poet, and thyself reward ;  
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.  
That here I sung, was force and not desire ;  
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling  
wire :

And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay  
Nor servile flattery stain'd the moral lay.'

The moving words Telemachus attends,  
His sire approaches, and the bard defends :  
' O mix not, father, with those impious dead  
The man divine ; forbear that sacred head :  
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare ;  
Medon, who made my infancy his care :  
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give  
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.'

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,  
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,  
Wrapt in a new-slain ox's ample hide :  
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,  
Sprung to the prince, embraced his knee  
with tears,

And thus with grateful voice address'd his  
ears :

' O prince ! O friend ! lo here thy Medon  
stands ;

Ah, stop the hero's unresisted hands,  
Incensed too justly by that impious brood,  
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.  
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye :  
' Be bold ; on friendship and my son rely :  
Live, an example for the world to read,  
How much more safe the good than evil deed.  
Thou, with the heaven-taught bard, in peace  
resort

From blood and earnage to yon open court :  
Me other work requires :—With timorous  
awe

From the dire scene the exempted two with-  
draw ;

Scaree sure of life, look round, and trembling  
move

To the bright altars of protector Jove.

Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the donee, to  
find

If yet there live of all the offending kind.  
Not one ! complete the bloody tale he found ;  
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the  
ground.

So, when by hollow shores the fisher train  
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,  
And scarce the meshy toils the copious  
draught contain,

All naked of their element, and bare,  
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air ;  
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening  
prey,

Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the king commands his son to call  
Old Euryalea to the deathful hall :

The son observant not a moment stays ;  
The aged governess with speed obeys :  
The sounding portals instant they display ;  
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.  
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,  
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with  
blood.

So the grim lion from the slaughter comes:  
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams;  
His breast with marks of carnage painted  
o'er,

His jaws all dropping with the bull's black  
gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,  
The guilty fallen, the mighty deed complete,  
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:

The hero check'd her, and composedly said:  
'Woman, experienced as thou art, control  
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.  
To insult the dead is cruel and unjust;  
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the  
dust.

Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;  
The good and bad were equal in their mind.  
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,  
And each now wails, an unlamented shade.  
But thou sincere! oh Euryclea, say,  
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?'

Then she: 'In these thy kingly walls re-  
main

(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,  
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or  
weave,

And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive:  
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,  
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope, obey:

Nor fits it that Telemachus command  
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.  
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,  
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;  
There wake her with the news'—The matron  
cried.

'Not so (Ulysses more sedate replied);  
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty  
deeds.'

In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds:  
'Now to dispose the dead the care remains  
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains:  
The offending females to that task we doom,  
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.  
These (every table cleansed, and every throne,  
And all the melancholy labour done)

Drive to yon court; without the palace-wall:  
There the revenging sword shall smite them  
all;

So with the suitors let them mix in dust,  
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.'

He said: the lamentable train appear:  
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;  
Each leaved her mournful burthen, and be-  
neath

The porch deposed the ghastly heaps of death.  
The chief severe, compelling each to move,  
Urged the dire task, imperious, from above.  
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er;  
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the  
floor,

Wash'd with the effusive wave, are purged of  
gore.

Once more the palace set in fair array,  
To the base court the females take their way;  
There compass'd close between the dome  
and wall,

(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait  
their fall.

Then thus the prince: 'To these shall we  
afford

A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?  
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,  
And base revilers of our house and name?'

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he  
strung

A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;  
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly  
round,

Whence no contending foot could reach the  
ground.

Their heads above connected in a row,  
They beat the air with quivering feet below:  
Thus on some tree, hung struggling in the  
snare,

The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.  
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind  
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began  
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the  
man,

Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers  
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;  
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:  
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.—

They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;  
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To Euryalea then address'd the king:  
'Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,  
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,  
And let her with her matron-train descend;  
The matron-train with all the virgin band  
Assemble here, to learn their lord's command.'

Then Euryalea: 'Joyful I obey;  
But cast those mean dishonest rags away:  
Permit me first thy royal robes to bring:  
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.'  
'Bring sulphur straight and fire' (the monarch cries);

She hears, and at the word obedient flies.  
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,  
He purged the walls and blood-polluted rooms.

Again the matron springs with eager pace,  
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.

They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand;

A gazing throng, a toreh in every hand.

They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace

Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face:

He knows them all; in all such truth appears,  
Even he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

## BOOK XXIII.

## ARGUMENT.

Euryalea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses' return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth, but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has passed during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,  
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way:

The transports of her faithful heart supply  
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

'And sleeps my child? (the reverend matron cries)

Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!  
At length appears the long-expected hour!  
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!  
No more they view the golden light of day;  
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen  
rejoin'd:

'Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?  
The righteous powers who tread the starry  
skies,

The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,  
And human thought with unresisted sway,  
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away;  
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice for-  
sakes,

And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.  
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!

Was it to flatter, or deride, my woes?

Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,

Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:

Why must I wake to grieve : and curse thy shore,

O Troy ?—may never tongue pronounce thee more !

Be gone : another might have felt our rage ;  
But age is sacred ; and we spare thy age.'

To whom with warmth ; ' My soul a lie disdains :

Ulysses lives ; thy own Ulysses reigns :

That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,  
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,  
He, he is thine ! thy son, his latent guest  
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast ;

With well-concerted art to end his woes,  
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.'

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung,

Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung ;

Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear—

' Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here ?

How could that numerous and outrageous band

By one be slain, though by an hero's hand ?'

' I saw it not, (she cries) but heard alone,

When death was busy, a loud dying groan ;

The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound ;

Immured we sat, and catch'd each passing sound.

When death had seized her prey, thy son attends,

And at his nod the damsel-train descends ;

There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,

And the dead suitors almost swam in blood.

Thy heart had leapt the hero to survey,

Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,

Glorious in gore !—now with sulphureous fires

The dome he purges, now the flame aspires ;

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls :—

Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls !

Thy every wish the bounteous gods bestow ;

Enjoy the present good, and former woe :

Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see ;  
He lives, to thy Telemachus and thee !'

' Ah no ! (with sighs Pénélope rejoin'd)  
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind.

How bless'd this happy hour, should he appear !

Dear to us all, to me supremely dear !

Ah no ! some god the suitors' deaths decreed.  
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed.

Blind ! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,

And violate all hospitable laws.

The good they hated, and the powers defied :

But heaven is just ; and by a god they died.

For never must Ulysses view this shore ;

Never !—the loved Ulysses is no more !'

' What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears !

Doubt we his presence, when he now appears ?

Then hear conviction :—Ere the fatal day

That forced Ulysses o'er the watery way,

A boar fierce rushing in the sylvan war

Plough'd half his thigh : I saw, I saw the scar,

And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound ;

But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.

Then, daughter, haste away ! and if a lie

Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die !'

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies :

' Wise is thy soul ; but errors seize the wise.

The works of gods what mortal can survey ?

Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way ?

But learn we instant how the suitors trod

The paths of death ; by man, or by a god.'

Thus speaks the queen ; and no reply attends,

But with alternate joy and fear descends ;

At every step debates, her lord to prove ;

Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love !

Then gliding through the marble valves in state,  
Opposed, before the shining fire she sat.  
The monarch, by a column high enthroned,  
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground.  
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:  
Amazed she sat, and impotent to speak:  
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,  
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

At length Telemachus:—'Oh who can find  
A woman like Penelope unkind?  
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms

Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?  
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,

When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes;

To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,  
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

'O my Telemachus! (the queen rejoin'd)  
Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;

Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,  
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.  
O deign he, if Ulysses, to remove  
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleased with her virtuous fears, the king replies:

'Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;  
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring;

This garb of poverty belies the king:  
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,

Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.  
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,

The homicide retreats to foreign lands:  
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls;  
'The important deed our whole attention calls.'

'Be that thy care, (Telemachus replies)  
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;  
For wisdom all is thine! lo! I obey,  
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;

Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find  
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.'

'Then instant to the bath, (the monarch cries;)

Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,  
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,  
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;  
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,  
And forms the dance responsive to the strings:  
That hence the eluded passengers may say,  
"Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!"

The suitors' death unknown, till we remove  
Far from the court, and act inspired by Jove.'

Thus spoke the king: the observant train obey:

At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:  
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,

And fair-zoned damsels form the sprightly dance.

The voice, attuned to instrumental sounds,  
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;  
Not unobserved: the Greeks eluded say,

'Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!

Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.'

Thus they—but nobly chaste, she weds no more.

Meanwhile the wearied king the bath ascends;

With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,  
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:  
Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.

The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine  
With majesty enlarged, and grace divine.

Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly  
His thick large locks of hycainthine dye.

As by some artist to whom Vulcan gives  
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;



By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,  
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold :  
So Pallas his heroic form improves  
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;  
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,

Radiant before his gazing consort sat.

'And oh my queen ! (he cries) what power above

Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love !  
Canst thou, Penelope, when heaven restores  
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,  
Canst thou, oh cruel ! unconcern'd survey  
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day ?  
Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread  
For me, and me alone, the imperial bed :  
My weary nature craves the balm of rest :  
But heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast.'

'Ah no ! (she cries) a tender heart I bear ;  
A foe to pride ; no adamant is there :  
And now, even now it melts ! for sure I see  
Once more Ulysses my beloved in thee !  
Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to Troy,  
His image dwells ; then haste the bed of joy !  
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed trans-  
late,

Framed by his hand, and be it dress'd in state !'

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise ;

Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies :

'Alas for this ! what mortal strength can move  
The enormous burthen, who but heaven above ?

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands ;  
But the whole earth must move, if heaven commands.

Then hear sure evidence, while we display  
Words seal'd with sacred truth ; and truth obey :

This hand the wonder framed : an olive spread  
Full in the court its ever-verdant head ;

Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high  
The huge trunk rose, and heaved into the sky ;  
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,  
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower ;  
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, con-  
joins ;

And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.

I lopp'd the branchy head ; aloft in twain  
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain :

Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise ;  
And bore it, regular, from space to space :  
Athwart the frame, at equal distance, lie  
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye ;

Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould  
With silver shone, with elephant and gold.  
But if o'erturn'd by rude ungovern'd hands,  
Or still inviolate the olive stands,

'Tis thine, O queen, to say : and now impart,  
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart ?'

While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,

She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away :  
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,  
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew :

The tears pour'd down amain :—and, 'Oh, she cries,

Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise !  
O versed in every turn of human art,

Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart !  
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dis-  
pose,

Decree us to sustain a length of woes,  
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny  
To bloom together, fade away, and die.  
O let me, let me not thine anger move,  
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love ;  
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,

Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms !  
I dreaded fraud ! Men, faithless men, betray  
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey :

Against the fondness of my heart I strove ;  
 'Twas caution, oh my lord I not want of love :  
 Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton  
     charms,  
 Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,  
 Ere Greece rose dreadful in the avenging day,  
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.  
 But heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath  
     decreed  
 That she should wander, and that Greece  
     should bleed ;  
 Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,  
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.  
 But why these sorrows when my lord arrives ?  
 I yield, I yield ! my own Ulysses lives !  
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known  
 To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,  
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,  
 The sole attendant on our genial bower.)  
 Since what no eye has seen thy tongue re-  
     veal'd,  
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.'    "  
     Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture  
     hears,  
 Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in  
     tears.  
 As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores  
 Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars ;  
 Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the  
     sky,  
 And gulf'd in crowds, at once the sailors die ;  
 If one more happy, while the tempest raves,  
 Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,  
 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the  
     strand,  
 And plunging forth with transport grasps  
     the land :  
 The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,  
 Clasp her loved lord, and to his bosom grows.  
 Nor had they ended till the morning ray :  
 But Pallas backward held the rising day,  
 The wheels of night retarding, to detain  
 The gay Aurora in the wavy main,  
 Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the  
     night,

Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming  
     light.

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies :  
 ' Yet fate, yet cruel fate, repose denies.  
 A labour long, and hard, remains behind ;  
 By heaven above, by hell beneath enjoin'd :  
 For, to Tiresias through the eternal gates  
 Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.  
 But end we here—the night demands re-  
     pose ;

Be deck'd the couch ! and peace awhile, my  
     woes !'

To whom the queen : ' Thy word we shall  
     obey,

And deck the couch ; far hence be woes away,  
 Since the just gods, who tread the starry  
     plains,

Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.  
 But what those perils heaven decrees, impart ;  
 Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts  
     the heart.'

To this the king : ' Ah why must I disclose  
 A dreadful story of approaching woes ?

Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,  
 When thou must learn, what I must speak,  
     with tears ?

Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse  
     decrees,

Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas ;  
 From realm to realm a nation to explore  
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows  
     roar,

Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,  
 A painted wonder, flying on the main :  
 An oar my hand must bear ; a shepherd eyes  
 The unknown instrument with strange sur-  
     prise,

And calls a corn-van : this upon the plain  
 I fix, and hail the monarch of the main ;  
 Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore  
 Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar :  
 Thence swift resailing to my native shores,  
 Due victims slay to all the ethereal powers.  
 Then heaven decrees in peace to end my days,  
 And steal myself from life by slow decays :

Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,  
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of  
death ;

To the dark grave retiring as to rest ;

My people blessing, by my people bless'd.

'Such future scenes the all-righteous  
powers display,

By their dread seer, and such my future day.'

To whom thus firm of soul :—' If ripe for  
death,

And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath,

While heaven a kind release from ills fore-  
shows ;

Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes !'

But Euryclea with dispatelful care,

And sage Eurynome, the couch prepare :

Instant they bid the blazing torch display

Around the dome an artificial day ;

Then to repose her steps the matron bends,

And to the queen Eurynome descends ;

A torch she bears to light with guiding fires

The royal pair ; she guides them, and retires.

Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led

To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and  
sprightly fair

Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair :

But in discourse the king and consort lay,

While the soft hour stole unperceived away.

Intent he hears Penelope disclose

A mournful story of domestic woes :

His servants' insults ; his invaded bed ;

How his whole flocks and herds exhausted  
bled ;

His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,

And the wild riots of the suitor-train.

The king alternate a dire tale relates,

Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates :

All he unfolds : his listening spouse turns pale

With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale ;

Sleepless devours each word : and hears,  
how slain

Ciccons on Ciccons swell the ensanguined plain ;

How to the land of Lote unhless'd he sails ;

And images the rills, and flowery vales !

How dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops  
tore,

(Not unrevenged) and quaff'd the spouting  
gore ;

How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails

From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales ;

Yet fate withstands ! a sudden tempest roars

And whirls him groaning from his native  
shores :

How on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast,

By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost ;

How scarce himself survived : he paints the  
bower,

The spells of Circe, and her magic power ;

His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,

To seek Tiresias in the vales of death ;

How in the doleful mansions he survey'd

His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade ;

And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts ;

Then how unarm'd he pass'd the Siren coasts,

The jutting rocks where fierce Charybdis  
raves,

And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous  
waves,

The cave of death ! How his companions slay

The oxen sacred to the god of day,

Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,

And whirls the offenders in the roaring  
tides :

How struggling through the surge, he reach'd  
the shores

Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers,

Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd  
his stay,

With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay ;

And promised, vainly promised, to bestow

Immortal life exempt from age and woe :

How saved from storms Phæacia's coast he  
trod,

By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,

Who gave him last his country to behold,

With change of raiment, brass, and heaps  
of gold.

He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares

A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.

Soon as soft slumber eased the toils of day,  
Minerva rushes through the aerial way,  
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels  
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills :  
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,  
And thus with thought mature the monarch  
said :

'My queen, my consort I through a length  
of years,  
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears :  
Thou, for thy lord ; while me the immortal  
powers

Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.  
Now, bless'd again by heaven, the queen  
display,

And rule our palace with an equal sway ;  
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,  
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or  
spoils.

But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes  
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies :  
The good old man, to wailing woes a prey,  
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.

But hear, though wise ! This morning shall  
unfold

The deathful scene, on heroes heroes roll'd ;  
Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,  
From all the scene of tumult far away !'

He spoke, and, sheath'd in arms, incessant  
flies

To wake his son, and bid his friends arise.  
'To arms !' aloud he cries : his friends obey,  
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,  
And pass the city-gate ; Ulysses leads the  
way.

Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas  
shrouds

'The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

## BOOK XXIV.

## ARGUMENT.

The souls of the sailors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes ; he finds him buried in his garden all alone ; the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge ; and the king is acknowledged by Dolus and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes. and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects ; which concludes the Odyssey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign  
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train !  
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,  
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or  
day,

Points out the long uncomfortable way.  
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive  
vent

Thin hollow screams, along the deep descent.  
As in the cavern of some filthy den,  
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds ob-  
scene,

Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden  
shock,  
They move, and murmurs run through all  
the rock :

So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts ;  
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.  
And now they reach'd the earth's remotest  
ends ;

And now the gales where evening Sol  
descends,  
And Leucas' rock, and ocean's utmost  
streams ;

And now pervade the dusky land of dreams ;  
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell  
In ever-flowering meads of asphodel.

The empty forms of men inhabit there ;  
Impassive semblance, images of air !  
Nought else are all that shined on earth  
before ;

Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more !  
Yet still a master-ghost the rest he awed,  
The rest adored him, towering as he trod :  
Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd ;  
And loved Patroclus still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,  
The suitors stopp'd, and gazed the hero o'er :  
When, moving slow, the regal form they  
view'd

Of great Atreides : him in pomp pursued  
And solemn sadness, through the gloom of  
hell,

The train of those who by Ægisthus fell.

'O mighty chief ! (Pelides thus began)  
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man !  
King of a hundred kings ! to whom resign'd  
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind ;  
Comest thou the first, to view this dreary  
state ?

And was the noblest the first mark of fate ?  
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon :  
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun !  
Oh ! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan  
ground,

With all thy full-blown honours cover'd  
round !

Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes  
might raise

Historic marbles to record thy praise :  
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone  
Had with transmissive glories graced thy son.  
But heavier fates were destined to attend !  
What man is happy, till he knows his end ?

'O son of Pelus ! greater than mankind !  
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)  
Thrice happy thou ! to press the martial plain  
'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain :  
In clouds of smoke, raised by the noble fray,  
Great and terrific even in death you lay,  
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every  
way.

Nor ceased the strife, till Jove himself op-  
posed,

And all in tempests the dire evening closed :  
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,  
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.  
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we  
shed ;

Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead  
Each clipp'd the curling honours of his head.  
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came ;  
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame :  
A voice of loud lament through all the main  
Was heard, and terror seized the Grecian  
train :

Back to their ships the frighted host had fled,  
But Nestor spoke ; they listen'd, and obey'd.  
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,  
And long vicissitudes of human things.)

" Forbear your flight : fair Thetis from the  
main

To mourn Achilles leads her azure train."  
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,  
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee  
weep ;

Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,  
In ever-consecrating verse complain.

Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,  
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.

Till seventeen nights and seventeen days  
return'd,

All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.

To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day ;  
And fatted sheep, and sable oxen, slay ;  
With oils and honey blaze the augmented  
fires,

And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part  
expires.

Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile  
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil ;  
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,  
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.  
Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame  
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,  
We then collect thy snowy bones, and plac  
With wines and unguents in a golden vase ;

(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,  
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptured  
gold.)  
There we thy reliques, great Achilles, blend  
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend ;  
In the same urn a separate space contains  
Thy next beloved, Antilochus' remains.  
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround  
Thy destined tomb, and cast a mighty  
mound :  
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,  
That wide the extended Hellespont surveys ;  
Where all, from age to age who pass the  
coast,  
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the  
mighty ghost.  
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims  
Heroic prizes and exequial games ;  
The gods assented ; and around thee lay  
Rich spoils and gifts that blazed against the  
day.  
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games  
Heroes and kings committed to the flames ;  
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,  
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.  
Such were the games by azure Thetis given ;  
And such thy honours, O beloved of heaven.  
Dear to mankind thy fame survives ; nor fades  
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.  
But what to me avail my honours gone,  
Successful toils, and battles bravely won ?  
Doom'd by stern Jove, at home to end my  
life,  
By cursed Ægisthus, and a faithless wife !'  
Thus they : while Hermes o'er the dreary  
plain  
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.  
On each majestic form they cast a view ;  
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.  
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,  
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd :  
' Son of Melanthius ! (he began) O say !  
What cause compell'd so many, and so  
gay,  
To tread the downward melancholy way ?  
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair ?  
Were all these partners of one native air ?  
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep  
Your lives at once, and overwhelm beneath the  
deep ?  
Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel bands,  
Drench with your blood your pillaged coun-  
try's sands !  
Or well-defending some beleagu'ring wall,  
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall !  
Inform thy guest, for such I was of yore  
When our triumphant navies touch'd your  
shore ;  
Forced a long month the wintry seas to bear,  
To move the great Ulysses to the war.'  
' O king of men ! I faithful shall relate  
(Replied Amphimedon) our hapless fate.  
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim  
With rival loves pursued his royal dame :  
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with  
pride,  
Our common suit nor granted, nor denied ;  
But close with inward hate our deaths de-  
sign'd ;  
Versed in all arts of wily womankind.  
Her hand, laborious, in delusion, spread  
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various  
thread :  
' Ye peers (she cried) who press to gain my  
heart,  
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,  
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,  
Till this funereal web my labours end :  
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath  
A task of grief, his ornaments of death :  
Lest, when the fates his royal ashes elaim,  
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame ;  
Should he, long honour'd with supreme  
command,  
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'  
' The fiction pleased : our generous train  
complies ;  
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.  
The work she plied ; but, studious of delay,  
Each following night reversed the toils of day.

Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail ;

The fourth, her maid reveal'd the amazing tale,

And show'd, as unperceived we took our stand,

The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Forced, she completes it ; and before us lay

The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray

Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

'Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,  
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.

Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,

At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay :

Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,

And speedy lands, and secretly confers.

They plan our future ruin, and resort  
Confederate to the city and the court.

First came the son ; the father next succeeds

Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads ;

Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,

And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.

Who could Ulysses in that form behold ?

Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,

Ill used by all ! to every wrong resign'd,

Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.

But when, arising in his wrath to obey

The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way ;

The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome

Careful he treasured in a private room :

Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose

The archer's strife ; the source of future woes,

And omen of our death !—In vain we drew

The twanging string, and tried the stubborn yew :

To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands ;

In vain we threat ; Telemachus commands :

The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent ;

Through every ring the victor arrow went.

Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood,

Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood,

And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god !

First bleeds Antinous : thick the shafts resound ;

And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground ;

This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall ;

Some god assisted, and unmann'd us all :

Ignoble cries preceede the dying groans ;

And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones,

'Thus, great Atrides ! thus Ulysses drove  
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above.

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,

Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.

No friend to bathe our wounds ! or tears to shed

O'er the pale corse ! the honours of the dead.'

'Oh bless'd Ulysses (thus the king express'd

His sudden rapture) in thy consort bless'd !

Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shined ;

Not more thy patience, than her constant mind :

Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,

And model to the future age, shall last :

The gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise  
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.

Not such, Oh Tyndarus ! thy daughter's deed,

By whose dire hand her king and husband bled :

Her shall the muse to infamy prolong,

Example dread ! and theme of tragic song !

The general sex shall suffer in her shame ;

And even the best that bears a woman's name.'

Thus in the regions of eternal shade

Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead :

While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,

Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.

The ground himself had purchased with his pain ;

And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

There stood his mansion of the rural sort,  
With useful buildings round the lowly court :  
Where the few servants that divide his care,  
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare ;  
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,  
With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band  
And martial son, Ulysses gave command :  
' Enter the house, and of the bristly swine  
Select the largest to the powers divine.  
Alone, and unattended, let me try  
If yet I share the old man's memory :  
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,  
(Their light and dearest object long ago)  
Now changed with time, with absence, and  
with woe?'

Then to his train he gives his spear and  
shield ;  
The house they enter ; and he seeks the field,  
Through rows of shade with various fruitage  
crown'd,  
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round :  
Nor aged Dolius nor his sons were there ;  
Nor servants, absent on another care ;  
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,  
Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and  
adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found :  
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around ;  
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive  
care,  
Fenced with a double cap of goatskin hair ;  
His buskins old, in former service torn,  
But well repair'd ; and gloves against the  
thorn.

In this array the kingly gardener stood,  
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its  
wood.

Beneath a neighbouring tree, the chief  
divine  
Gazed o'er his sire, retracing every line,  
The ruins of himself ! now worn away  
With age, yet still majestic in decay !  
Sudden his eyes released their watery store ;  
The much-enduring man could bear no more.

Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace  
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,  
With eager transport to disclose the whole,  
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.  
Not so : his judgment takes the winding way  
Of question distant, and of soft essay ;  
More gentle methods on weak age employs,  
And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys  
Then, to his sire with beating heart he moves ;  
And with a tender pleasantry reproves :  
Who digging round the plant still hangs his  
head,

Nor aught remits the work, while thus he  
said :

' Great is thy skill, O father ! great thy  
toil :

Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,  
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art de-  
clare,

The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear ;  
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.

On every plant and tree thy cares are shown ;  
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.

Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;  
Age so advanced may some indulgence claim.

Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind :  
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind ;  
I read a monarch in that princely air,

The same thy aspect, if the same thy care ;  
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of  
wine,

These are the rights of age, and should be  
thine.

Who then thy master, say ? and whose the  
land

So dress'd and managed by thy skilful hand ?  
But chief, oh tell me ! (what I question most)

Is this the far-famed Ithacensian coast ?

For so reported the first man I view'd,

(Some surly islander, of manners rude)

Nor further conference vouchsafed to stay ;

Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.

But thou ! whom years have taught to under-  
stand,

Humanely hear, and answer my demand :



A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave ;  
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave ?  
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)  
When at my house I lodged this foreign  
guest ;

He said from Ithaca's fair isle he came,  
And old Laertes was his father's name.  
To him, whatever to a guest is owed  
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd ;  
To him seven talents of pure ore I told,  
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics  
stiff with gold,  
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames ;  
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely  
dames.'

At this the father, with a father's fears :  
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)  
' This is the land ; but ah ! thy gifts are lost,  
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast :  
Sunk is the glory of this once famed shore !  
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more !  
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne ;  
For every good man yields a just return :  
So civil rights demand ; and who begins  
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.

' But tell me, stranger, be the truth con-  
fess'd,  
What years have circled since thou saw'st  
that guest ?

That hapless guest, alas ! for ever gone !  
(Wretch that he was ; and that I am !) my son !  
If ever man to misery was born,  
Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn !  
Far from his friends, and from his native  
reign,

He lies, a prey to monsters of the main ;  
Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,  
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air :  
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed ;  
Nor wail'd his father o'er the untimely dead ;  
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,  
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear !

' But tell me who thou art ? and what thy  
race ?  
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place ?

Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,  
What port received thy vessel from the main ?  
Or comest thou single, or attend thy train ?'

Then thus the son : ' From Alybas I came,  
My palace there ; Eperitus my name.  
Not vulgar born ; from Aphidas the king  
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.  
Some adverse demon from Sicania bore  
Our wandering course, and drove us on your  
shore :

Far from the town, an unfrequented bay  
Relieved our wearied vessel from the sea.  
Five years have circled since these eyes pur-  
sued

Ulysses parting through the sable flood ;  
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,  
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.  
Well hoped we, then, to meet on this fair  
shore ;

Whom heaven, alas ! decreed to meet no  
more.'

Quick through the father's heart these  
accents ran ; [man :  
Grief seized at once, and wrapt up all the  
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing  
spread

A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.  
Trembling with agonies of strong delight  
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the  
sight :

He ran, he seized him with a strict embrace,—  
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face :  
' I, I am he ; Oh father, rise ! behold .

Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old ;  
Thy son, so long desired, so long detain'd,  
Restored, and breathing in his native land :  
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain !  
The vengeance is complete ; the suitor-train,  
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie  
slain.'

Amazed, Laertes : ' Give some certain sign,  
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine.'

' Lo here the wound (he cries) received of  
yore,

The scar indented by the tusky boar,

When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,  
To old Autolycus's realms I went.  
Yet by another sign thy offspring know:  
The several trees you gave me long ago,  
While, yet a child, these fields I loved to trace,  
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;  
To every plant in order as we came,  
Well-pleased you told its nature, and its name;

Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;  
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,  
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;

Full fifty purple figs; and many a row  
Of various vines that then began to blow.  
A future vintage! when the hours produce  
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.'

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,

His heart within him melts; his knees sustain  
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone  
Support him, round the loved Ulysses thrown:  
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:

Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.  
Soon as returning life regains its seat,  
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;  
'Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!  
Heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.  
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—

But what shall guard us, if the town invade?  
If, while the news through every city flies,  
All Ithaca and Cephallenia rise?'

To this Ulysses: 'As the gods shall please  
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.  
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side;  
And take the banquet which our cares provide:

There wait thy faithful band of rural friends;  
And there the young Telemachus attends.'

Thus having said, they traced the garden o'er,

And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.'

The swains and young Telemachus they found,

The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.  
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid  
Perfumed and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.

Pallas attending gives his frame to shine  
With awful port, and majesty divine;  
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,  
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.

'What god (he cried) my father's form improves?

How high he treads, and how enlarged he moves!'

'Oh! would to all the deathless powers on high,

Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!  
(Replied the king, clad with his praise)

My strength were still, as once in better days:  
When the bold Cephalus the leaguer form'd,  
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.

Such were I now, not absent from your deed  
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,

This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown

Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;

Nor had the sire been separate from the son.'

They communed thus: while homeward bent their way

The swains, fatigued with labours of the day;  
Dolius the first, the venerable man;

And next his sons, a long-succeeding train:  
For due refection to the bower they came,

Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,  
Who nursed the children, and now tends the sire:

They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.

On chairs and beds in order seated round,  
They share the gladsome board; the roofs

resound.  
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:

'Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;

The rites have waited long.' The chief commands

Their loves in vain ; old Dolius spreads his hands,

Springs to his master with a warm embrace,  
And fastens kisses on his hands and face ;  
Then thus broke out : ' Oh long, oh daily  
mourn'd !

Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd !  
Conducted sure by heaven ! for heaven alone  
Could work this wonder : welcome to thy  
own !

And joys and happiness attend thy throne !  
Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return ?  
Oh say,

To the chaste queen shall we the news convey ?

Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day ?'

' Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride  
Already is it known '—the king replied,  
And straight resumed his seat ; while round  
him bows

Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent  
vows ;

Then all beneath their father take their place,  
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the swift report had spread  
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.

In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd ;  
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.  
Weeping, they bear the mangled heaps of  
slain,

Inhume the natives in their native plain,  
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.

Then sad in council all the seniors sate,  
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.

Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,  
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with  
woes :

The bold Antinous was his age's pride,  
The first who by Ulysses' arrow died.

Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent  
ran,

As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began :

' Great deeds, O friends ! this wondrous  
man has wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought.  
With ships he parted, and a numerous train ;  
Those, and their ships, he buried in the main :  
Now he returns, and first essays his hand  
In the best blood of all his native land.

Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he  
flies,

Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies,  
Arise, (or ye for ever fall) arise !

Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed,  
If unrevenged your sons and brothers bleed !  
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,  
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.'

Here ceased he, but indignant tears let fall  
Spoke when he ceased : dumb sorrow touch'd  
them all.

When from the palace to the wondering  
throng

Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along ;  
(Restless and early, sleep's soft bands they  
broke)

And Medon first the assembled chiefs be-  
spoke :

' Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,  
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand !  
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,  
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,  
Who now before him, now beside him stood,  
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way  
with blood :

In vain old Mentor's form the god belied ;  
'Twas heaven that struck, and heaven was  
on his side.'

A sudden horror all the assembly shook ;  
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke,  
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive  
view

At once the present and the future knew :),

' Me too, ye fathers, hear ! from you proceed  
The ills ye mourn : your own the guilty deed.  
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the  
rein,

(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain :)

An absent hero's bed they sought to soil ;  
An absent hero's wealth they made their  
    spoil :

Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust !  
The offence was great, the punishment was  
    just.

Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,  
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.

His moderate words some better minds  
    persuade :

They part, and join him, but the number  
    stay'd.

They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy  
    fired,

And second all Eupithes' rage inspired.

They case their limbs in brass ; to arms  
    they run :

The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.

*Before the city, and in ample plain,*

They meet : Eupithes heads the frantic train.

Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in  
    air ;

Fate hears them not, and death attends him  
    there.

This pass'd on earth, while in the realms  
    above

Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove :

' May I presume to search thy secret soul ?

O power supreme, O ruler of the whole !

Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state,

Or peaceful amity, or stern debate ?

Declare thy purpose ; for thy will is fate.'

' Is not thy thought my own ? (the god  
    replies

Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)

Hath not long since thy knowing soul de-  
    creed,

The chief's return should make the guilty  
    bleed ?

'Tis done ; and at thy will the fates succeed.

Yet hear the issue :—since Ulysses' hand

Has slain the suitors, heaven shall bless the  
    land.

None now the kindred of the unjust shall own ;

Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son :

Each future day increase of wealth shall bring.  
And o'er the past, oblivion stretch her wing.

Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,

His people blessing, by his people bless'd.

Let all be peace.'—He said, and gave the  
    nod

That binds the fates ; the sanction of the  
    god :

And prompt to execute the eternal will,  
Descended Pallas from the Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,

The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd :

To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent :

A son of Dolius on the message went,

Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld

The foe approach, embattled on the field.

With backward step he hastens to the bower,

And tells the news. They arm with all their  
    power.

Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace ;

And six were all the sons of Dolius' race :

Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on ;

And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.

Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes  
    stand,

And brazen panoply invests the band.

The opening gates at once their war display :

Fierce they rush forth ; Ulysses leads the way.

That moment joins them with celestial aid,

In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid :

The suffering hero felt his patient breast

Swell with new joy, and thus his son ad-  
    dress'd :

' Behold, Telemachus ! nor fear the sight !

The brave embattled ; the grim front of fight !

The valiant with the valiant must contend :

Shame not the line whence glorious you de-  
    scend :

Wide o'er the world their martial fame was  
    spread :

Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'

' Thy eyes, great father ! on this battle cast,

Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'

So spoke Telemachus ! the gallant boy

Good old Laertes heard with panting joy ;

'And, bless'd ! thrice bless'd this happy day !  
(he cries)

The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,  
A son and grandson of the Arcesian name  
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame !

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear :

'Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear !  
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in  
prayer,

Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in  
air.'

She said, infusing courage with the word.

Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief im-  
plored,

And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in  
air :

Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear :  
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound ;  
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms re-  
sound.

Before the father and the conquering son  
Heaps rush on heaps : they fight, they drop,  
they run.

Now by the sword and now the javelin fall  
The rebel race ! and death had swallow'd all ;

But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cried ;  
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide :

'Forbear, ye nations ! your mad hands for-  
bear

From mutual slaughter : Peace descends to  
spare.'

Fear shook the nations : at the voice divine  
They drop their javelins, and their rage re-  
sign.

All scatter'd round their glittering weapons  
lie ;

Some fall to earth, and some confusedly fly.

With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,  
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.

But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims ;  
Before Minerva shot the livid flames ;

Blazing they fell, and at her feet expired :  
'Then stopp'd the goddess, trembled, and re-  
tired.

'Descended from the gods ! Ulysses, cease :  
Offend not Jove : obey, and give the peace.'

So Pallas spoke : the mandate from above  
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,  
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,  
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

## POSTSCRIPT TO THE ODYSSEY.

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and style of it. Whoever reads the *Odyssey* with an eye to the *Iliad*, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived; and err against the first principle of criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The *Odyssey* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,  
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et  
hospes.  
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid  
non,  
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

The *Odyssey* is the reverse of the *Iliad*, in moral, subject, manner, and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyssey* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

'The *Odyssey* (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in narrations and fables: for, that Homer composed the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad*, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in

my judgment it proceeds, that as the *Iliad* was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action: whereas the greater part of the *Odyssey* is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour, or force. He speaks not in the same strain: we see no more that sublime of the *Iliad* which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded; there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be true, it is the age of Homer:—and it may be said, for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the *Odyssey* only to show, that the greatest poets when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done, in characterizing the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men.'

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the *Iliad*, he justly observes the *Odyssey* to have less of those qualities, and

to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyssey* to have less sublimity and fire than the *Iliad*; but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative; but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions; not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners; but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the *Iliad*.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the *Iliad*; and because the *Odyssey* was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject; not that it affected him in the execution of it; and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madame Dacier observes) composed the *Odyssey* in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael. Shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty,

because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required; both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssey* that Horace gives the preference, in the *Epistle* to Lollius, and in the *Art of Poetry*. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners, which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the epic poem) the *Odyssey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*, and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the *Æneid*; and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that

the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay, we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The *Odyssey* (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design; not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To censure Homer because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble; is, as if a gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs, when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was 'partly of the nature of comedy,' ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulysses there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him, not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are gen-

erally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the *Odyssey* is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy; but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect: and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics*: but throw



the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression, for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is so far from being the sublime of tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast: when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian; that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the gods proper to the muse who sings, and is inspired, and that of men who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches; not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him; a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated; but less grave and majestic: and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature: whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric. This is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and

Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been speaking of, or that of a muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural: something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds: they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style), but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay, sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less invention, in assembling the humbler than the greater thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad*, he will, and he ought to be, dis-

appointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature : and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer ; which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe, that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time : for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use ; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause : Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator ; who in some measure takes the place of Homer : and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts, therefore, are requisite to supply these disadvantages ; in order to dignify and solemnise these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building ; which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work ; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way : but then the road must be as good as the way is ancient ; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks : and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other

imitators, are not copies but caricatures of their original ; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places : whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases everywhere alike ; but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together ; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowness in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts : since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading : and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it ; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books.\* The reader

\* Broome, at the conclusion of the notes to the *Odyssey*, had said that he had translated the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books, and Fenton the fourth and twentieth ; but Johnson, in his *Life of Pope*, observes that this account 'is now known

will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the *Iliad*. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprise the *Odyssey*, I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged, if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madame Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the *Iliad*, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem.\*

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet: and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory, in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect; and should therefore have been silent concerning them; but since they are Madame Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

not to be true; and in the *Lives of Broome and Fenton*, he, on the authority of Spence, assigns to those two translators their several shares in the work: to Fenton, the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth; and to Broome, the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twentieth books.—C.

\* Second edition à Paris, 1719.

I have fought under Madame Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madame Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms, that the most declared enemies of this author have never said anything against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic: the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biased?

All this, however, has happened: and Madame Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reprov'd; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use; and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism; because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning. Could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him; and from which even Madame Dacier's translation of the *Iliad* could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madame Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles 'blind censors,' and blames for condemning what they did not understand!

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censors might have known of Homer's, even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me, however, to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface; but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own

phrase) 'to combat two or three similes;' and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little; and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madame Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madame Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like a heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was, therefore, no need of defending Homer against me: who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in: and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning; but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confessed that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points: such as the custom of putting whole

nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madame Dacier judges otherwise in this: but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well: but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting, or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said, her words: for I used them on purpose; being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment; for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark; only that in the first part of it, Madame Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders: and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: 'Homer (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;' which he translates,—'Homère créa pour son usage un monde nouveau, en inventant la fable.'

Madame Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words. 'If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry.'

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle: and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's Treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey, for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think, that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said is a blunder: (but, by the way, to correct an

author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: 'As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Everything in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, everything is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration.' She justly says, that 'Everything which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken.' Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether anything can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost everything in it has manners; since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners: and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, 'Everything has manners, as Aristotle calls them.' But such a fault methinks might have been spared: since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliasian, Callisthenes the Physician.\* What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech† of Helen to Hector (Iliad v.) if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer!

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour were mutual; our endeavours to advance it were equal: and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many

\* Dacier, *Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'Odyss.*, p. 467.

† De la Corruption du Gôûl.

reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself; for that was the first condition of her favour and friendship: otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality, had been corrupted; nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverent sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it, it is the same in admiration: some prove it by explanations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast: and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madame Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of correcting Homer, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution. It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied: since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madame Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

THE END.

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